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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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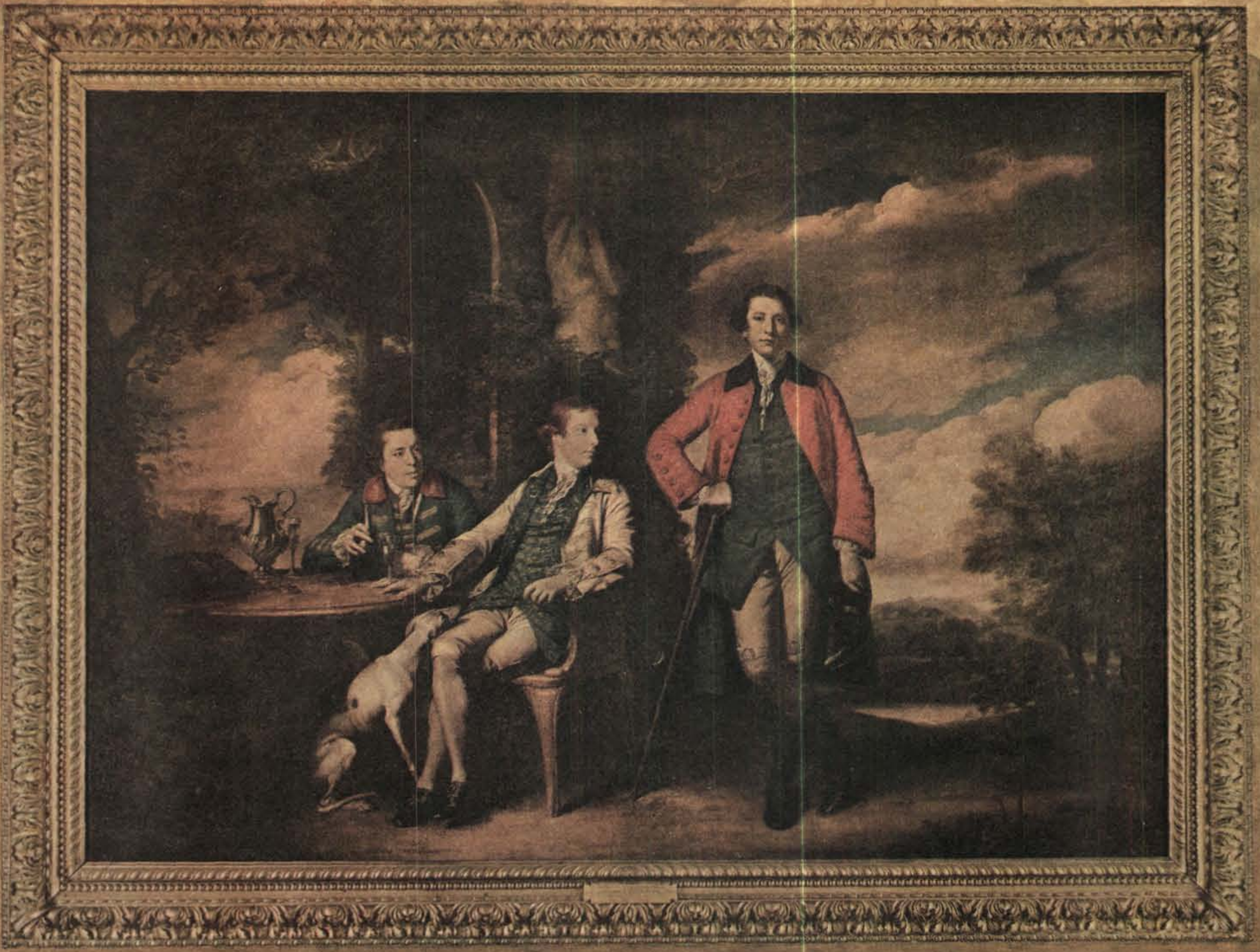
MAY 25, 1935



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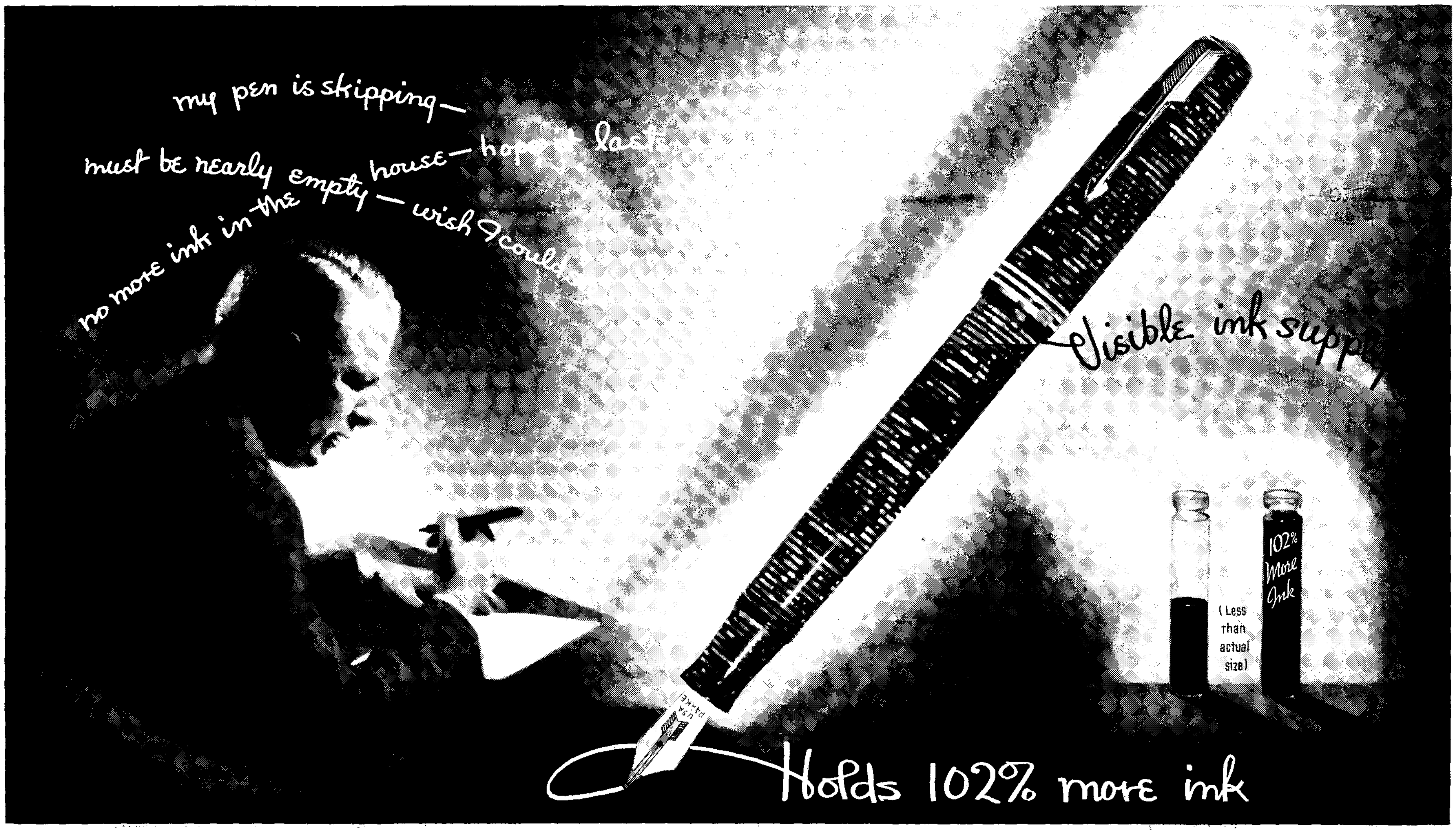

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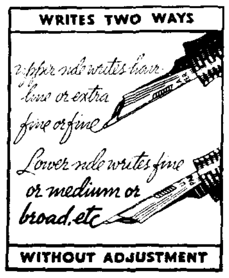
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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

SPRING comes late in Alaska, but that doesn't make it any less powerful. It hit Kikuyu Creek with a bang. It hit Pete Dahlgren and knocked him silly. Pete was free, white and fifty-two; he had never been in love. Spring fixed that. Pete married Slovak Annie and started for the outside with eighty thousand dollars in gold.

He never got there, and his partner, Long John Jellicoe, set out to find the reason. He followed "The Cold Trail" all the way to Saint Michael, uncovering an epic drama of the Yukon country, and arrived in time to steady the hand of justice. Peter B. Kyne writes the story.

"IF AMERICANS wall themselves in as the Chinese did after the Ming period and the Japanese after their first experience of Europeans, sooner or later some curious faces will come looking over the wall." That is the danger that Mr. H. G. Wells sees for us if we refuse to take our place in the world of nations and try the biologically fatal experiment of under-living. The third part of his survey of "The New America" deals with the critical problems of money and the release of energy.

IN THE history of the world probably no one was ever helped so much as Corny. Especially by his family. They helped him through infancy and youth, they helped him into marriage and out again, they helped him, with accelerating speed, into bootlegging, manslaughter, jail, the insane asylum and the hospital. An unusual story; only one man could have written it. Arthur "Bugs" Baer has—"Helping Corny."

GIRLS are getting "Bigger and Better." Medical statistics prove the first part of that and Ruth Chandler Moore and Janet Lane, with the aid of photographs in color, prove the second. They go on to illustrate the inevitable consequences in clothes and manners.

THERE were six or eight names in the little red book Lee Beam consulted before he went to his fifth reunion—girls he wanted to see again. Duncan Norton-Taylor tells what happened to "The Man Who Went Back."

QUENTIN REYNOLDS supplies an article about the gag men of Hollywood. Mrs. Lou Gehrig contributes the adventures of a "Baseball Bride." George Creel, Sax Rohmer, Malcolm Reiss and James Warner Bellah each add a gem.

This Week

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May 25, 1935

Cover by Clayton Knight

H. G. WELLS
The New America, Part II. Mr. Wells listens to the opposition. Page 7

AIMEE LARKIN
Smart Girl. The things you wear. Page 9

BURNHAM CARTER
A Magic Hill in Spain. A strong enchantment: they could feel it in New York. Page 10

W. B. COURTNEY
War Birds Are Flying. Our air forces compared to Europe's. Page 12

KONI FINE
In the Enemy's Hands. The story of a girl who loved a boat. Page 14

KYLE CRICHTON
The Champ's Place. A restaurateur named Dempsey. Page 16

BERNARD DeVOTO
Trust Company Child. Acute case of perfect propriety—not fatal. Page 17

SAX ROHMER
The Bat Flies Low, Part IX. Romance in a monastery. Page 18

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
He Likes to Play Ball. Lou Gehrig, an addition to anyone's ball club. Page 20

HUGH WILEY
A Ray of Light. Beauty in distress; James Lee Wong to the rescue. Page 21

GEORGE CREEL
A Job for Christian Joy. Admiral Peoples, an administrator in action. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Fiddler's Choice, by George Milburn. Page 24

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The Brass Gong Tree, Part V. Vonny's heel—a hanging matter. Page 27

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Our friends are amazed. Page 39

EDITORIAL
Produce the Wealth. Page 78

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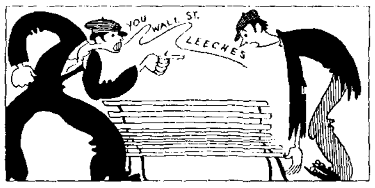
Any Week

WITH a few nickels of his relief dole, Mr. Ed N. Bollati of New York City purchased paper, pen and ink and the result was letters. One came to us. "I read somewhere," said Mr. Bollati, "that just before the stock market crashed in 1929 there were 39,000,000 of us trying to get rich quick in one way or another in stocks and bonds. If we had been satisfied with what we could get by honest work there wouldn't have been any stock market crash. Doc Townsend would still be a nice old boy sitting on the bench in California. Huey Long would be just a small-town loud-mouth. Father Coughlin would be just a swell preacher. And I wouldn't be here. So what?"

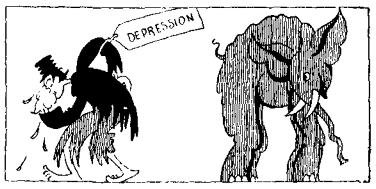
THE only other word on the subject we have in this morning's mail comes from Mr. Laurence T. Hargreave of Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Hargreave acted successfully as peacemaker when two fellow occupants of a park bench came to grips over so simple a thing as the world economic system. Both combatants were completely bankrupt and jobless. One used to work in a type foundry, the other was a broker's clerk. "But listen to me," shouted the foundry man as they parted, "before we honest workers are done, you Wall Street leeches are going to stop hogging everything."



MRS. C. W. COUNTRYMAN of Spokane, Washington, was mystified when she viewed the results of her efforts to make Hot Chocolate Soufflé à la George Lamaze. Naturally you remember reading the recipe in Quentin Reynolds' article, "Prices to Suit." It had our mouth all out of shape merely thinking of it. Mrs. Countryman tried it. She is, she informs us, an excellent cook, but after following directions, all she got was a very tough form of cake.

APPARENTLY Mrs. Countryman had everything except George Lamaze. La Verne Alex of Austin, Texas, "the world's best but most misunderstood cook," self-admittedly, "would not let Lamaze wash dishes for me." Says La Verne: "One look at his recipe for Sauce Lamaze and I went to bed sick. No wonder America has the bellyache."

MR. O. P. NEDRINGHAUS accuses us of "finding too much fault with the Republican Party for failing to have a platform or alternative to offer. Mr. Nedringhaus thinks we haven't been reading the papers. "It took the Republicans quite a while to stumble into a plan of action but it is here at last. Their idea is to pay no attention to the depression and perhaps it will be offended and go home."



DON'T dismiss our cover this week with a toss of the head. No fantasy there, but hard-boiled realism. Clayton Knight, who drew it, was a pilot in the Royal Air Corps in the Great War. Ever since he has maintained his active interest in flying — particularly war flying. "The next war," says the conservative Mr. Knight, "will be a dangerous affair—very dangerous. Commercial airliners with slight alterations can do the trick. Within a few hours machine-gun emplacements can be mounted. The racks for the bombs can be installed in no time. I have drawn the latest war planes as the makers see them, not fresh from a nasty dream." Very comforting.

MORE trouble. Mr. Stedman Chandler of San Francisco, California, was enjoying W. B. Courtney's "This Year's War" as any intelligent man would, until he caught Mr. Courtney writing: "There were some gentry aboard the Mayflower —John Winthrop, for example." Whereat Mr. Chandler unlimbered his typewriter and informs us that "Governor Winthrop arrived in Salem in 1629 on the good ship Arabella after a tempestuous voyage of 87 days. Please correct before the Winthrops get you."

OUT in California, says Miss M. Loveman of Sacramento, "the folks who had money to save spent lots of it to elect Governor Merriam because they said Upton Sinclair would tax them too much. Now they're beginning to think that Upton was a piker and are sending Mr. Merriam's name to Washington to be listed as Public Enemy No. 1. Next time they will elect a nice, safe Communist."

AND sock the poor.

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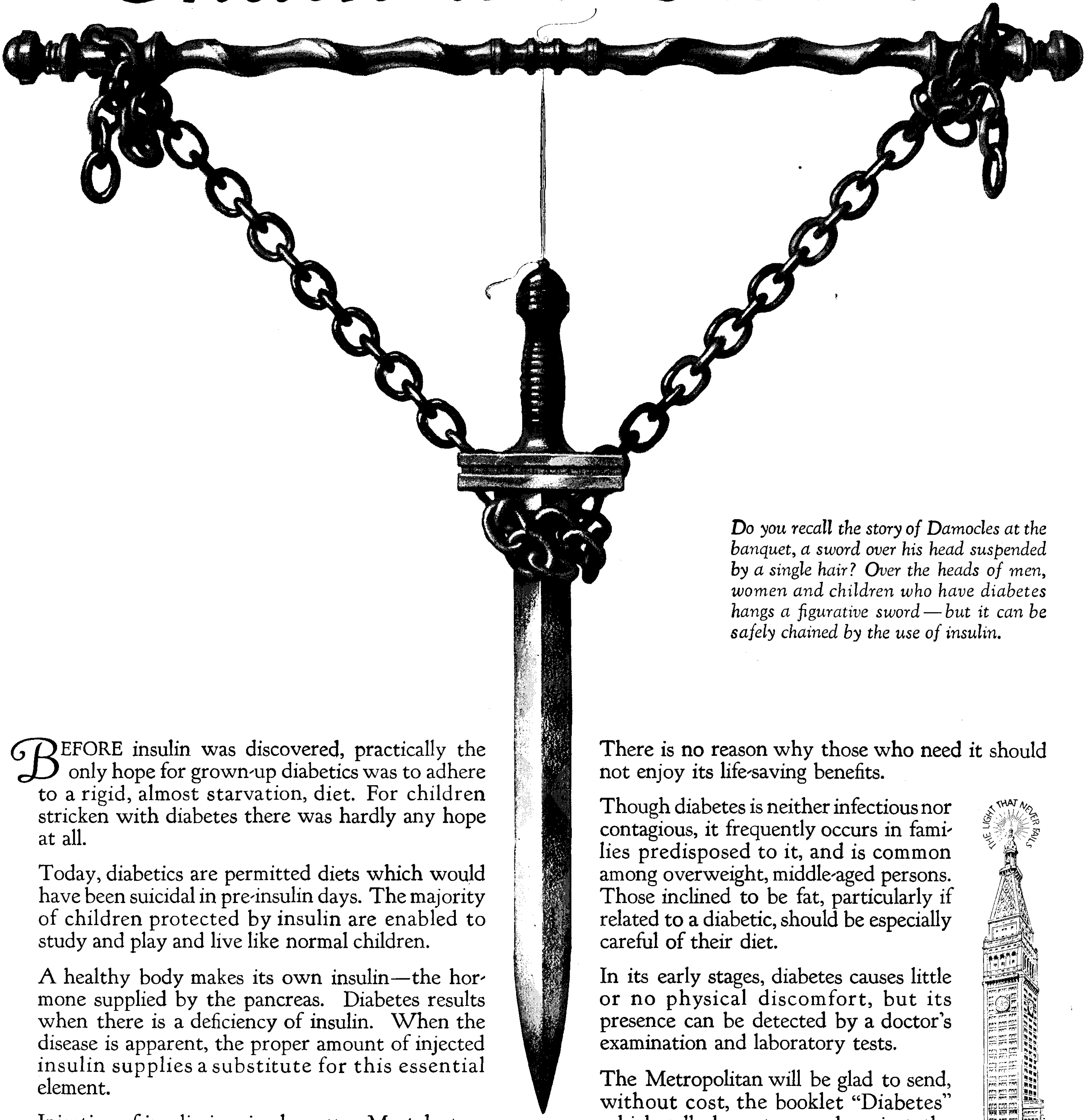
Chain the Sword



Do you recall the story of Damocles at the banquet, a sword over his head suspended by a single hair? Over the heads of men, women and children who have diabetes hangs a figurative sword—but it can be safely chained by the use of insulin.

BEFORE insulin was discovered, practically the only hope for grown-up diabetics was to adhere to a rigid, almost starvation, diet. For children stricken with diabetes there was hardly any hope at all.

Today, diabetics are permitted diets which would have been suicidal in pre-insulin days. The majority of children protected by insulin are enabled to study and play and live like normal children.

A healthy body makes its own insulin—the hormone supplied by the pancreas. Diabetes results when there is a deficiency of insulin. When the disease is apparent, the proper amount of injected insulin supplies a substitute for this essential element.

Injection of insulin is a simple matter. Most doctors show their patients, young and old, how to make the injections themselves. Insulin now costs less than formerly and it can be had everywhere. There is no reason why those who need it should not enjoy its life-saving benefits.

Though diabetes is neither infectious nor contagious, it frequently occurs in families predisposed to it, and is common among overweight, middle-aged persons. Those inclined to be fat, particularly if related to a diabetic, should be especially careful of their diet.

In its early stages, diabetes causes little or no physical discomfort, but its presence can be detected by a doctor's examination and laboratory tests.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send, without cost, the booklet "Diabetes" which tells how to guard against the disease, describes its signs and causes, and gives information about diet. Address Booklet Department 635-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Gem's frame, sloped at a face-fitting angle, contacts your stubble at root level, and enables you to shave *so* closely that a daily *once-over* suffices for the blackest jowls.

Tougher-textured Gem Micromatic Blades dull so *slowly*, that their *indefinite* keenness makes them cheaper than *any* substitute.

Gem Razors have no take-down parts, or corrodible, exposed mechanism. Guaranteed unbreakable *forever*.

Dealers, everywhere, sell handsomely boxed, gold-plated sets for $1.

Or a trig trial kit with Gem's latest holder, plus a single- and a double-edged blade, for *your* quarter and *our* coupon.

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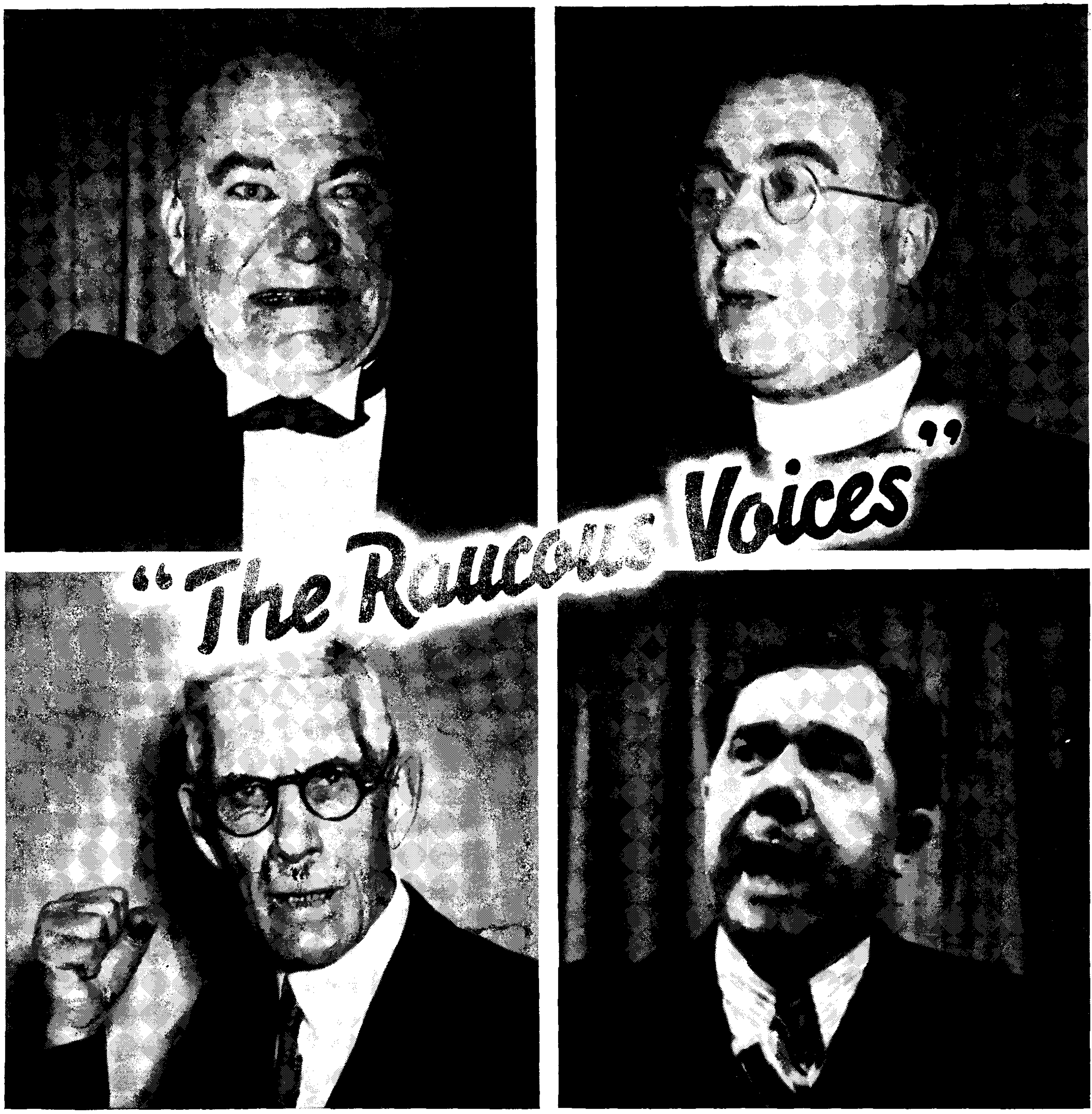
ALL ONE PIECE — *Twist – it opens! Twist – it closes!*



The New America

Raucous Voices and the Inexplicit Men

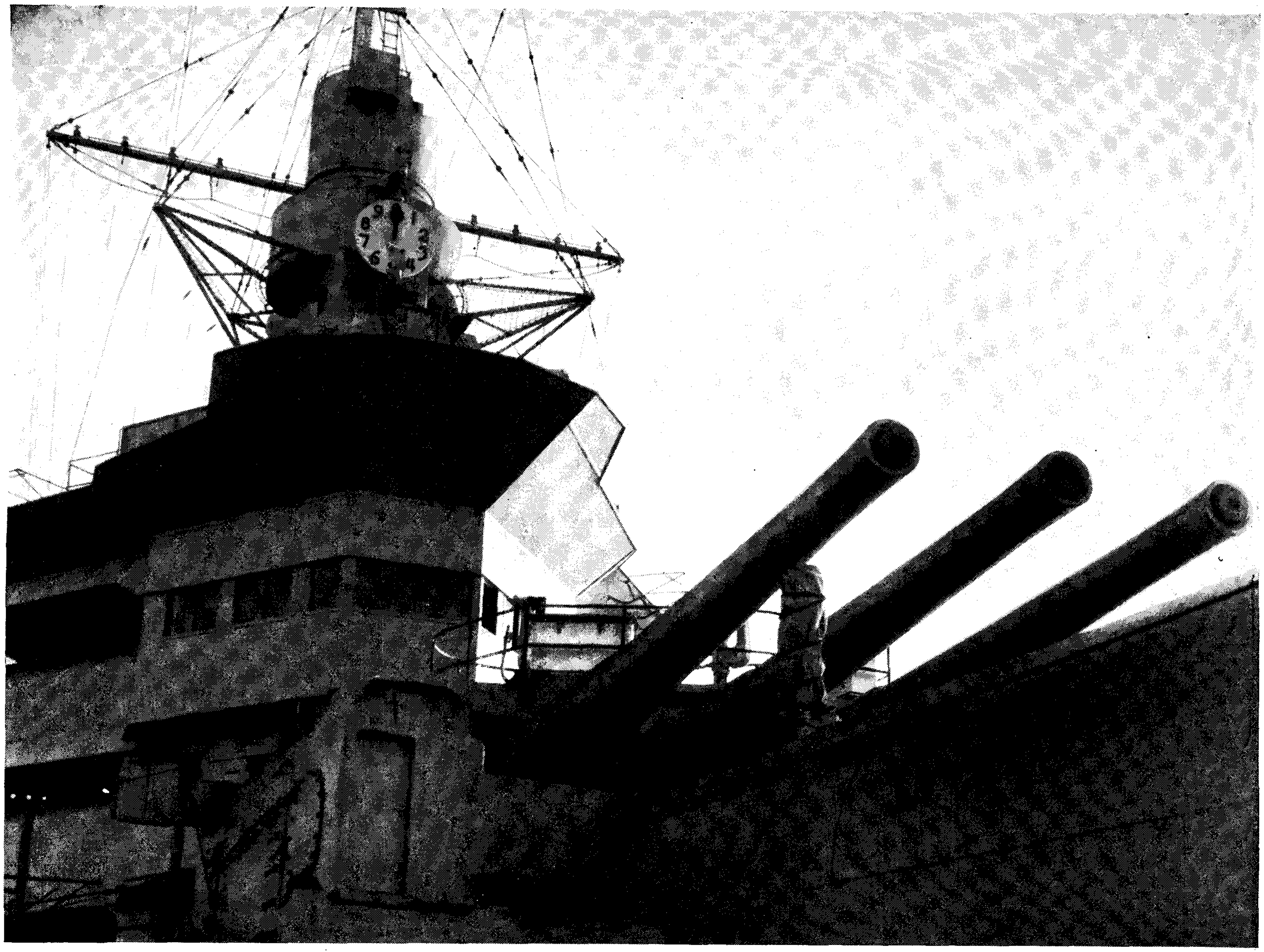
A year ago H. G. Wells came to this country and observed the New Deal in its early stages. This year we asked him to return and appraise exclusively for Collier's the progress we have made in recovery. In this article, the second in a series of four, he gives you an impartial analysis of Huey Long, Father Coughlin, William E. Borah and the parts they are playing in determining our national future and well-being

BY H. G. WELLS

THE visiting social biologist looking for intimations of a rational world state amidst the bristling aspects and vehement assurances of present-day America may well be forgiven an occasional phase of doubt and dismay. He may well be forgiven if at times he can see nothing in the contemporary world spectacle but the ultimate flurry of a species overtaxed by the immensity of the changes it confronts, already past its culmination and on its way to extinction.

At times he must get what comfort he can by imagining the reactions of an anticipatory engineer, with the automobile or the airplane clear in his mind, confronting a conference of carriage builders of the eighteenth century. He would talk of rubber tires, speedways, gasoline and internal combustion engines, two hundred miles an hour, and directive wireless. They would think him a lunatic or at best a Utopian dreamer, and yet he would be talking of things far more rational and practicable than the slow, pompous, heavily bumping conveyances that they would regard as the ultimate achievement in transportation. All these swift and powerful things were already peeping out for anyone with the vision to see them in the thought and science of the period.

And so, today, with our political machinery, our economic system, our monetary and financial methods all plainly



RUSSELL C. AIKINS

"The most unprofitable thing in the world is a battleship"

inadequate and clumsy, quite unable to keep war and production within bounds or distribute plenty, it is still only in moods of fatigue and despondency that one loses one's faith in the power of human ingenuity, courage and persistence to release us from the antiquated, mudbogged legal, political and monetary vehicles in which we are stuck today.

Yet it is extraordinary that even here in America, the land of the go-ahead tradition, big undertakings and limitless energy, how few expressions I encounter of any really comprehensive and sustained resolve to tackle the huge triple problem of fundamental world reconstruction in its completeness.

A Recoil from Internationalism

There is hardly more evidence here of a disposition to face the business inquiringly, boldly and scientifically than there is in England. Moscow even, at any rate in its pretensions, is bolder, and signs are not wanting of that same disposition to hysterical simplification, narrowness and patriotic dogmatism which has so completely locked up the minds of Germany and Italy. Difficulties are being met piecemeal and with a nervous evasion of generalities. It is odd to find how many business men and responsible administrators in America are taking refuge from exhaustive effort and severe intellectual trouble in Arthur Balfour's wartime consolation that we Anglo-Saxons have a "way" of "muddling through." Naturally, anything that is still alive must have muddled through thus far. I suppose that the last of the dinosaurs thought it was muddling through quite nicely.

When I left England for this visit to Washington, liberal thought in Europe had been much exercised by the refusal of the Senate to endorse the President's adhesion to the World Court. Sir Norman Angell, that pioneer in the study of international psychology, had discussed the circumstances of this rejection. He had quoted Mr. Raymond Buell as saying that the final defeat was due to "a last-minute avalanche of at least 40,000 anti-Court telegrams," prompted by the radio speeches of Father Coughlin and Will Rogers, and a "patriotic campaign of the Hearst newspapers." Sufficient senators to destroy the necessary two-thirds majority had been weak enough and frightened enough to give way and abandon their promised support of this very guarded, weak and inadequate first gesture towards world coöperation. And yet it is a plain fact of the situation that there is no sound and enduring escape from the wasting distresses not only of America, but of mankind, except through the rapid organization of permanent international coöperation.

Hearst and Arthur Brisbane I knew of old, but I was naturally curious to learn more about these potent radio voices that were able to turn America back upon the tradition of exemplary planetary benevolence that has been her chosen role in the past. In the dear dead days before the war, the American mind looked down upon the Old-World scene as if from the battlements of heaven; it showered Peace Palaces and Hague Courts upon us, promoted some admirable arbitrations and, at length, after the World War, left its distinctive invention, its child, the League of Nations, to our care. Since then there has been a tremendous recoil from such cosmopolitan tendencies. America—engaged, as I supposed, in a strenuous attempt to expand its organization in accordance with the enlarged and more urgent requirements of modern conditions—was beginning by abandoning that very breadth of outlook which was the primary thing indicated by these conditions and which it had hitherto seemed to find most acceptable.

Sound and Fury, Signifying—What?

This disconcerting realization, which was sustained not only by the World Court failure but by the role played by America at the World Economic Conference, threw a shadow upon the hopefulness of all my impressions of the New Deal, not merely in regard to its world aspect, but in respect to its quality throughout. "Have we European Liberals," I asked, "been underrating the power and understanding of this new American planning?"

Was the inspiring quality of the early radio messages with which the President had inaugurated the New Deal holding firm, or was a more essential American mentality, at an altogether lower level of vision, impatient of effort and clumsy in thrust, coming into play?

I came to America against head winds in early March, and I arrived amidst a tornado of angry voices. Things conspired to give an unfavorable impression of all that had been done in the past year. Then the radio had been dominated by the President and a certain hopeful imaginative generosity prevailed; now, so far as the discussion of public affairs went, the air carried a chorus of utterances of a quality that dear old Sanderson of Oundle would have called "raucous." What did these raucous voices amount to, and were they and not those broader intimations really going to determine the general quality of the American effort?

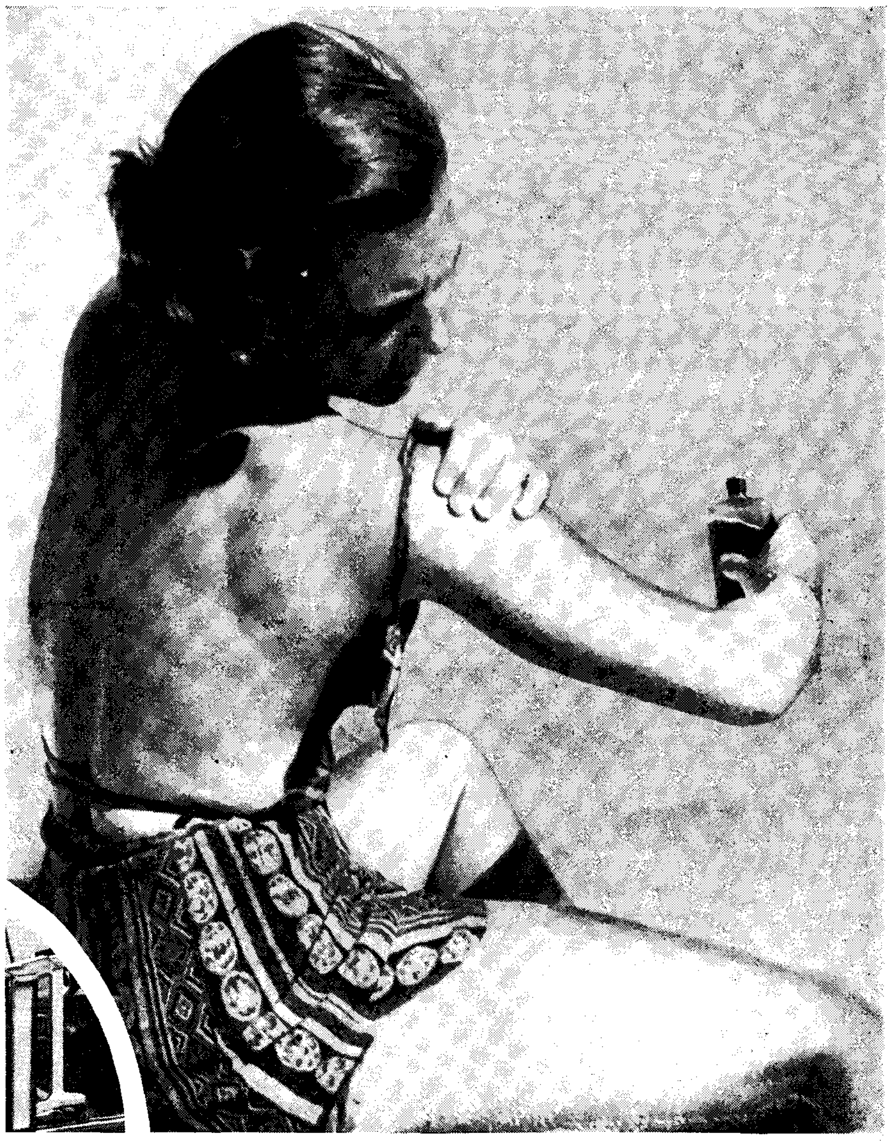
A great slanging match was in progress between General Hugh Johnson and Senator Huey Long; Father Coughlin was on the air not only on Sunday afternoon, but on Monday evening, and in general conversation everybody seemed to be talking about these vehement personalities to the entire exclusion of the working aspects of the reconstruction process. I heard endless particulars of the vast audiences affected. People were listening in by the score of millions, and Father Coughlin's National Union for Social Justice numbered anything from eight to twenty millions. Doctor Townsend of California had a large majority in the assembly of that state and had rolled up twenty-five million signatures for a petition

(*Continued on page 60*)

Smart Girl

By Aimee Larkin

Get clothes that are cool, comfortable, low on upkeep and quick on the pickup, and you'll ride the highest heat wave—and never notice it



Miss Peggy LeBoutillier in printed silk on the sands of Palm Beach

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARIAN STEPHENSON

Rough straw hat, plaid tweed topcoat for motoring and general wear

NO MAN knows the perils and excitements of buying clothes. Probably he's equipped for the next three months right now, barring extra shirts. Clothes aren't a game. They're a duty to society.

But before *you* exit from a suit-crazy spring where you knew the rules, my lass, and bounce into a summer that promises to be just as hot and twice as hectic as usual, you've got to buy all over again. Does your heart beat higher at the thought? Naturally.

Then take it from somebody who's seen everything and tried on most of it, you'll save tears of rage and dollars of hard-earned increment, if you stop and ask yourself four little questions about each item before purchasing.

"Will it give me a kick to wear it?" "Will I be comfortable in it?" "Will it go more than one place and do more than one thing?" "Can I stand the upkeep on it?"

By this time, we're all pretty well informed about what Paris sponsors and New York cheer-leads. But a lot of us are just beginning to realize the far more fundamental fact that we don't appear to advantage in any little model, no matter what the authority behind it or the price tag up front, if it isn't "our" dress. We look our best when we feel our best—cool, comfortable, ready for action. What else are summer clothes for?

Thank heaven, this year's crop seems built to order. Daytime skirts have a flare or pleats—no more hobbling. All look definitely shorter—eleven or twelve inches from the ground. The bi-swing jacket—credit Clark Gable—is quite a wow with the ladies, as you'd expect, the most popular entry for street, sports and evening wear that ever let an active gal do what she likes with her arms. Hats can be found that cling to the head much better than in our late snatch-and-grab era. The new low-heeled shoes cut footwork at the movies, when the audience slides out of its misery.

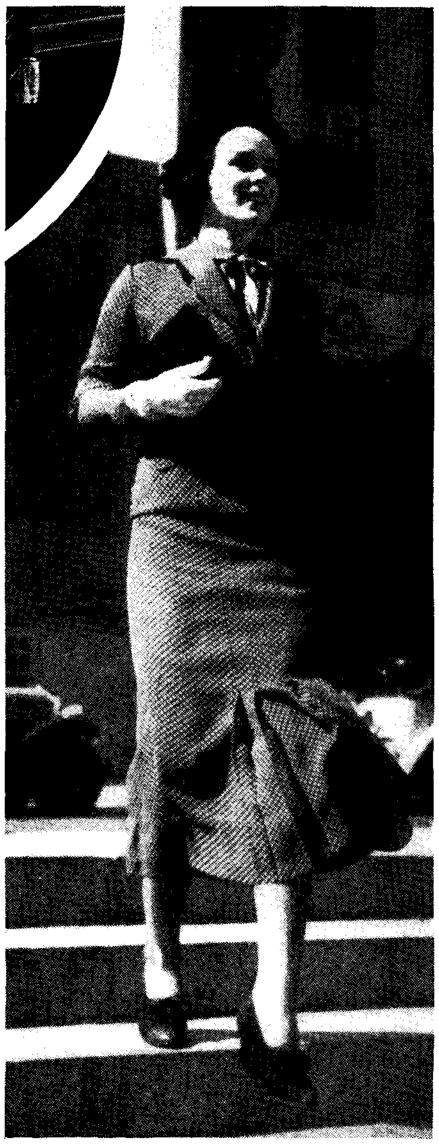
But before you kiss the town goodby and light out for vacation, you've got to consider something to wear to the office or on shopping tours. And here's where sheer or semi-sheer crêpe is the answer to a mean thermometer—though some people still cling to the regulation printed crêpe or the newer taffeta. A dark background, a touch of color in a tailored design, a sleeveless or short-sleeved dress, a trim little jacket and the inevitable note of crisp white or pastel make up this recipe. The suit in the picture is navy blue with a dusty-pink diamond. Hat, bag and shoes are dark blue. Gloves are dusty pink. In such an outfit, you can pound the typewriter or the pavement without showing the strain, go to tea with the President's wife on equal terms, travel or dine informally anywhere on earth.

When you put up the shutters and flit for two weeks or the rest of the season, you'll need a topcoat to wear over suits and dresses. This year's favorite is swaggerish, three-quarter length, with loose-cut armholes. The one pictured with the new square neck is in plaid, but a monotone roughish fabric, while not so new, is even more adaptable to any wearer's age and the chances of carrying over for an indefinite number of seasons.

Linen's the Thing

For the town-and-country sort of dress that everybody needs in extended series, linen is having a big run. We show one in natural color, uncrushable finish and shantung weave that couldn't be smarter. It looks grand in the snapshot with white accessories—piqué hat and gloves, washable white bag. For a change-off, give it navy blue, dark green, wine red or black accessories and you have a new dress—not forgetting that purses may lead any number of lives when you buy them with washable slipcovers. If the upkeep on linen is too steep, you might get the same new natural color in cotton, rough silk, light wool or knitted material, according to climate. Here's a dress that looks

(Continued on page 32)



Cool and townish, a semi-sheer suit designed by Adele Smithline

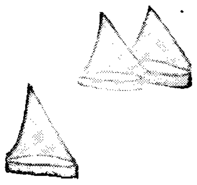
Natural linen with white accessories, for town and country

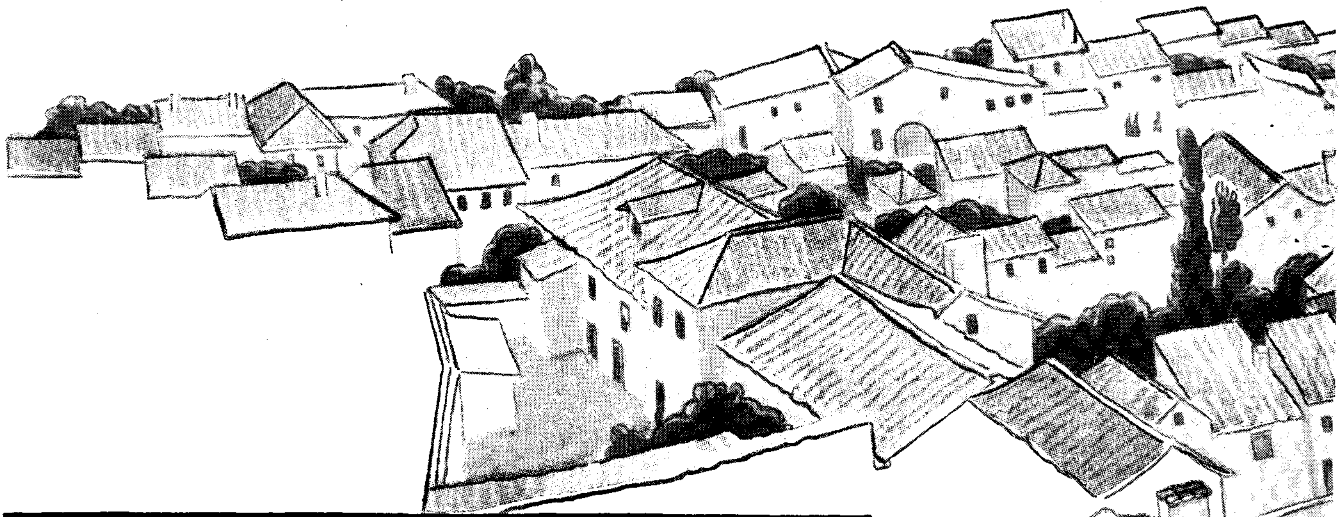
The story of a man, a girl and a few moments of rapture on—

A Magic Hill in Spain

By Burnham Carter

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER





RIDING in a taxicab to the Charles Warrens' for dinner, Sylvia Ferris reflected that this was another occasion where she had been asked to meet "a specially charming young man." In the ten years that had passed since she was nineteen she had met a hundred "specially charming young men"—well, at least fifty, anyway; and the phrase rang in her ears a little hollowly, like a bell that has summoned one too often to a no more than average dinner.

Sylvia was still unmarried. . . .

The taxi stopped in front of an apartment house and she walked briskly under the marquee to the lobby. In the elevator mirror she gave herself a quick scrutiny: her black hair was curled smoothly about the faintly glowing cheeks; the antique gold earrings stirred gently above the maroon velvet evening gown. She was pleased with her appearance and rang the Warrens' doorbell with a feeling of confident expectation.

"You always have that shining look," Martha Warren said as she greeted her. "I've envied it for years."

"A kind of dark brightness," Charles said, taking her hand. "With definitely a flavor of the world, the flesh and the devil."

"It's the prospect of your party," Sylvia murmured.

"It's not really a party," Martha said. "There is only one other guest. But he's a very special guest. I haven't seen him often. He's been living in different Latin American countries most of the time in recent years. But he remains both charming and single, which I think is very nice of him."

"He has that prestige which Americans get from living outside the United States," Charles added. "We local boys suffer."

"What does he do?"

"He rides around," Charles replied vaguely, "and digs up things in Peru and Chile, and so on. Who ever knows what any man does?"

"If he is silent, lean and scarred, and takes quinine regularly, I shan't like him," Sylvia warned.

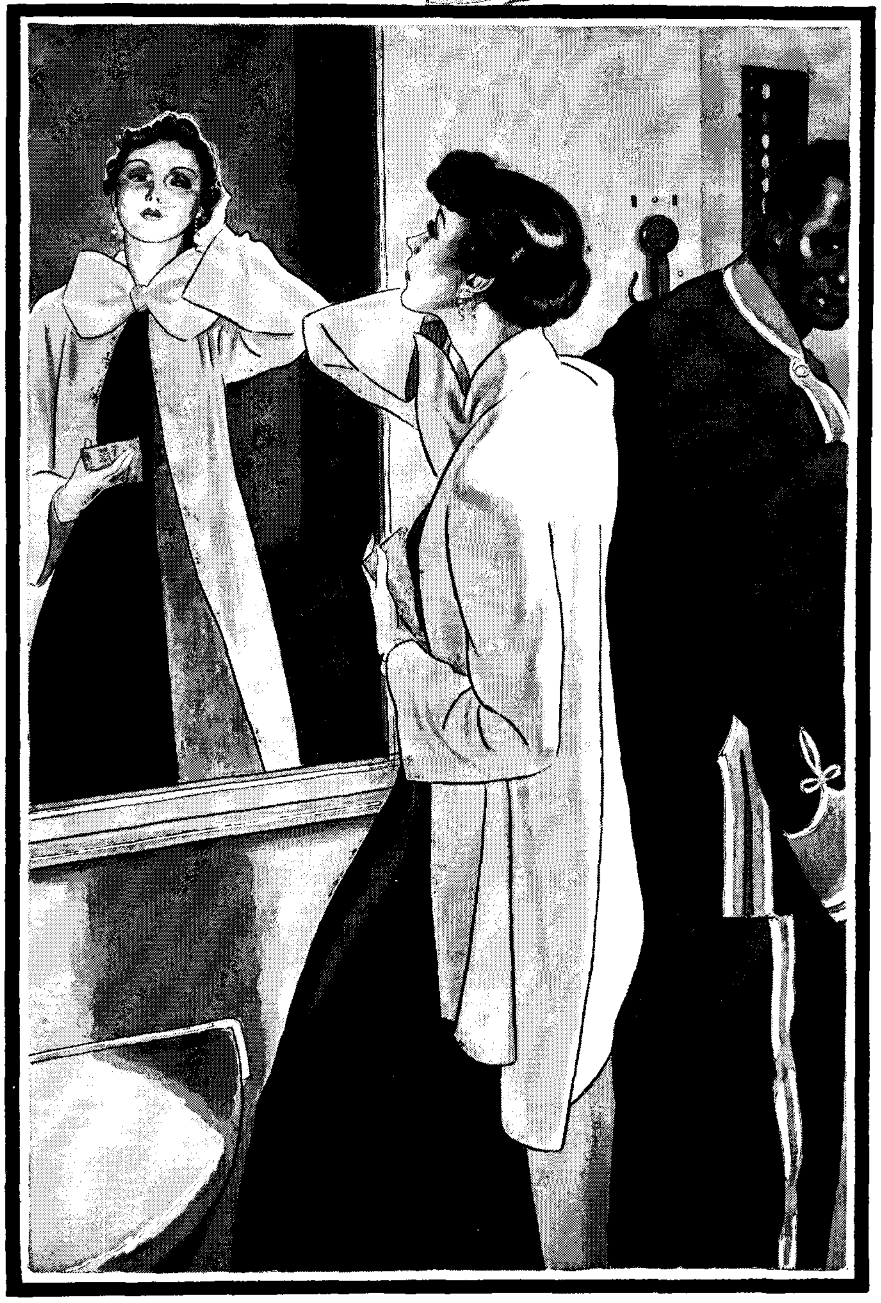
AT THIS moment the maid appeared in the doorway to murmur: "Mr. Dane."

"Ah, Vincent," Charles called, welcoming him.

"We're going to give you the keys to the city," Martha said and presented him to Sylvia. "Mr. Vincent Dane—Miss Sylvia Ferris."

Vincent Dane turned, hesitated and then bowed. He was tall and light-haired, with the tropical sunlight burned very faintly into his face, but otherwise there was nothing about him to suggest the fictional adventurer riding the South American trails.

"Sit down by me," Martha begged him. "And tell us quickly all that's happened to you. Charles seemed to think you had been digging in Chile."



In the elevator she gave herself a quick scrutiny

"I did dig a little. But it wasn't very exciting digging."

"No treasure? No gleaming nuggets of gold?"

"No, I'm sorry about that. It was only nitrate."

"Chilean nitrate," Martha cried, clapping her hands. "Now you can tell us what it is. I've always wanted to know. I have some stock in a nitrate company, haven't I, Charles?"

"Yes, what is nitrate?" Sylvia inquired, suddenly realizing that she hadn't said anything.

"You don't advertise enough, Vincent," Charles informed him. "If you did, you wouldn't be bothered with these questions. You have to carry your story of Chilean nitrate to the people." He rose. "I'm going to mix a special cocktail for you with my own hands."

As he left the room the maid called Mrs. Warren to the telephone, and the two guests sat alone for a moment in silence. Vincent turned to Sylvia with a smile:

"Do you suppose that goat really did eat those sandwiches?"

HER face flashed into a remembering brightness, and she answered: "Oh, I'm sure he did. And he gloated with a typical goat's gloat. I was never so hungry in my life. We did not get back to Seville until seven o'clock."

"We had the wine, though. Do you remember how the wine inside us felt just as warm as the sun outside us?"

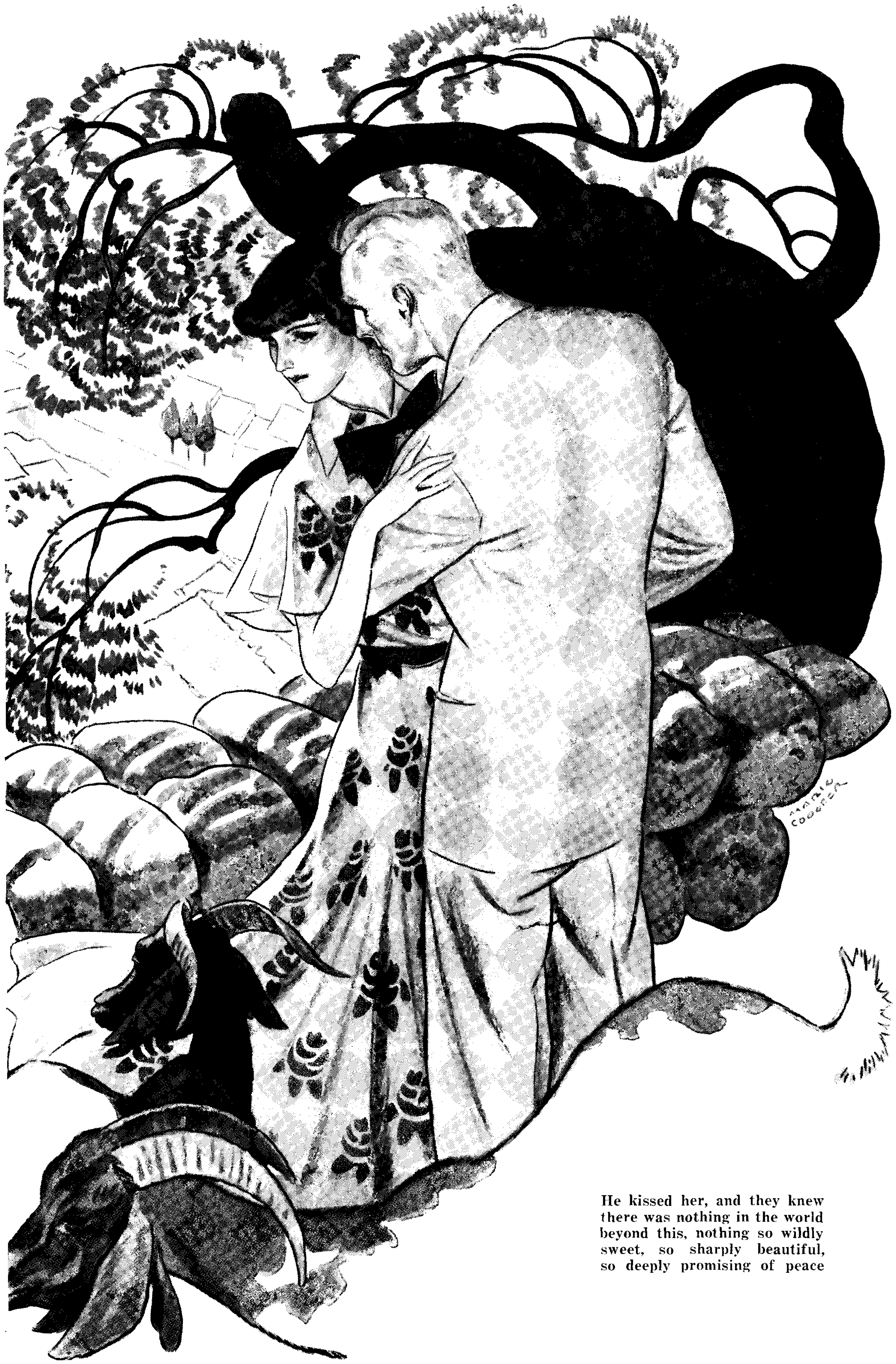
"And the shimmer of lavender on the sea very far away."

They were not looking at each other, but were gazing into the past.

"Five years ago."

"A magic hill in Spain," Vincent said.

Then they looked at each other, wondering, for an instant, about going back.



He kissed her, and they knew there was nothing in the world beyond this, nothing so wildly sweet, so sharply beautiful, so deeply promising of peace

"Well, would you?" Vincent said boldly, as if they had spoken their thought.

She laughed. "Would you?"

"A really unusual cocktail," Charles announced from the door.

Vincent was thinking, as he sipped his drink, of the street cries of Seville rising in the morning from the cobblestoned streets, and drifting musically through the lattices of his hotel room while he stirred lazily and wondered whether it was time to ring for his breakfast coffee; of the peasants in their many-colored costumes thronging the market places, at the bull fights and the festivals; of the day he came out of the bright sun into the high, cool shadows of the hotel café, and saw sitting at a table with her father, whom he knew, the girl who was with him now in this New York apartment—the dark hair and bright, dark eyes, the fine head, tilted slightly back, the warm lips.

It was not a new thing that he should think of her, nor was it the result of this evening's encounter; for in a dozen countries, in succeeding years, he had paused, alone or in company, for this recollection. He had known many women, of different manners and traditions, some of them beautiful, some of them very fond of him; but no one of them, nor any experience of his, had ever taken a few days from time, as she had done, and set them forever in a jeweled setting, distinguished from years gone or years to come.

And yet, after a week of gay adventure with her as they explored the city, of dinners on open terraces set close beneath a crowd of stars, of excited bargaining for old Spanish silver in dark shops; after even that long sunlit day on a green hill above the Gulf of Cadiz when he kissed her until they knew there was nothing in all the world beyond this, ride they ever so madly to Samarkand, to the white cliffs of Algiers, to the lost and golden cities of the Incas, to the ends of the earth—nothing so wildly sweet as this, so sharply beautiful, so deeply promising of peace: after all this, when the departure came, with hurried talk of writing, of meeting later perhaps in Paris or London, she and her father had gone away, and he had not seen her again.

WHY, he did not know. It was not clear. There was a fear of limiting his freedom, perhaps; of binding himself to a hearth in a too familiar town and not seeing any more the strange names flashing by the train windows, not hearing any more the clatter of foreign tongues, nor walking at night down a narrow street, twisted with a thousand years of age. He was afraid to lose these things, and without writing her, he waited, with a curious will-lessness, to see if she would write; thinking that that would decide. But she had not written.

"I hope you have been withstanding the temptations of the tropics, Vincent," Charles remarked facetiously.

"Down there we don't call them temptations; we call them opportunities."

"That, I suppose, is Latin American courtesy," Sylvia said. She wished she knew what had been passing through his mind. Their few days together had been perfect—so perfect that she had felt they were fated to end; and that was why, when no message came from him, she forbore to write, aghast at the mounting wall of silence that shut her off from him. Perhaps they would have spoiled it; perhaps he, a man used to his own migrant ways, had been afraid that "white hands cling to the warm hearthstone." She had been sorry, but she had not been bitter. Remembrance was sweet; in a curious way, it had guided and comforted her in the five years since then, as the knowledge of the true may keep a man from the false.

FOR both of them the dinner was merely an interlude which they must observe until they could be alone, and the conversation was a means of collecting scraps of information about each other's lives. Martha Warren was too astute not to perceive that there was some curious communication between the two; and it occurred to her that it would be a very good thing if they should marry. It would be a good match. She began to plan it with the energy of a woman who regards a good marriage as the highest form of art.

So when her husband suggested a night club, she demurred, thinking it would be better to let the two go alone. "We shall see you again soon—both of you. We must have a theater party." She was careful to avoid Sylvia's shrewd and slightly amused glance.

"Martha is already planning to marry us," Sylvia told Vincent as they sat in a taxi.

"It's not such a bad plan."

"Perhaps the trouble with it is that it is five years late."

"Why didn't you write?"

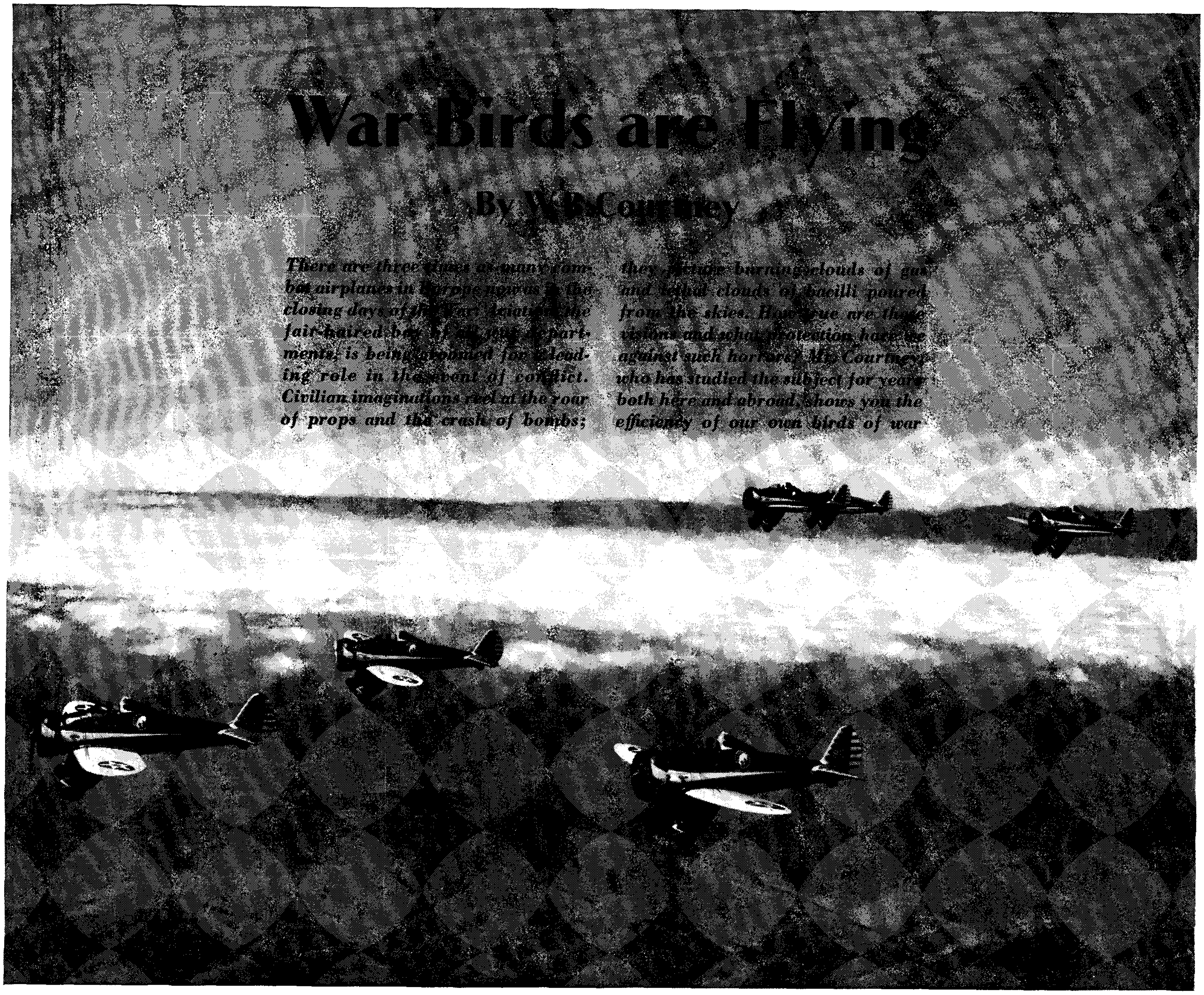
"Why didn't *you* write?"

(Continued on page 48)

War Birds are Flying

By W. B. Courtney

There are three times as many combat airplanes in Europe now as in the closing days of the war. Aviation, the fair-haired boy of all war departments, is being groomed for a leading role in the event of conflict. Civilian imaginations reel at the roar of props and the crash of bombs; they picture burning clouds of gas and lethal clouds of bacilli poured from the skies. How true are these visions and what protection have we against such horrors? Mr. Courtney, who has studied the subject for years both here and abroad, shows you the efficiency of our own birds of war



U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS

Above, U. S. Army fighting ships of the newest type. These are Boeing P26A pursuit planes, part of our military air force of 3,000 units

PICTURE tonight a wilderness of snow and wind and gaunt, darkened farmhouses. You are alone in the unprotected cockpit of an open Army plane. The blizzard flings your ship about, racks your body, numbs your senses; coats your goggles with snow. You dab at the goggles, and succeed only in making an opaque smear. You raise them, and squint against the storm. Was that a flicker of light?—my God, it didn't seem ten feet below your plunging ship's belly. A farmer setting out with a lantern for his chores before dawn. You'd better pull up. But your instruments have gone mad. And your watch—if, indeed you can make out the time—shows that you were due at Cleveland *three and a half hours ago*, on your mail flight from Newark. You must be running on your last *ounces* of gasoline.

Cleveland? The name rings far-off in the back of your mind: something as remote as a dream of Sicilian days; elusive, nostalgic, fading away forever from reality in the expiring drone of your motor. How could you have become so lost? But it's been as though you had your nose against a brick wall for hours now. What's actually below? Farms; a sleeping town; one of the Great Lakes—Erie, or some other? You could have wandered a lot in all this time.

It is a bit of a nightmare, the sort of thing that brings on cold sweats. You are glad that, so far as you are concerned, you are in the fix only in fancy. It was not imaginary for young Lieutenant Otto Weinecke, however. There is no one to tell what he thought, at the end. When John Hess, a farmer near Burton, thirty miles east of Cleveland in Ohio, heard a plane crash he ran out into the gale to investigate. Lieutenant Weinecke was still belted to his seat, amid the crumpled wreckage; one hand still clutched his control stick. But he was dead. Commercial planes had gone through that

Below, a Russian bomber. The Soviet has made swift progress in military aviation, and its air armada is believed to be the world's largest and best

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

storm unharmed, manned by veteran pilots. Weinecke was a veteran only as reckoned by the Army. His 1,280 logged hours would barely have qualified him to take the Department of Commerce examination for a Scheduled Air Transport Rating license. When authorities went to his mother, in Patchogue, New York, she told them: "Ever since Otto started flying the mail I have been afraid every time someone knocked on the door that it would be to tell us he had crashed. And now the knock has come."

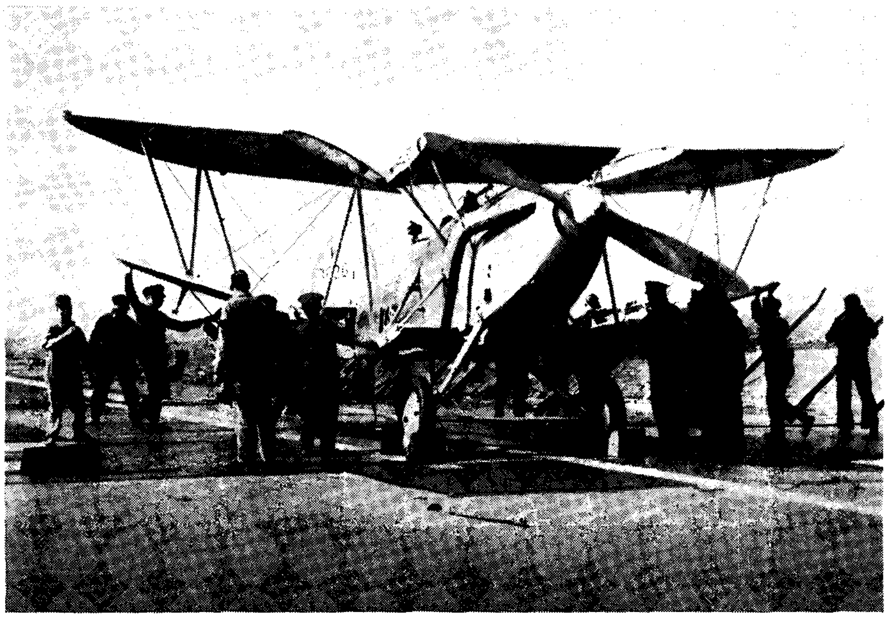
Disaster Rides with the Mail

It was the ninth of March; a date that henceforth must be forever memorable in the books of airmen. For in those bitter twenty-four hours, early in 1934, the account of the Army's most woeful day of peacetime flying was set down with pens dipped in the life blood of fine young men who had no bad-weather training to pit against shrouded mountains and wind-torn skies.

Nor was that one sad day the whole of the story. It had begun its scarlet and wasteful course more than a fortnight before—on February 16, 1934, when the Army took over the mail. Twelve young men in all were honorably scratched from the rolls of their squadrons before the Army surrendered the air mail to the commercial transport operators on July first. Three score and nine accidents, with a loss of more than half a million dollars in planes and engines, and a total cost of almost four million dollars—a mileage expenditure that far exceeded the payments to private operators before annulment—make up the record that is now gathering dust in the files of Washington; the saddest, most tragic, most disastrous fragment of America's history in the air.

True, the Shenandoah and the Akron of the Navy had taken heavier toll; so, too, had other notable military crashes. But those were casualties of the peculiar hazards of combat training. Here was something quite different; infinitely more touching in its personal features. Saddest, because of the youth of the lost who had sprung with unquestioning zest to a job beyond their duty, outside their practice, and had only their hearts to match the specialized experience of the civilian veterans they replaced. Saddest, because families and country were robbed of the priceless years that had lain ahead of each young man. Saddest, indeed, because their valor found poor support in fatuous bureaucracy. Most tragic, because needless. Most disastrous, because of the harm done to our prestige in the international aviation world; and because of the shaken faith of the American public in its air defenders.

The soldier flyers themselves made no complaints, uttered no defense, but alibis for their air-mail failure were on tap, of course, particularly in those offices from which the first orders had been issued so blithely. The chief excuse—that the weather had been extraordinarily vile and had visited grief upon commercial as well as Army pilots—was evasive. Analysis of the causes of the various Army deaths points rather elsewhere: "Crashed in take-off due to pilot becoming confused at night." "Landed with wheels up; forgot plane had retractable landing gear." "Pilot blinded by floodlight." "Ran out of gas." Whatever the weather, civilian air-mail flyers do not die for such reasons.


WIDE WORLD

England has joined Europe's race for sky supremacy. Above, a folding-wing fighting plane being prepared for a take-off on the deck of the aircraft carrier Furious

Below, part of Germany's secretly built air force, now out from under cover. In the air, Germany is already as strong as any of her larger neighbors and possible foes

SCHERL, BERLIN

Why the Army Failed

The Air Corps apologists then maintained that the circumstances of Army flight practice were necessarily exactly opposite to the safety-first rules of the private operators and did not prepare a man for straightaway air work; also, that the job had been dumped into the Army's lap on too short notice, and that half of the Army planes had no radio equipment.

Now, undoubtedly much of the criticism of the Air Corps was unfair, political, and rancorous. On the other hand, lay Americans—unable, perhaps, to evaluate technical arguments, but able to get behind the common sense of the thing; and proud, heretofore, of their Air Corps—found scant reassurance in the explanations of their chiefs or in the subsequent revelations before the Baker Board. As to the Air Corps' training, any flyer who is unfamiliar with all the scientific instruments and "aids" of air navigation is not a completely schooled modern pilot; even though on Army service in wartime the restrictions imposed by hostilities would deprive him of many such aids as the radio beam, and his reliance would have to be on gunnery, flashing aerobatics, relation to tactical formations, and a half-dozen other things as well as upon mere flight. Radio equipment and knowledge would remain essential, however, for interplane and ground-to-air work. Radio binds all units of a squadron to its commander; enables any number of ships to fight or maneuver as one. Without it, Balbo's Atlantic flight in perfect formation through varying weather could not have been so patly accomplished.

As to the suddenness of the mission, was not "readiness" presumed to be a motto for the Army? Moreover, the brevity of the notice was invited; the chief of the Air Corps informed the Post Office Department it would be ready to fly in ten days, and that is just the time it got.

The policy of sending aloft in bad weather planes unequipped with radio—or manned by youngsters not skilled in its uses, if they had it—seemed inexcusable. Nearly a *billion* dollars of your money and mine had been poured into the Air Corps since 1920. Incidentally, in the private opinion of members of the Baker Board most of this money could have been thrown into the Potomac River, for all the intelligent use that was made of it.

Here was the picture: fighting ships without guns, without radio, no better equipped for national defense than the homemade planes of prairie farm boys; distracted reserve officers who had to know a Cabinet member in order to get ten hours' flying time a year in Army ships, although ordinary safety, according to the eminent advice of Major Jimmy Doolittle, with the big, swift, fast-landing, highly maneuverable modern ships requires a minimum of 300 just to keep a hand in; a corps cluttered, in its higher brackets, with non-flyers, possessing only a comparative handful of truly experienced pilots, and a host of grand kids handicapped by a lack of equipment, facilities and opportunities from becoming the expert airmen they might be, but now less useful, if war should come abruptly, than hundreds of amateurs. The finest national airways system in the world, owned by the American public, built with millions taken from our taxes, was at hand functioning twenty-four hours a day—but the Air Corps pilots never flew a radio beam or a night beacon-light course. There were a few notable exceptions to the official indifference of the Air Corps toward the superiority of civil air flight and practice. Lieutenant Quesada never went about his Army chores if he could help it except in a radio-equipped plane. On his own, he familiarized himself with the radio beacon, the Federal Airways weather reporting system, and went out and made night landings on Department of Commerce intermediate fields. When the Army took over the air mail he was assigned to the Cleveland-New York division; the toughest. Day and night, without fuss, he pushed a bomber through all kinds of weather. Aviation wiseacres were betting a hundred to one that if Quesada came to grief it would be only because of structural failure. He was an illustration of what every Army flyer could have been—and should have been.

In those weeks of confusion and calamity, high officers passed the buck; we paid; the rank and file died. And while the Army faltered through skies that had been imperishably split by the best of the civilian pioneers; while shabby Army mail planes lumbered and dogtailed after the sleek, fleet commercial giants which flew with passengers and express, lay observers found their hearts filled with pity, respect and admiration for the Army flyers—and their minds filled with misgivings, posing anxious questions, about the Air Corps.

The Beginning of Doubt

(1) Was an Air Corps—the average citizen wanted to know, justifiably, if not always and altogether reasonably—that could not perform what was really and in effect only a simple routine field maneuver adequate to defend our country in this world of alarms and armaments?

(2) Was our Air Corps, moreover, adequate to carry a war abroad? Despite schoolbook patriotics, and the national self-deception that we shall never fight any but a defensive war, the plain truth is that under the circumstances of our progress and growth all our wars since 1812 (and that was partly brought about because we coveted Canada) have been wars of imperialism of a sort—the Indian wars, and those in Mexico, Cuba, the Philippines and Europe.

(3) Was our general staff—as Colonel William Mitchell shouted intermittently—composed of old Army mules, who strangled Air Corps efficiency in fogeyism and blocked its progress by reactionaryism?

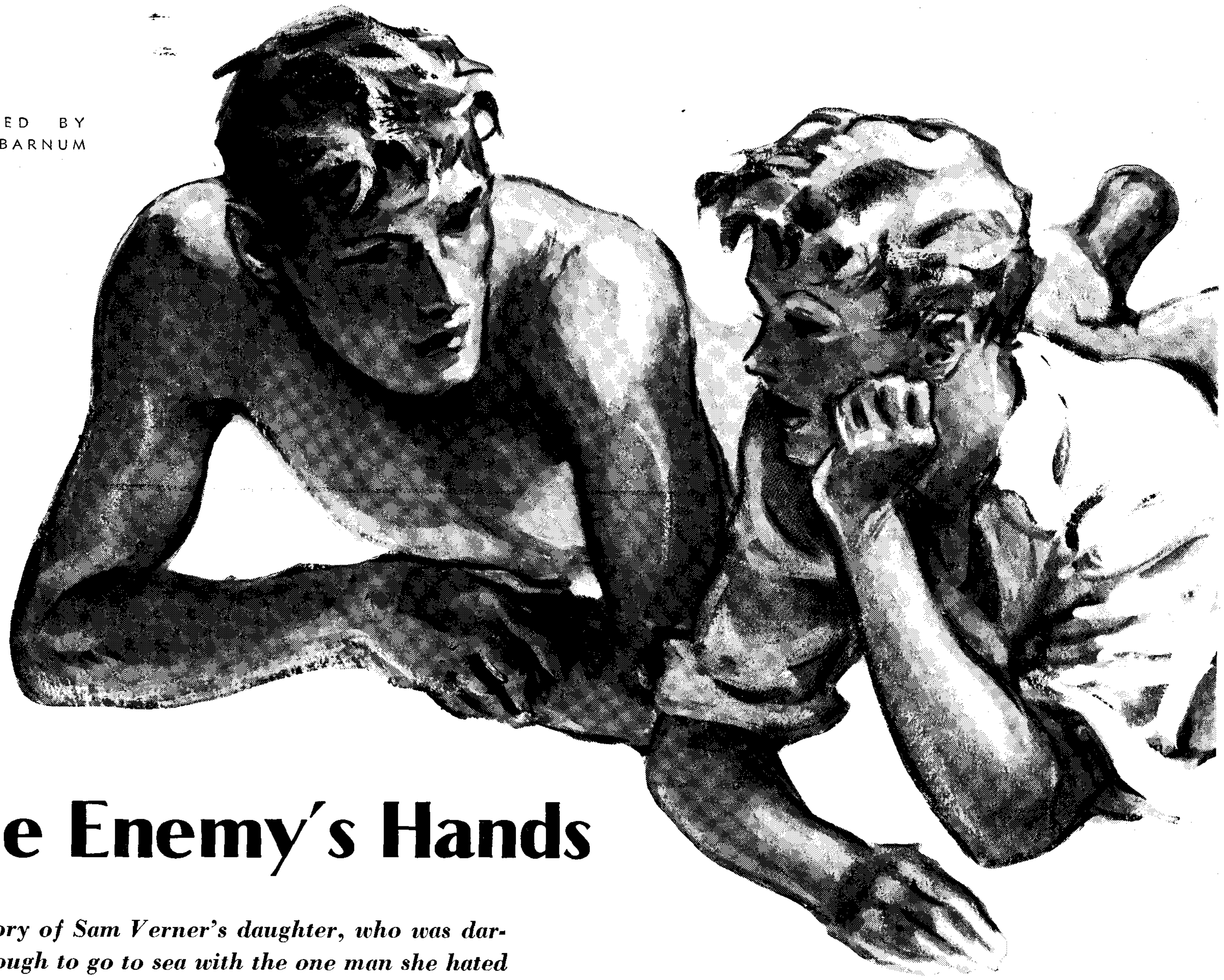
(4) Should the United States take aviation out of both the Army and the Navy, and have a separate Air Corps?

(5) Was our military aviation, as professional tocsin pounders and jingoes maintained, so inferior to that of other great powers that any day now our skies might grow black with hostile air fleets come to blow us to dust or treat us to the latest death gas out of the tricks bag of modern chemistry?

The public's uneasiness over the

(Continued on page 42)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



In the Enemy's Hands

The story of Sam Verner's daughter, who was daring enough to go to sea with the one man she hated

By Koni Fine

JUNE night's darkness hid the little country house, made soft blurry shapes of the bushes around it, and covered the lawn beside it until it looked deep and uncertain as the sea.

Frankie and her father, Sam Verner, floated together on the lawn's dusk in deck chairs. For years there had been only the two of them, and since last fall when Sam lost his job they had lived a life of scrambling, hodge-podge companionship, and old clothes, and meals at ungodly hours. They left supper dishes in the sink and sat up long past bedtime, smoking and talking boats.

In the darkness their blunt, friendly voices reached out to each other. Sam's was slow with contentment. "What're you thinking, Frankie?"

"About old times, Sam." Her voice was husky and direct as a boy's, and full of a promised laughter. "On a night like this I miss the sound of the tide lapping around the hull."

"Um."

They fell silent and thought of Skaal, the trim little cutter Sam had owned. Years ago he had bought her, and decked her in signal flags and bright, new canvas as a surprise for his ten-year-old daughter. Since that day they two had loved nothing in the world as they loved every inch of Skaal's buoyant beauty. It had been "Frankie" and "Sam" from that day on, and no summer had passed without their knowing fleet week-ends under sail and each season's long, adventurous cruise to unfamiliar waters.

Now Skaal was gone. Last fall, when there had not been even the money to put her up for the winter, a handsome offer had come Sam's way—and he had accepted it. Never in all his life would he forget the dismal evening when he had shown Frankie Buz Dale's check. Neither of them had been able to speak for hours.

Sam disturbed the darkness with another match flame. "I meant to tell you: I had a letter from Dale the other day, asking me to join him for a few weeks' cruising."

"What nerve! You're not going?"

"It would be pretty difficult to be happy—as a guest—aboard Skaal."

Frankie snorted. "I hate that man! To think of it, Sam—a cartoonist, of all people, owning Skaal."

SAM smiled in the dark. "He's not so bad, Frankie. He's a quiet, likable young man, and he looks as if he—"

"Where's he got her?"

"Toms River. He's going to the Chesapeake first."

"That's not so bad. She'll like it, as usual. She'll— When is he leaving?"

"Day after tomorrow. Friday. Why?"

"No reason. I don't suppose you'd— Never mind. Hand me a cigarette."

Smoking, she thought about Skaal, Buz Dale's Skaal, and was filled with a sudden, torturous desire to see what he had done with her. Perhaps he had painted her hull black, or put in a motor. He was a cartoonist—lots of money, and clever in his way—but not a sailor. Perhaps he had taken out her sturdy tiller and rigged a wheel. . . .

After a moment she said, slowly, "You know, Sam, I think I'll accept Gin Winters' invitation to spend a week at Seaside."

"Going soon?"

"Um. Think I'll take the noon bus up from town tomorrow. Mind?"

"Of course not. I'll go in with you. I was thinking of looking up Collins at the office. Luck might have changed."

"Good idea. We'll go together." Frankie got up and, walking behind Sam's chair, rumpled his hair gently. "I'll go pack. G'night."

In the dusty city Sam put Frankie on the bus. He bent over and kissed her brown cheek, and watched her boyish face smile up at him. Then, not being of the sentimental sort who linger at partings, he left her.

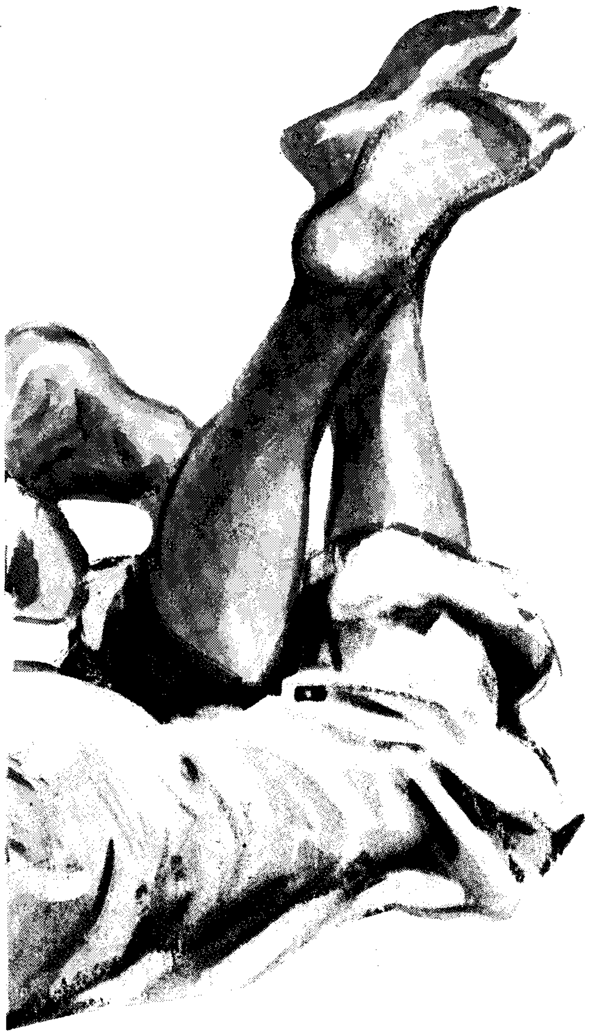
The bus started. Frankie settled herself in the corner and thought about Skaal. The city went reeking by, and Delaware River Bridge arched under her. Jersey farm lands dropped behind and gaunt pines sprang up. Then, at last, the bus slowed into a broad-avenued town. The sparkle of water was bright between buildings, and the occasional tip of a mast rose above them. The bus stopped.

Frankie grabbed her suitcase and made for the door, but the driver halted her. "This ain't Seaside, miss; this is Toms River."

"I know. Changed my mind, thanks!"

HALF an hour later Frankie, having found a hotel and changed her clothes, hurried down a quiet, sunny street to the river. Her legs were clad in faded, paint-splattered dungarees, and into them was tucked an old blue working shirt. A once-white, now mildewed, yachting cap fitted snugly over her boyish haircut, and its warped visor tilted above her sandy brows. With the back of one hand she had wiped the color from her lips. At the waterfront she paused and searched among the power-cruisers and sloops for a hull she knew. It was not there. She turned, heart uneasy, and made her way around a great, gray boathouse. And stopped.

There, moving to an idle swell, lay Skaal, white-hulled and lovely, her shining mast spearing the afternoon, her sweet lines reflecting in the dark, rippling river water. The great oak tiller still curved up from the pointed stern and made Frankie's fingers stretch to encircle it. "Skaal," she whispered. "You beauty!"



Dale turned to her and met her eyes. Their glances linked and held for a moment as Skaal dipped and lifted. It was Frankie who turned away

Smiling, she spanned with a remembering step the space between dock and deck and felt once more the buoyance of the cutter under her feet.

It came as startlingly as a fan of icy spray flung across her cheek. "Hey, young feller!"

She swung toward the voice, saw a dark head rise above the cabin, then brown shoulders innocent of clothes, and after them the lean rest of the man, wearing dungarees as old and shapeless as her own. Their eyes met, Frankie's steady and rebellious, the man's surprised, and each silently questioned the other's right to be there.

Then the man came along the deck, barefooted, with a sailor's easy stride, and stood above her. His brown eyes, caught in crow's feet, regarded her thoroughly. "What're you doing aboard this boat?"

Frankie's chin lifted sharply. Her husky voice was crisp and direct as an arrow. "I wanted to see the shrimp who owns her—about some work. But since you're working for him—"

The dark head flew up and swift laughter sang in the air. "That's a good one!" He brought a bent cigarette from his pocket and lighted it. "I am," he said, over his cupped flame, "the shrimp who owns her."

Frankie fell forward into the cockpit and sat down on a bench. Staring up at the strength of him, hard and lean against the sky, she said, "You're—Buz Dale, the cartoonist?"

"That's right. Where'd you find out?"

Desperate, Frankie said, "Sam Verner. I—used to work for him."

"Oh, you did? And he sent you to me?"

"He— That is—"

"I guess there's work you could do, if you want work. I'm going to shove off tomorrow, and I need help with the varnishing. For all the 'shrimp' business I think you'll do. You look like a sea-minded young feller. How's fifty an hour?"

FRANKIE swallowed, and took the plunge. "Suits me, Mr. Dale," she said, and knew that having plunged it was sink or swim from now on.

"Good," said Dale. "Come along up forward. What's your name?"

"Fr—Frank." She followed his lean, barefooted figure along the deck so well-known to her that she could have walked it blindfolded. Her heart was still leaping from the shock of her recent plunge.

Dale got her a brush and rag, and filled a can with varnish for her. "Take off your shirt, feller. It's hot today."

"I can work with it on!"

"Suit yourself." He assigned her the starboard side, stood over her a moment and watched her begin the rail. "That's right. Smooth, not too thick. Make a mess and I'll spank the pants off you."

He was laughing. His brown face deepened with lines, and his teeth shone.

Frankie almost liked him until, like a flash, she remembered who he was. "You look like a horse when you laugh," she muttered, and quickly sat down to escape his well-aimed toe.

She varnished. She had done it before, with Sam, for as many years as she could remember, beginning at the bow, creeping slowly aft on her knees and spreading the golden varnish evenly on the low, sleek rail.

Came Dale's voice presently, from the port side:

"What's Verner doing now?"

"Don't know." Talking to Collins, perhaps, or wishing she hadn't left him. Well, it would be a grand story to tell him some evening.

Dale said, "I felt like a beast taking Skaal from him last fall."

"Why should you? You paid for her, didn't you?"

"Sure, but Verner loved this boat. When he gets on his feet again I'm going to give him a chance to buy her back. Fact is, I thought we could keep in touch with each other, meanwhile. I asked him to come along to the Chesapeake with me, but he wouldn't."

"Find someone else to go along?"

"Didn't look. I figured I'd like to try Skaal single-handed."

A grave sureness in his voice halted Frankie's brush. She knelt there in the sun and felt herself liking him again, and remembered Sam saying, "A quiet, likable young man. . . ." She was filled with a longing to watch him handle Skaal, watch him try her out and get the feel of her, and learn her little tricks. She varnished slowly for a moment, and then sat back on her heels. "Take me along?"

"No."

"I can sail, I've—"

"No. Sorry, young feller, but I'm not going to take anybody along if I can help it."

IF HE could help it. . . . The word leaped before her eyes. Stowaway! Was it possible? Yes, if she had the nerve! Sam thought her safe at Winters'. All she needed was a lucky break, a chance to catch Dale out of sight long enough to slip aboard and up into the fo'c's'le. There, under the pipe berth— A grin spread over her tanned face. What a story, what a glorious story there'd be to tell Sam! Chuckling, she dipped her brush in the can and went on varnishing.

They finished the rail, the cabin's low sides, and the hatches. At six o'clock Frankie accepted a bent cigarette from Dale and sat on the deck beside him to watch him clean his brushes.

"Got everything ready to shove off tomorrow?"

"All but water and ice."

"When're you going to get them?"

"Oh, I figured in the morning about five-thirty I'd row up to Fisher's in the jolly-boat. I'll get a chunk of ice and two jugs of water. That'll do till I can fill the tanks at Beach Haven tomorrow night."

Five-thirty. . . . Frankie's grin came again, and went quickly as Dale turned to her.

"Think you could be around in the morning and help cast off?"

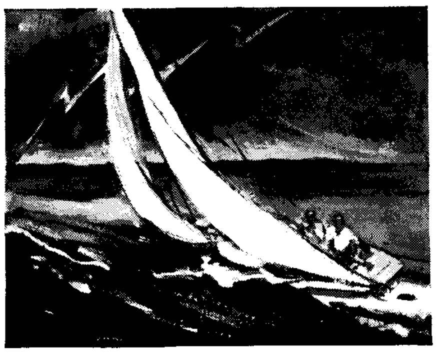
"Reckon not. I sleep mornings."

"Oh, you do?" Scorn darkened his face. "I thought you were sea-minded. Well, that's the way it— What's so funny?"

She was reckless. "I was thinking, horse-face, that it's going to be worth it to see your expression when you realize how sea-minded I am!"

"Meaning? Listen here, don't you try to—"

An unfamiliar voice saved her. "Mr. Dale? Mr. E. S. Dale? Telegram!"



Dale got up and took an envelope from a uniformed boy on the dock. Frankie watched him rip it open and read the message, scratch his head, and read it again. He folded it and put it in his pocket. The boy offered a pad and Dale wrote a reply, and paid for it. He came back to his brushes with a twist of smile along his lips.

"Good news?"

"Um." His lips parted in a laugh as he looked down at her. He finished cleaning his brushes and dried them on a piece of old sail. "Yes," he said, "about five-thirty I'll go for water and ice, and then I'll be all set." He got to his feet again and reached into his pocket. "I owe you a dollar'n' a half."

FRANKIE accepted the money, and as she did so looked up into his face. He was grinning. His eyes were deep and amused, and watching her. Under them she felt her heart pound, and a rush of color stained her cheeks. Quickly she leaped onto the dock. "So long, horse-face!"

"So long, young feller."

When she had rounded the boathouse, Dale took the telegram out and read it again, standing sure-footed on the buoyant deck: "Take good care of that impulsive young daughter of mine or I'll make shark bait out of you. May I meet you Beach Haven Friday evening? Sam Verner."

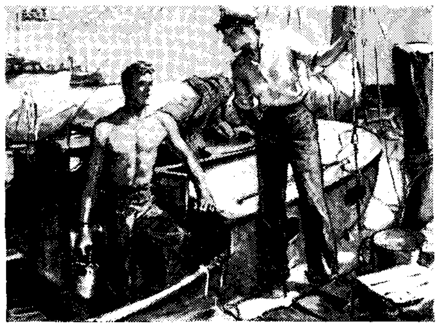
In an hour Verner would be reading his answer: "Have an idea your impulsive daughter coming as stowaway. Going out Barnegat Inlet to try Skaal offshore. Make Beach Haven six P. M. Join us there for two weeks' Chesapeake cruise. E. S. Dale." Smiling, Dale collected his cans and brushes and went below.

At five-thirty the next morning Frankie crouched breathless behind some barrels at the end of the boathouse, and watched Dale rowing up the silvery river. When he was out of sight she crossed the dock and climbed aboard hastily. Up forward she crawled under the berth and arranged an old brown sail-cover so that air—but not inquisitive eyes—could reach her. Smiling, her heart near to bursting with excitement, she pillowed her head on one arm, and waited.

AT SEVEN o'clock Skaal rounded Goodluck Point into Barnegat Bay, and Dale trimmed her down on a southerly course for the railroad draw. He went about twice, and half an hour later slipped quietly through the stilled water between the pilings.

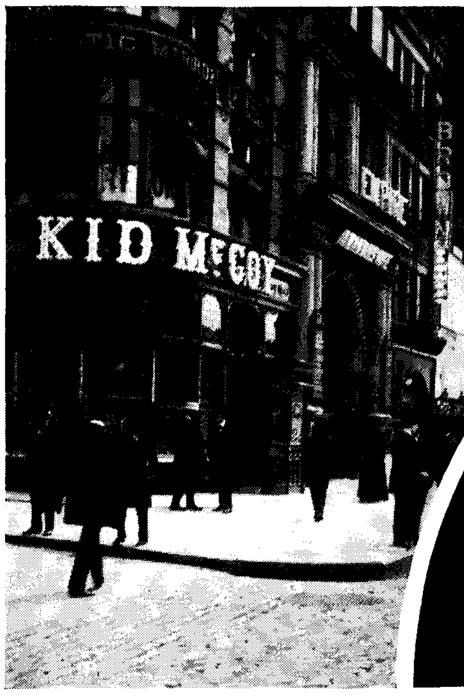
Frankie heard him call hello to the

(Continued on page 36)



The Champ's Place

By Kyle Crichton



BYRON COMPANY, INC.

Kid McCoy's saloon on Broadway became the mecca of fight fans

BROWN BROS.

John L. Sullivan's was strictly a place for two-fisted drinking

IFOR THOMAS

The Old Manassa Mauler in a new setting. Jack Dempsey is a hard-working host in the refined atmosphere of his new eating place

With the ring behind them, most of our ex-champs have gone for saloons—on the cash-register side of the bar. Mr. Dempsey carries on the old tradition, signs menu cards, makes reservations and will not bounce one off your chin, as Kid McCoy or John L. Sullivan would, unless pushed very, very far

WHAT knocks your eye out when you come into the restaurant is the hat-check girl. She is wearing a screaming red jacket and jodhpurs, which are long, tight khaki breeches suddenly flaring out above the knees like a brakeman's ears. When you've recovered from that you see the tall, dark man standing in the entrance to the dining-room.

What the man says to you eventually is: "Have you a reservation?"

If you have no reservation, the chances are you will do no eating in this particular place because it is packed to the doors, and if you have good sense you will not get uppity with the tall dark man, who happens to be Jack Dempsey, ex-heavyweight champion of the world.

But there are the jodhpurs, which will really floor you, particularly if you happen to remember Kid McCoy's place or Jim Corbett's place or the various establishments which trafficked on the name of John L. Sullivan. The only reservation you could expect at Kid McCoy's was the mat inside the door marked "Welcome." If you got gay, the Kid simply clouted you on the jaw and knocked you off the mat and then you knew you had no reservation at McCoy's.

Back in the days when Knighthood was in Cauliflower, the pugs all had their own bars and restaurants. Jim Corbett's was the fanciest of the lot and the old-timers still recall it with awe.

"Used to have erl paintin's on the walls, Jim's place had—cost thousands of dollars. . . . Nymphs and them gals with the fish bodies and all like that. And did you ever see Dante's Inferno when John L. had it?"

Mr. Dempsey is in the grand line of heavyweight champions but with modern improvements. Tom Sharkey's place down on Fourteenth Street was a joint with sawdust on the floors and sailors hanging over the bar. About Dempsey's restaurant there is an air of elegance. There is a cocktail bar where the ladies sip daintily at concoctions which would have turned the stomach of an ancient longshoreman, and the men's bar resembles the gaudy watering troughs of old only by the presence of a foot-rail.

A Real Job for Jack

When John L. Sullivan was at the height of his fame, he had four places at various times. His name was on them, but John L. spent his time in front of rather than behind the bar. His favorite drink was a spot of rye or brandy or champagne covering the bottom of a glass, but he made up for the small portions by downing one a minute. If he had ever seen jodhpurs on a hat-check girl or a clean apron on a waiter, he would probably have taken the pledge years before he did.

Jack Dempsey, on the contrary, is really working at his new job.

"Pretty soft," say his well-wishers. "Just standing around shaking hands with people who want to meet the ex-champion of the world."

"I'm doing eighteen hours a day down here," says Mr. Dempsey grimly. "If you call that soft."

"You mean you're really taking this restaurant business seriously—go out in the morning with the market basket and all that sort of nonsense?"

"Come over here," says Dempsey, starting toward the front of the dining-room. "You see this meat in this refrigerated window. . . . Do you know what makes good meat? I didn't think so. Well, I'll tell you. You only get good meat when you age it." At this point Mr. Dempsey always stops and waits for the astonishment of his hearers. "Not as long as wine, nothing like that, but a week or two. You age it till the hair starts coming out on it. You'd probably think it was ruined. You wouldn't touch it. That just goes to show you. That's just when it's good. You scrape the hair off and cook it and you get something all right in the way of a steak."

Of the old-timers the only one who worked actively at the business was Tom Sharkey, who stood behind the bar where he could slap the fingers of the bartenders when they tried to miss the cash register. Tom was known not only as the tightest bartender who ever lived but is well up in the all-time, all-America list for penurious human beings. When the big sports stood at the bar and set up the house, Tom would take a cigar. He stocked them up behind the bar until he had a pile of them. When it came his turn to treat, he would gather up the wilted weeds and dump them out on the bar and say grandiloquently: "This one's on me, boys; have a cigar."

Mr. Sharkey Was Thrifty

Sharkey once gave a dinner for Yousoff, the Terrible Turk, the wrestler who later went down in a shipwreck with eight thousand dollars in gold in a belt around his waist. How Sharkey came to give the dinner was never known but it had some business tie-up which was useful to him and he did things up brown at Martin's, the famous old restaurant. It was there that he originated the line about the demitasse. It has been used thousands of times since, but Tom pulled it first. When the waiter asked if he wanted a demitasse, Sharkey said, "Yes, and a small cup of coffee, too." When the meal was over, Sharkey paid the bill, which ran into hundreds of dollars, and gave the waiter a ten-cent tip. The waiter looked at it and handed it back. "You save it for postage stamps, Mr. Sharkey," he said. Sharkey took it and carefully put it in his pocket. "O. K.," he said, without batting an eye, and walked out.

The Dempsey restaurant has genteel furnishings and the maestro himself is on the job to work on any horny-handed gentleman who comes in with the idea of amusing himself by tossing the tables into the mezzanine. In the old days that was handled by the furniture itself. The old Waldorf had a solid mahogany bar which looked like a section of Yosemite National Park. The tables and

(Continued on page 59)

Trust Company Child

Life can be very exciting, it seems —if the right girls are about

By Bernard DeVoto

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

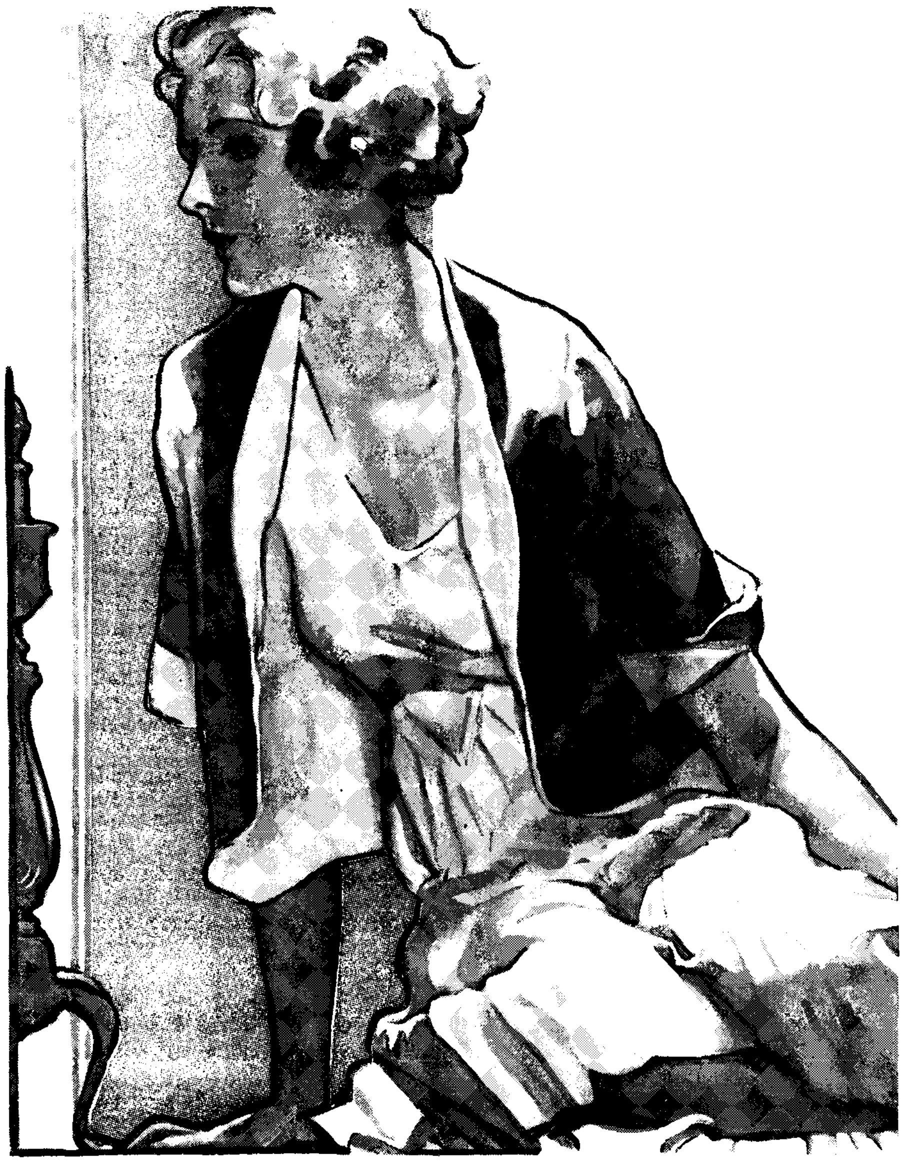
IT WAS Constance Rand who had called Jim Blanding a trust company child. That was at the start of the summer when there was no problem and Connie was just some blonde from California who had been with Julia Maurice, Jim's fiancée, at Miss Kitt's school. Jim had taken it with a grin—said, sure, he'd been brought up by a board of directors and didn't he do them credit? But as the summer went on, and Connie kept turning up at parties, and the problem developed, he couldn't hope to keep the facts from her. And what were the facts? The facts were that the trust company upbringing had made Jim Blanding just a series of regrettable accidents in china shops.

When Julia Maurice's house party started, toward the end of August, he anticipated it would expose a lot of china. He hadn't actually smashed any by the time it was over. Jim and Gerry Lane stayed on and Connie was waiting to go to Mt. Desert tomorrow. There had been no crash but Jim's nerves were jumpy with the expectation of one. And Connie was obviously looking at things with a suspicious eye.

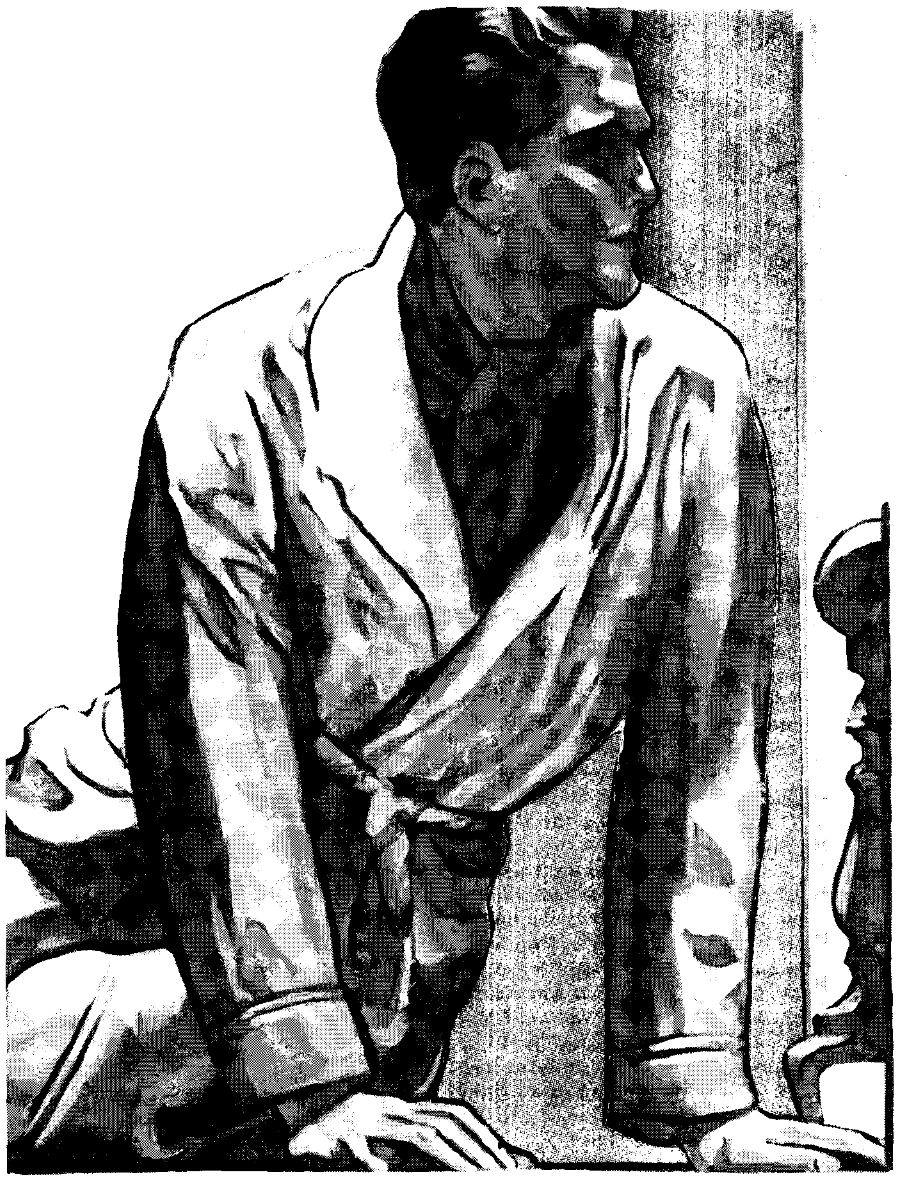
"You Bostonians are so erratic," she complained to Jim. "Just a houseful of manic-depressives on the seashore! A wholesome Western girl with no manias is out of place."

He'd smash china right and left if he said anything. He had known Julia since her milk teeth and had been engaged to her since halfway through Harvard. He couldn't explain to Connie that he'd often wondered what would happen to Julia if she ever encountered a disturbing emotion. Or that he'd got hints when Gerry Lane started looking tragic a month ago and the answer in full when Gerry arrived at this party. What happened was that Julia, who had always had the poise of an iceberg, grew pale and jittery, and that she showed erratic impulses, she who usually had the behavior of Emily Post. Connie probably saw all that, but he certainly couldn't discuss it with her.

So he had just said that Bostonians were really simple people. She said, yes, pretty darned simple, some of them—and she looked derisive and amused and charming. And there you had the trust company again. A man who wasn't clubfooted, left-handed and harelipped so far as girls were concerned would have been deft and sure with Connie, and would have had the skill to manage Julia. What this crisis needed was management! And you didn't pick up hints on how to manage girls from a board of directors.



"Everyone else is cuckoo," he said, "and now you get temperamental!"



"No," she said hotly. "Not temperamental. Just furious at you"

ALL he could do was to try to keep Connie amused during the manic-depressive intervals when Julia and Gerry disappeared looking strained and unhappy, and Mrs. Maurice almost forgot to be a hostess in her efforts to be an overseer. He succeeded unexpectedly well. Connie helped a man out, she almost neutralized the trust company awkwardness, she was much the best publicity California had ever had.

She sat in a canopied deck chair and watched Jim work on the carburetor of her car. She chatted and laughed easily, as if she really did find him amusing. And looked delightsome in a bright coral frock which magnificently set off the superior quality of blondness that the Golden State sent east.

He was talking about himself, a novel experience. He waved a wrench at her. "I'm what you read statistics about, Connie. I'm the Average Man. Twenty-four, Republican, five feet nine, hundred and fifty-eight pounds, size fifteen collar—"

That dimple certainly wouldn't show at her chin unless he was amusing her. He wasn't being left-handed! She said, "In one respect you're awfully abnormal, Jim."

At once he *was* awkward, a familiar blush burning his cheeks. Connie laughed gently. "You poor lamb! The Western girl is crude, Jim. Too crude to hold five millions against you. All summer I've watched the blue-blooded being superior to five million dollars. Nobody is superior to five million dollars."

That, Jim gratefully appreciated, was what you didn't get from a trust company. That was tact. Connie rearranged the bright skirt and added cheerfully, "I think I understand the Average Man. What I want explained is the Nordic Superman."

"Gerry?" Jim grew enthusiastic. "I roomed with him for four years. He's a skyrocket, he's the comet of our time. Everything I fumble, Gerry takes in his stride. Hockey man and national ranking at tennis—I'm pretty fair at ping-pong. Made all the best clubs—I sneaked into a couple in the back of the book. Took his degree with honors—and had to tutor me in French so I could get by. Worked his way through Harvard and shone at everything."

"And a profile like a Greek god. And certain to go far and fast. In fact he's got a fine start already—that job with the Banking Commission that you wanted."

GERRY'S modest manner, then, hadn't concealed his triumph from Connie. "It will lead to big things—naturally they'd pick the best they could get," he said uncomfortably. Better shift her away from that subject. "You know, Connie, earlier in the summer I had a notion you were looking Gerry over."

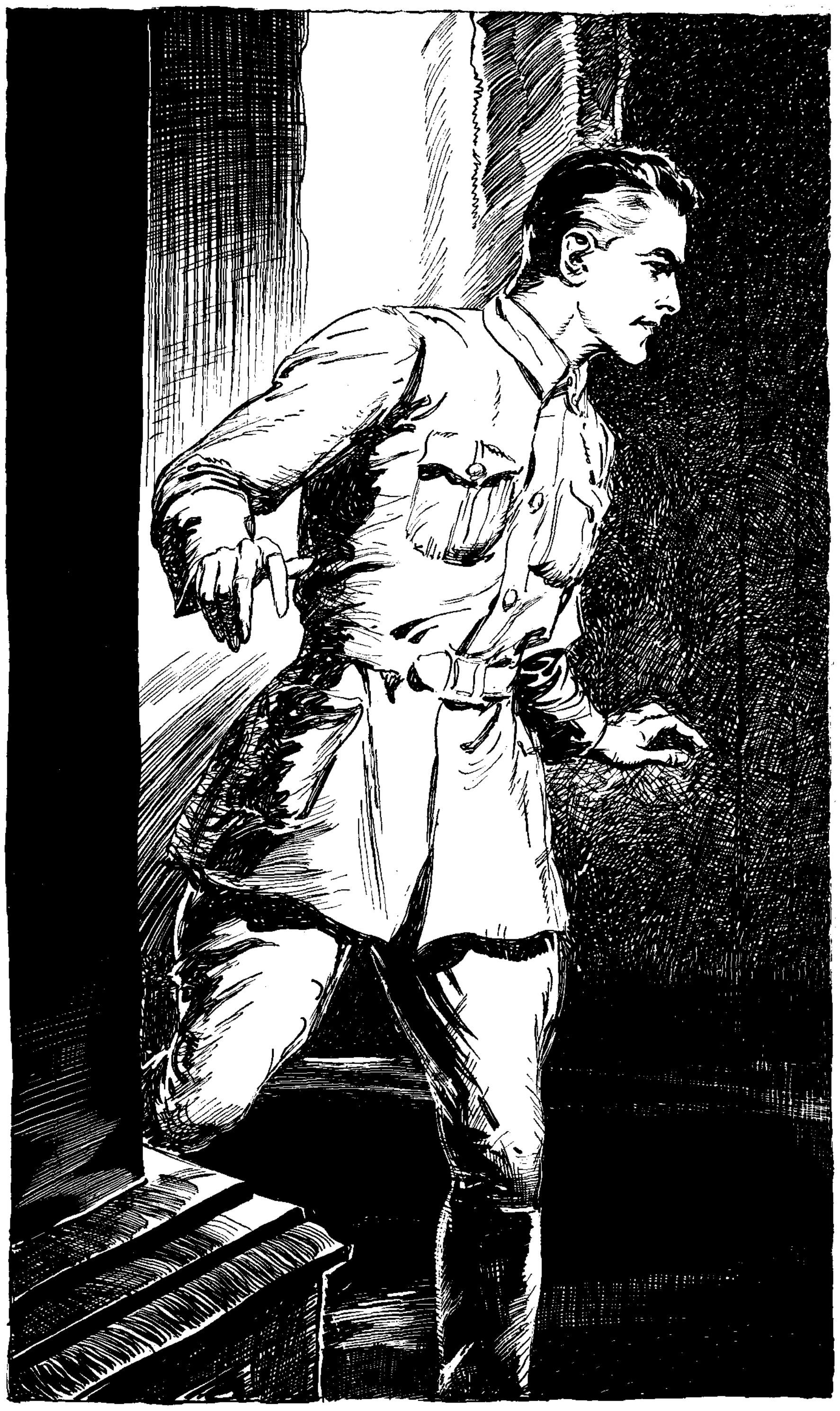
She glanced away, smiling. "Well, I was. Too much glitter." She gave him a glimpse of mirthful blue eyes. She held out one hand and stretched the thumb downward. Jim felt more awkward. The feeling wasn't lessened when she said aimlessly, "Bet a dime

(Continued on page 71)

The Bat Flies Low

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN



The Story Thus Far:

DEEP in the Sahara Desert—so Lincoln Hayes, American Egyptologist and head of a great electrical corporation, believes—is a center of ancient knowledge, "The Place of the Light." At "The Place," he feels sure, are marvels which would astound the whole modern world.

In New York City, Captain Paddy Rorke, his Egyptian agent, brings him a fragment of worn papyrus which reveals much of The Place's secret—what "The Light" is, and how The Place may be reached. It is immediately stolen—either by one Mohammed Ahmes Bey who, accompanied by a radiantly beautiful woman who is known only as "Hatasu," is a visitor in New York, or by Simon Lobb, a business rival of Hayes.

Determined to find The Place, Hayes, a man of vast wealth, goes to Egypt. He is accompanied by Ann Wayland, his secretary; Rorke, whose love for Ann is strongly reciprocated; Eric Stefanson, a brilliant young authority on ancient culture, and "Slim," his chauffeur and handy-man.

En route to Egypt, Hayes encounters Hatasu. Her beauty and exotic personality fascinate him; and long before he reaches his destination he is madly in love with her. . . . In Cairo, the party has a series of weird adventures. Every member, it soon becomes obvious, is being shadowed: and all are in peril from the sinister machinations of a group of mysterious plotters, directed by—*Mohammed Ahmes Bey!*

But Hayes (disregarding a stern warning from Ahmes Bey, who meets Rorke in Cairo and tells him that to proceed will mean death) pushes on. Making use of automobiles and a guide, Hassan ès-Sugra, a native of long experience, he and his friends plunge boldly into the desert, and start toward the spot where, so Hayes believes, lies The Place of the Light.

By day and night they are followed, harassed by mysterious persons who, seemingly, hope to terrify them. From time to time an enormous bat flits into their camp—an omen of ill fortune to the party. Hayes, however, declines to turn back. And at last comes the day when, accompanied by Hassan ès-Sugra, he reaches an ancient monastery: *The Place of the Light!* The Place, an ancient edifice, is filled with priests, who welcome the strangers. Hayes is led to a room, left alone. And there, as he thinks not of his quest but of the woman he loves—Hatasu—the door opens and someone slips in. *Hatasu!*

IX

PLEASE, Lincoln, there is so much I have to say!"

"Answer me, then."

"Please let me go."

"Not until you answer."

"Yes, I love you—you know I love you."

Hatasu was breathless, bright-eyed, but at last Lincoln Hayes released her and, standing up, crossed to the window and looked out.

It was only by placing himself so that he could neither see her nor touch her that it was possible for him to comply with her request. He thrust his hands in the pockets of his shabby drill coat, and stared out over arid desert dancing in the heat haze.

"Promise to hear me out, Lincoln dear, because I have so much to tell you, and very little time to tell it. If what I say seems to be foolish or improbable, please let me go on."

It was the voice of a young girl appealing to her lover, the voice he was always listening for. Hatasu ceased speaking for a moment, as if to collect her ideas; when she resumed, her voice had changed. That far-away, mystical note which he associated with her bondage, the barrier that divided them, had crept into the musical tones.

"The place in which you are was originally a rest-house on a road which led from the coast. No trace of the port at which it began is left. This road led to Memphis. The old tradition of the Road of Harmachis is all that remains of it. The road was used in days that your students cannot imagine, long, long before those dates they give for the carving of the Sphinx and the building of the Great Pyramid. The god of Light, who came to be known as Ammon Ra, was worshiped then in Egypt.

"Many, many years later, when the Greeks and the Romans came, the sacred books and all the other treasures were removed from Memphis to a place of safety; to a small temple in the Oasis of Sîwa. The creed of the god of Life and Light is the good of humanity, and the First Prophet now lived at Sîwa, and continued, so far as was permitted, to direct the affairs of men. The temple became known as the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, but nothing had changed but the name. The First Prophet, up to the time the Romans left Egypt, was descended from the Pharaohs.

"Already the old road had disappeared, and this place had been taken over by early Christian monks. It was a monastery; but later still, when the monks had gone, it came again into the possession of those to whom it originally belonged. Some who had power in Egypt desired to overthrow the Oracle of Jupiter Ammon, and to seize the great wealth which was known to lie in the temple.

"It was wealth more than knowledge that they sought. For a second time the treasures were removed—they were all brought here; and to this day they remain under their hereditary guardianship. When a generation is born which the First Prophet, whoever he may be at the time, recognizes as fitted for wisdom—wisdom will be given to it. Until that time it is the duty of those who guard the secrets to insure that they are always veiled by darkness. The Book of the Laws is legendary—it is sometimes called the Book of Thoth.

"It is here! It has been here for over a thousand years!

"Many belong to the ancient Order, men and women, for there is much work to do; but we are very wealthy. Very, very rarely in all our history, which we can trace back beyond any history you know, has a spy succeeded in joining us. One there was, and very recently, who secured possession of part of the third copy of the Book. You heard that his body was found in the Nile. . . .

"He was not murdered, as you suppose. He was reminded of his vows—and so destroyed himself.

"Only the First Prophet may look upon the Light without being blinded. This is not a poetic fancy, but a physical fact. Aided by heredity, and trained in a particular way from infancy, the eyes gradually acquire this power. It gives them a luminous appearance; so that the First Prophet could be recognized anywhere by this peculiarity."

Although the desert was before him, Hayes could picture the speaker: in a simple white robe, fastened at the waist by a girdle, sandals on her delicately arched feet. There was a long lapis lazuli ring on her index finger.

"Those men you have seen are neophytes: they are bound by a vow of silence for a whole year. There are women members, also, and marriage is allowed within the Order. We are not all Egyptians, or even Orientals, and our duties take us all over the world—"

"You mean"—Lincoln Hayes spoke hoarsely—"that Europeans and Americans belong?"

"Not many, but several. They have found their way here. Why not? All the knowledge that has ever been in the world is accessible if they care to strive for it. And our work is for the good of others who are less enlightened. Please, Lincoln, don't move yet—"

HE HAD taken his hands from his pockets and, fists clenched, was palpably about to turn—

"I am of the old blood and so intended for the office which my mother held before me. But I am not compelled to accept it." Her voice had grown soft again, the imperious note had died quite away. "You mean what you have said to me, Lincoln? That for me you will give up all that the world holds for a wealthy man? You must consent for the rest of your life to carry the brand of secret knowledge. . . ."

He turned in a flash.

Hatasu had slipped her robe from those gleaming ivory shoulders; one slender finger rested upon a mark, the *akhut*, distinctly printed on the satiny skin directly over her heart. . . .

Hayes stood tense. His eyes watched her—devoured her. Very quietly she replaced the robe on her shoulders, and:

"Do you mean," he said; his speech was very staccato—"that if—I joined—this Order—"

"You would be able because of your wealth and social position to do greater good than you can even imagine."

"But you mean—" he took a step towards her—"that if I did this . . ."

Lincoln Hayes was close to her now, and his regard was so vital that almost she shrank, but she conquered the impulse and faced him proudly.

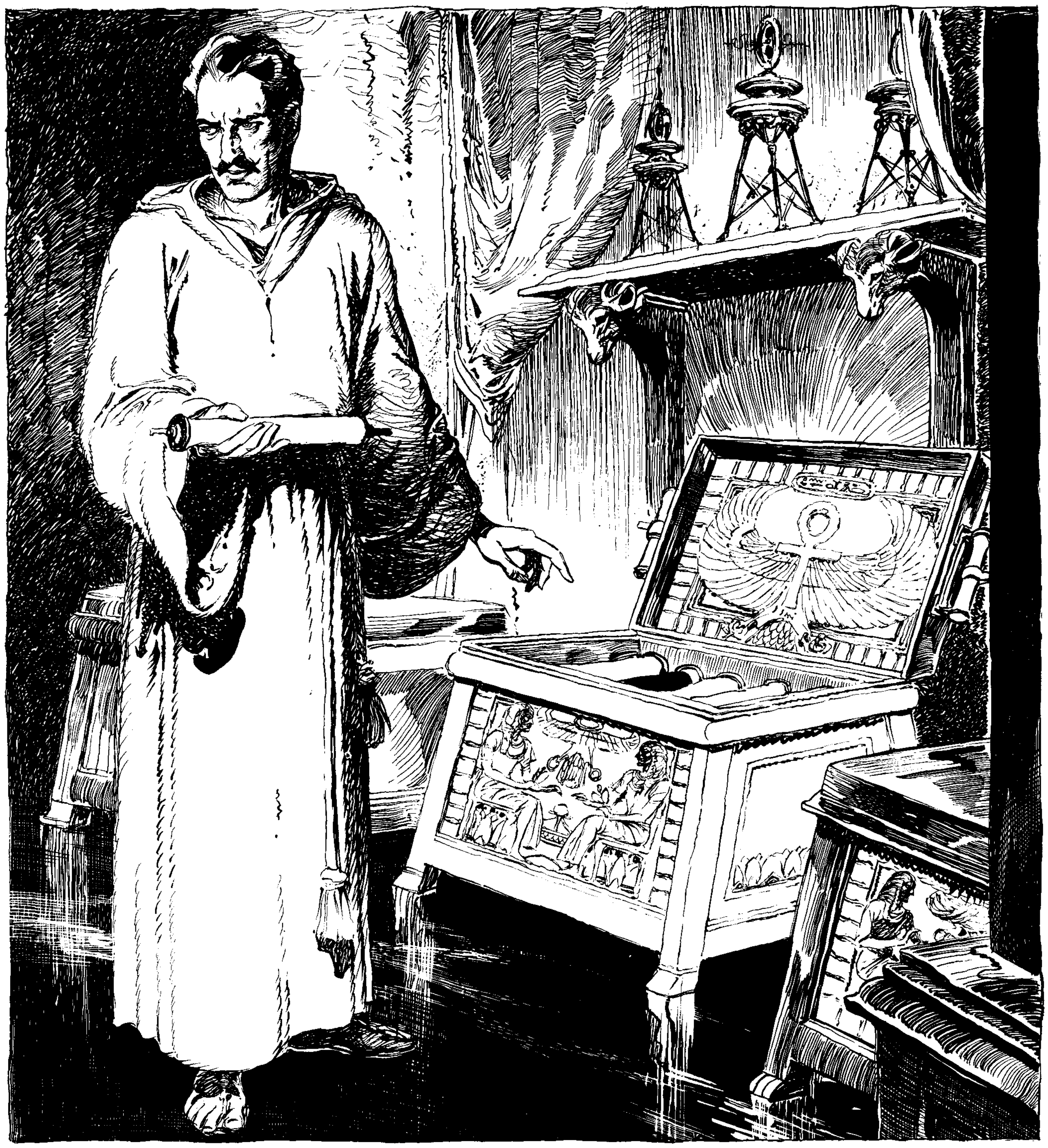
"If I join, I join for you."

"If you join, Lincoln, and you want me, you shall have me. I want you, too."

She did not resist him when he swept her into his arms. She returned his kisses until no renunciation seemed too great to win such a prize.

ONE of the silent monks swung a door open and stood aside.

Lincoln Hayes entered a room which but for the many books which lined the walls was so austerely furnished that it might have been termed a cell. Books almost entirely occupied two of the walls. These walls were of that kind of plaster of which, apparently, the entire



"These three chests," Ahmes Bey said, "contain the first copy made of the Book of the Laws"

place was constructed, and the bookshelves were recessed.

From a beam, evidently a very old palm trunk, which crossed the ceiling, an oil lamp was hung—a very simple lamp, but of a very unusual pattern. There were some rugs upon the floor; more books, a number of papers, and a certain evidence of activity upon a large, plain wooden table. A long, high window revealed the thickness of the wall and overlooked the usual dreary prospect. Although the heat of the afternoon was intense, as the dancing haze over the desert indicated, the place was pleasantly cool. In a high-backed chair of some bleached wood, possibly teak, a man was seated behind the table.

He wore a robe identical with those worn by all the male members of this strange community. It was made of some loosely woven woollen material, and possessed a hood. His hands rested on the table before him, and upon one finger was a large scarab ring. In this he differed from the others, and also in the fact that his skull was not shaven but crowned by a mass of jet-black hair. He did not stand up as Lincoln Hayes entered, but motioned him to a chair on the other side of the table.

Lincoln Hayes bowed slightly and sat down, facing Mohammed Ahmes Bey.

The two men watched each other in silence for a while.

Lincoln Hayes was less physically aware than mentally conscious of the fact that the eyes of Mohammed Ahmes Bey were different from any other eyes into which he had ever looked. They possessed a quality of penetration unique in his experience, but because he did not resist it, but welcomed it, he was able to sustain that compelling gaze which perhaps not one man in a million could have suffered.

THE Egyptian broke the silence, his voice vibrant even in that small room.

"Mr. Hayes, you were expected. My own brief observations and those of Hatasu, my sister's daughter, correspond. You are that dodo of our present civilization—a strictly honest man. Because you have nothing to hide, even I have little power over you. It is upon the hidden secrets of the mind that influence is built. I could sway you, but I could never move you."

Lincoln Hayes continued to watch the speaker, but did not reply.

"I am in agreement with the Moslems, who hold that everything which happens was written, otherwise I should say that I regret your having crossed the path of my niece Hatasu. I know all the facts, Mr. Hayes, for after one momentary human weakness she has given me her entire confidence."

He paused for a moment, staring fixedly at Lincoln Hayes, and then:

"That we are the conservators of a certain kind of knowledge," he went on, "which differs from that your scientists of a mechanical age have acquired, you have personal evidence. What you have seen or experienced is only the fringe of the subject. All that you do now, with your radio, your aircraft, of which you are so proud, has been done in an age that is forgotten—but by other means. The most perfect machine in this material world is the human will. I could show you that it is possible to talk to your office in New York without the intervention of radio or cable. I could teach you, nor would it take me long, for you have a first-class brain, to travel from this spot to almost any other place in the world without the aid of mechanism."

"You are not suggesting"—Lincoln Hayes' voice remained quite toneless—"that when I saw you in New York you were not actually *in* New York?"

Something which might have been a smile crossed the hawk-like features of Mohammed Ahmes Bey, and:

"I went to New York and left New York by means of an ordinary modern steamship," he replied.

"I have already explained to your chief of staff, Captain Rorke, that only in a crisis calculated to damage humanity as a whole are we justified in employing methods which a greater wisdom than mine has held to be unsuitable for the present age. The idea crosses your mind, Mr. Hayes, that this is mumbo-jumbo."

"Don't deny it," said Lincoln Hayes, dryly.

"You think that perhaps for some petty gain, political or personal, we enlist the weak-minded and hysterical—drawn by the lure of the Unknown." He spoke firmly but without the slightest trace of emotion. "Dismiss such ideas from your mind, Mr. Hayes. We have no revenues. We live upon our ancient wealth, the tributes once brought to the temples. It is, I may say, almost inexhaustible. We do not seek disciples; disciples must seek us. Their faith may be that of Buddha, Moses, Christ or Mohammed—we do not ask them to disavow it. If they seem worthy, we give them access to a greater knowledge, in order that they may be of greater use to mankind—"

"But you brand them with a mark. That's paganism."

Mohammed Ahmes Bey met the challenging stare.

"The mark to which you refer," he replied, quietly, "is a diploma proudly borne by those upon whom it has been conferred. Few, very few, have ventured to forget that they bore it."

HE CEASED speaking; there was perfect silence. It was broken by Lincoln Hayes.

"I have never loved a woman in my life before," he said, "until I met Hatasu. I want her. She wants me. I told her I would give up all I had for her—and I meant it. I'll do it, if the deal is a straight deal. I came to make a different kind of proposal, but a proposal equally square. I withdraw that. I say this: If you can prove I lose none of my self-respect by joining this Order, I'll say yes—if it enables me (not bargaining, but I want to know) if it enables me to claim Hatasu."

"If you succeed," the deep voice replied, "in passing your novitiate, which demands in the first place a year of silence, followed by a number of most exacting tests; if, in short, you are accepted so that you bear upon your body the mark of your knowledge—you will be free to claim her. Her happiness is involved as deeply as yours. We *use* Nature's laws, Mr. Hayes; we do not endeavor to distort them."

"Would it mean I give up Western civilization?"

"On the contrary. It would mean in your case that you would retain your present place in society. There, with your new knowledge, you would be of inestimable use to a very unhappy section of humanity."

Lincoln Hayes stood up.

"I believe you," he said tonelessly. "I know that you mean what you say. But can you prove that you know what you claim to know?"

A MOMENT Ahmes Bey paused, watching the speaker closely. His regard would have terrified any normal man.

"You come to me through unusual channels," he replied, "and therefore unusual methods may be employed. Strictly speaking, no other course remains open to you." He stood up. "You and your Egyptian servant are lost to the world. I need not comply with your conditions. What is the alternative?"

"News of my whereabouts, by now," Lincoln Hayes replied slowly, "is in possession of the district officer at Siwa. Are you prepared for a raid by the Camel Corps?"

(Continued on page 52)

He Likes to Play Ball

By Quentin Reynolds

Lou Gehrig is the sort of guy a manager has to watch. Otherwise he'll sneak off after a hard game and start playing ball with the kids in Central Park. And of course he might get hurt. Anyway he likes the game. Maybe that's why he's the best player we have—yes, he's even better than Babe Ruth

HARRY KANE said, "Kid, go up there and slap one."

Harry Kane was the baseball coach of Commerce High School. He was and is a fine baseball coach and he'd nursed his team along to the New York championship. Now the team was in Chicago playing Lane Tech. It was a tight game up to the seventh inning.

The kid he told to slap one was a kid named Henry Louis Gehrig but nobody knew his first name was Henry except his mother. Everybody else called him Lou.

The kid walked up there to the plate and slapped one. He slapped one good and hard and the game was on ice. The team returned to New York that night.

Harry Kane walked over to where the kid sat and he said, "Kid, you were great today. Some day you'll be playing first base for the Yankees."

The kid blushed and said, "Aw, quit kiddin' me, Coach."

It happened all over again a couple of years later. Now Lou was a student at Columbia University and he was playing halfback in the fall and in the spring he was pitching for Andy Coakley's ball team. Coakley, once a big leaguer, has an eye for baseball greatness. He spotted the germ of it in his awkward pupil. Lou was a fair pitcher but what impressed Coakley was the tremendous power which lurked in the Gehrig frame. Coakley tried him in the outfield and at first base. He seemed to fit in best at first. Of course he really fitted best at that plate.

Columbia was playing Pennsylvania. It was another tight game. In a late inning Columbia got two men on base. Andy Coakley said, "Kid, go up there and slap one."

Lou did. The game was at South Field and the center field fence is a good two-day bus ride from the plate. Gehrig hit one over that fence and the ball landed against the wall of the building which houses the School of Journalism.

"I never saw Ruth hit one any farther," Coakley says now.

When he trotted back to the plate grinning, Coakley slapped him on the back and said, "That was great, Lou. You'll be playing first base for those Yankees yet."

Lou didn't blush this time. He laughed though. He laughed and he said, "Coach, those Yanks got a pretty good first baseman named Wally Pipp playing for them."

"Wally can't go on forever," Coakley said.

About this time Miller Huggins was thinking the same thing. Huggins was very, very smart. Most people looking at Wally Pipp in those days playing first base would have said, "He's terrific. He'll go on for years."

On the Yankee Farm

But Huggins knew that he'd need another first baseman within three years. Looking over the minors he saw nothing of promise. Then he heard of Gehrig. Andy Coakley told Hug that Gehrig was very rough, very awkward—but he could hit hard ones. He couldn't field much and sometimes he'd throw to the guy sitting in Row 11 in the bleachers instead of throwing to second base—but he could hit hard ones.

"He could be taught to hit curve balls too," Coakley told Hug.

Hug was sold. He grabbed Gehrig, let him sit on the Yankee bench for a while and then shipped him to the Yankee farm at Hartford. He told Ed Barrow, business manager of the Yankees, that he wanted Gehrig stuck on first base at Hartford. That he wanted him kept there no matter how bad he looked at first. Hug had a hunch. Hug liked those boys who could step into fast balls and send them into the next county. Men like Wally Pipp. Men like Ruth.

Gehrig went to Hartford and for a time, my friend, he had the same luck that you've been having with those Irish Sweepstake tickets. He kept trying, all right, but nothing happened. Paddy O'Connor, manager of Hartford, was in despair.

"He's a palooka," O'Connor moaned. "He can't hit, he can't field, he can't throw. What can he do?"

The Friday before Labor Day came and Gehrig's batting average was .062, not as big as anybody's hat. Hartford was having one of those crucial series. O'Connor was disgusted. He had a pretty fair first baseman sitting on the bench. He wanted to put him in there in Gehrig's place, but he had orders from Barrow, and Barrow was his boss. That Friday Lou struck out three times. O'Connor in a rage went to the nearest telegraph office. He wired to Ed Barrow. Pleaded with Barrow to take Gehrig off his hands. Quoted Lou's anemic batting average. Told of his poor fielding. Then waited for an answer.

Now a benign fate intervened. It's the first real break Gehrig ever got. He's earned everything he's made. Barrow for some reason or other didn't go to his office on Saturday morning. The telegram lay there unopened. Had Barrow read it he undoubtedly would have given up on Gehrig too. But he didn't see it until the next Monday. Meanwhile things had been happening in Hartford.

No answer having arrived from Barrow, poor Paddy O'Connor had to leave Gehrig in there at first. So what happened? So what do you think happened? Gehrig leaned on a fast ball, hit it over the fence and won the ball game.

Paddy O'Connor thought he'd just gotten hold of a "cripple" and he reserved judgment. But on Sunday Lou broke up both ends of a double-header, won both games, and O'Connor said blandly, "I knew that kid could hit all the time."

They haven't headed Lou since that day, but in between then and now Lou has worked hard. He had to earn his job with Huggins. He had to keep it—and he had to make a first baseman out of himself.

Talk to Lou and you'll find him phlegmatic, matter-of-fact and colorless, maybe. Just a machine, you'll think. But Lou has been thrilled and he has jittered with joy and he is capable of being emotionally stirred by a sunrise. Well, not a real sunrise but a—well, listen to this.

Lou's Big-League Debut

It's the story of Gehrig's first appearance at bat in the major leagues. That's the biggest test of all for a rookie. The opposing pitcher knows that you're a beginner. He'll usually toss a couple of hard ones at your head. His catcher knows you're a rookie. He'll ride you unmercifully; and big, awkward Gehrig was good material for riding purposes. Every time a rookie makes good it means the death of a veteran. Rookies get very little help from established stars.

The story of Lou's first time at bat really started the night before. The club was playing a series with Washington. Miller Huggins walked into the hotel where the team was staying and he was surprised and shocked to see young Gehrig sitting in the lobby. He was surprised and shocked because it was midnight and already Lou had earned the reputation of being a ten o'clock retirer.

"Mr. Huggins," Lou blurted out, "I want to go to St. Paul."

Huggins blinked. Here was a rookie with a championship club and he wanted to go to a minor-league team.

"I heard you were sending someone to St. Paul," Lou said. "Send me. I am tired of sitting on the bench. I like to play ball."

"You like to play ball," Huggins smiled. "Well, go to bed and I'll think it over."

The next day there was this game with Washington that had to be played. The Yanks had the pennant won. The game didn't matter much except to one man—Joe Bush. Joe Bush was a veteran who'd had a good season. He had nineteen wins to his credit. He was to receive a big bonus if he could win twenty games. Everyone on the club was pulling for that twentieth game.

He went to the mound but Washington started slapping him around. Came the fifth inning and the score was 5 to 2 in favor of the Senators. Huggins put Lou Gehrig in to replace Wally Pipp. It was Gehrig's first major-league appearance. When the seventh inning rolled around with the count still at 5 to 2 it looked bad for Bush. But in the Yanks' half of that inning things began

(Continued on page 30)

A Ray of Light

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

The mystery of Louise Harwood's missing diamond—and of the man who gave it to her. A perfect case for James Lee, soft-spoken Department of Justice under-cover man. And a curiously fascinating story

AT SIX o'clock in the evening one of James Lee's assistants rang through from Los Angeles with a progress report on a narcotic case involving men and methods important enough to have interested the Department of Justice. At six-fifteen James Lee's chief rang through to San Francisco with some new dope on a couple of big-shot public enemies who were supposed to be heading for San Francisco. Seven minutes after he had finished this conversation with his chief, Mr. Joseph Temple called him on the telephone.

"I should like to see you for half an hour," Mr. Temple said. "Can you have dinner with me at my house? I have a new consignment of emeralds that might interest you."

"The emeralds sound tempting. I'm working tonight. Are you downtown?"

"I'm in my office."

"Why don't you drop in on your way home?"

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes. I am bringing Meade Capron with me. Not socially—he's part of the plot."

"Bring him along."

When he had hung up the telephone James Lee walked from the living-room of his apartment to his kitchen. "Light up the library," he said to his house boy. "Two gentlemen will be here in a few minutes."

"Cocktails?" the servant asked.

Before James Lee could reply his cook added another question to the house boy's interrogation. "Two men stay for dinner?"

James Lee shook his head at the cook. "No," he said, and then to the younger servant, "No cocktails. It's Mr. Joe Temple. He likes our dry sherry. Take in a decanter of it. Old Meade Capron is with him. I don't know what Mr. Capron drinks."

"Olo man Caplon likee whisky," the Chinese cook announced. "Long time I savvy what he likee."

James Lee smiled. "Take some bourbon in for Mr. Capron," he said to the house boy.

Greeting James Lee, "I'm awfully glad to see you," Joseph Temple declared. "I've got a tough problem for you. Capron will tell you all about it. Mr. Lee—Mr. Capron."

To the elderly Mr. Capron, "I believe I told you that Lee and I were classmates at Yale," Joseph Temple explained. "If any man can find a way out of this mess he can."

IN THE library of James Lee's apartment, "First of all," Joseph Temple began, "I've got a very serious charge to lay against young Warren Bayne. Do you know him?"

"I've met him. I can't say that I know him," James Lee said. "You mean the young man who is to marry Miss Harwood—Louise Harwood?"

"That's the man. Giddy young fool on the social trapeze."

Lee nodded. "Given to making long swings on the social trapeze from Hollywood to Del Monte to Burlingame to San Francisco."

"And all way points where the polo set do their heavy drinking," Temple added.

"What's he done?"

"He's done a lot of things in the past," Meade Capron suggested. "I knew his father. You can't blame the boy."

"Blame him for what?"

There was a moment's silence and then, "You know that we have some exceptional diamonds in the shop," Joseph Temple began. "A diamond from Temple and Peck—I sound like advertising copy. Bayne bought a stone from us a month ago. Sixteen thousand dollars. A square diamond. We mounted it in platinum. He gave it to Louise Harwood for an engagement ring. Peck tried to sell him a smaller stone but nothing would satisfy love's young dream except the sixteen-thousand-dollar piece. He paid us two thousand dollars. Peck gave him a two-year credit on the balance. That partner of mine is a fool. I'll let Meade Capron tell you the rest of the story."

The elderly Mr. Capron bathed his tonsils in a generous libation of thirty-year-old bourbon, coughed once and took the spotlight. "It happens, Mr. Lee, that I am not unfamiliar with gem stones. Mr. Temple will tell you—"

"Capron knows emeralds," Joseph Temple interrupted. "He knows as much about emeralds as any man in the country. He knows enough about diamonds for our present purposes."

OLD MEADE CAPRON frowned for a moment at the limitations set upon the compliment and then, "I saw the square diamond the day after young Bayne gave it to Louise Harwood. I had seen it several times before. It is a distinguished stone. I saw Miss Harwood again yesterday evening at her mother's house. She was wearing the ring, but the square diamond had been replaced. Paste! The imitation would pass well enough with the average observer—under electric lights. I kept my counsel. You and Mr. Temple know of my discovery. No one else."

"Didn't you speak of the substitution to Miss Harwood?"

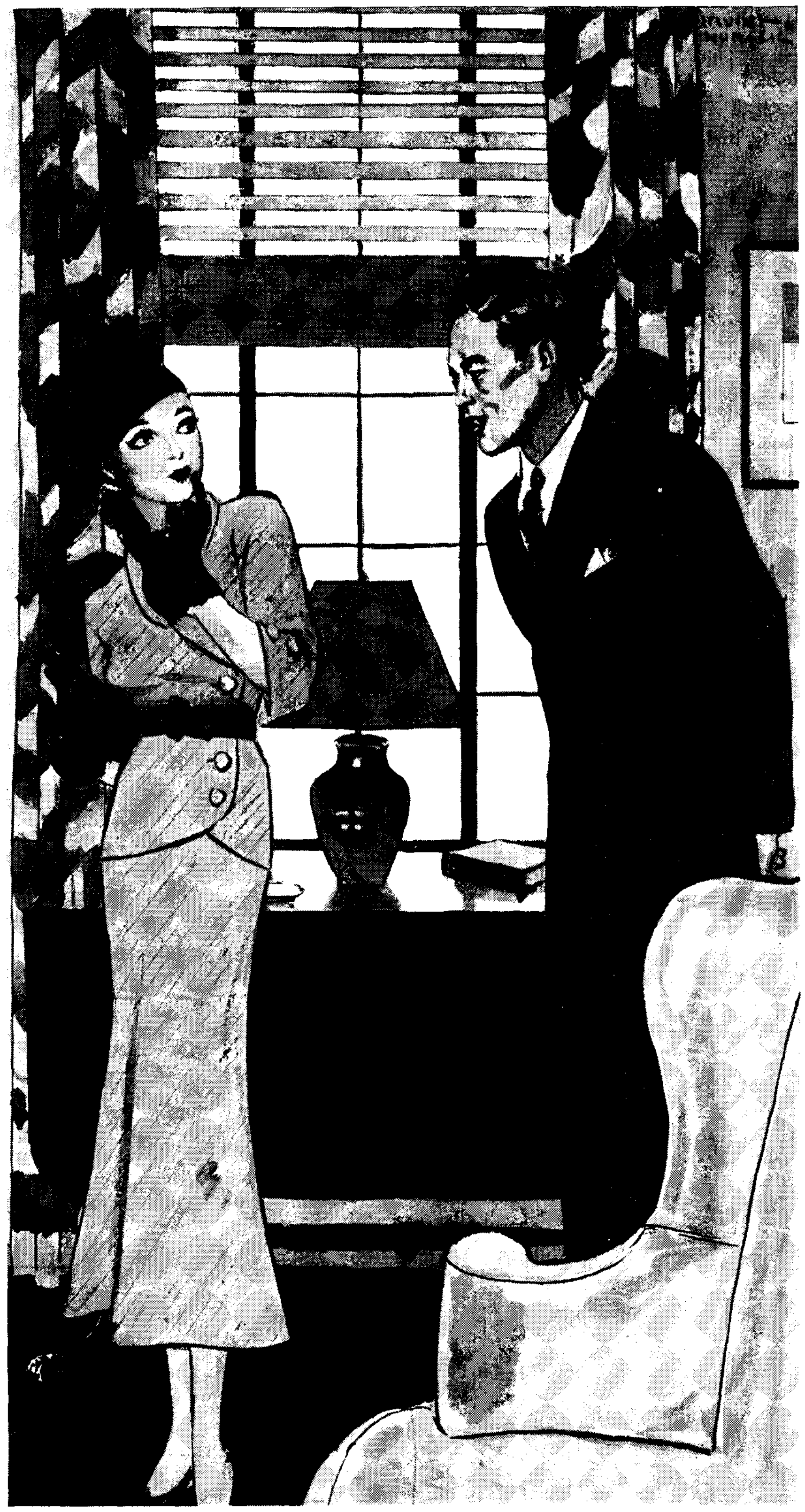
"For obvious reasons I did not. I went so far as to suggest that the ring's romantic associations must impel her to wear it day and night." At this point old Meade Capron snorted his opinion of the younger generation. "She assured me that its romantic value was zero. She confessed that she laid it aside with her other jewelry every night. More important—she told me that she had entrusted the stone to young Warren Bayne for two days. The ring was slightly large for her finger. She and Bayne and a dozen other wild young people had gone to Hollywood on a party with some movie people whom they met at Del Monte. She is—"

"Is Miss Harwood addicted to wild parties?"

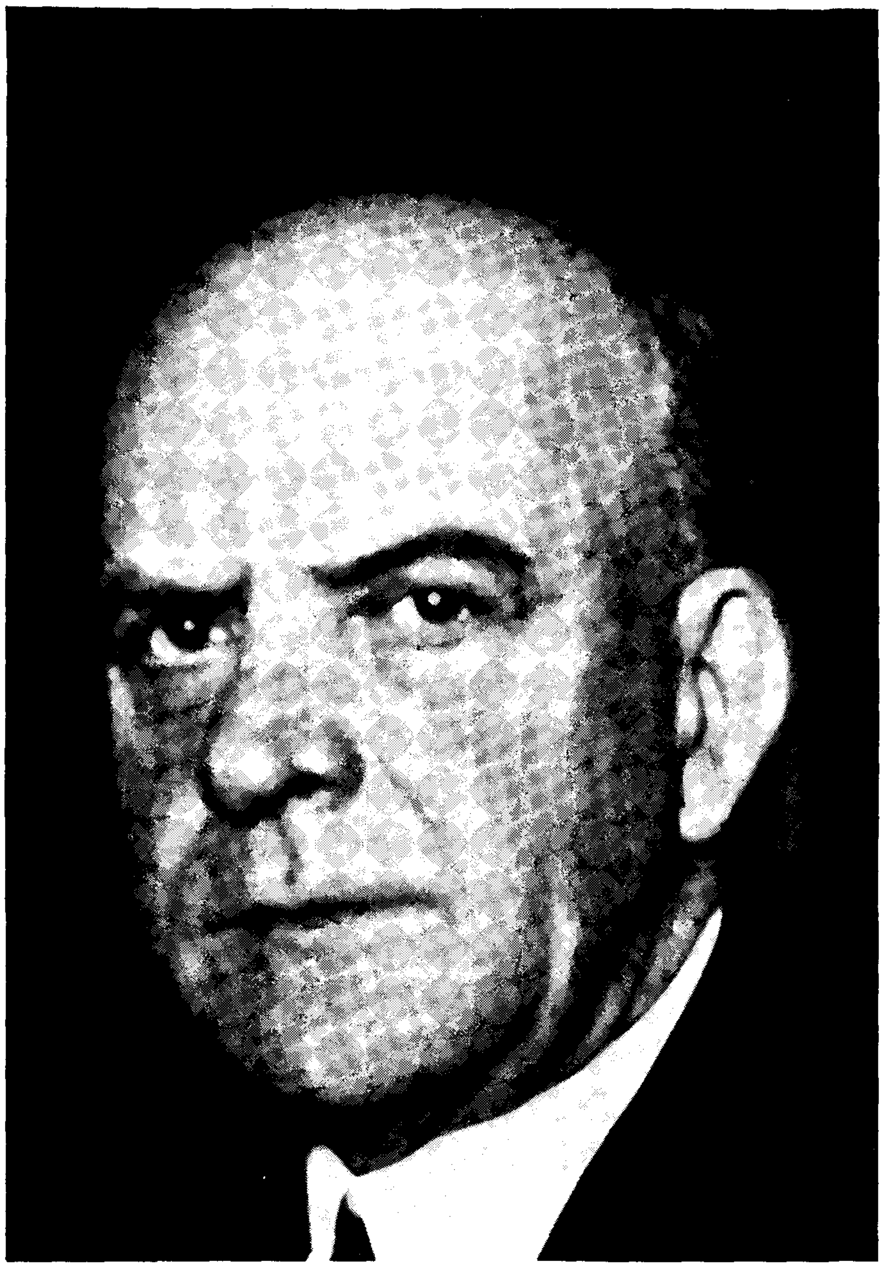
Old Meade Capron fortified his spirit with another shot of bourbon before he permitted himself to answer. "She is the wildest girl in her set. She is—"

"That's not the point," Joseph Temple interrupted. The jeweler, sticking close to his indictment of Warren Bayne, let the case against Louise Harwood rest in his eagerness to present the evidence against the young man. "Actually we're not much interested in the girl," he said. "She's a wild young fool but Bayne is a wild young crook.

(Continued on page 68)



"You have made it possible for life to be happy for me," the girl whispered



Admiral Christian Joy Peoples

A Job for Christian Joy

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

THE New Deal has witnessed many savage struggles for place and power, but not in all the history of the Dark and Muddy Ground was there ever any fiercer battle than that waged in connection with the administration of the $4,800,000,000 work-relief fund. What with Harold Ickes and Harry Hopkins sinking their teeth into each other's quivering flesh, Rexford Guy Tugwell showing his scars, every member of the Cabinet shrilling his claims, business organizations ballyhooing for General Wood, Gerard Swope or Owen Young, and Congress insisting on the right to name all officials drawing above $5,000 a year, Washington was pandemonium. Even the Dionne quintuplets were mentioned on the theory that five heads are better than one.

Throughout the tumult, only Admiral Christian Joy Peoples was certain of a place in the picture from the very first, having been selected to handle the federal building program at a time when the whole project was still in the egg. Yes, that is his name: Christian Joy Peoples. To make the thing still more unreal, he never went to Harvard, never taught in Columbia, has no social service background and, although an admiral, cannot call Annapolis his alma mater.

By way of providing an additional touch of weirdness, the life story of the man fairly reeks with administrative genius. During the past two years, friends have gone to the admiral repeatedly and implored him to hide his record. "You're ruined," they said, "if it's ever discovered that you've had practical experience." Always, however, Christian Joy shook his head, and steadfastly refused to be a party to any deception.

The accidental quality that marks American public life was never more clearly illustrated than by the tale of how Admiral Peoples escaped the consequences of his evil past. Back in November, 1933, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau was suddenly called on to find a director for his new procurement division. Naturally enough, pressure was applied to make him name a Democrat, and in a panic to avert that shame, Mr. Morgenthau opened the window and yelled at the first passer-by.

Old Stuff for the Admiral

That man happened to be Christian Joy Peoples, paymaster general of the Navy and chief of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts. Handling two jobs might have bothered someone else, but it was old stuff to the admiral, and without more ado he took over the government's gigantic federal building program with full control over the purchase of sites, style of structure and purchase of materials. Moving with speed and precision, he cut red tape and cured dry-rot, with the result that eighty per cent of his tremendous undertaking was well under way in six months.

The President, out riding one afternoon, gasped with amazement as he saw great buildings that seemed to have sprung up overnight. Beautiful buildings too, noble and distinctive. Rubbing his eyes, he stared again, and then feebly murmured a request for information. When they told him that an admiral by the name of Peoples was entirely responsible for the indecent rush, Mr. Roosevelt shook his head as one unable to believe his ears.

"You don't mean Abe Peoples, do you?" Mr. Roosevelt asked. "Not *Abe?*"

At this point comes the need for another flash-back. In those crowded years just before and just after America's entrance into the World War, the country was surprised to see the Navy adjust itself to tremendous and undreamed-of tasks with the smoothness of a perfectly tuned machine. The clothing and feeding of sailors, the manning and supply of troop and naval transports, the development of plant facilities at home, and storage and fuel facilities at home and abroad; the procurement of materials for everything from North Sea mines to the naval land batteries in France—all of these demands were met in full without delay.

Everything had been foreseen, and yelps of rage began to come from the Army, Food Administrator Hoover and other departments, for at every turn they found Navy contracts in operation. Once there was a cargo of beans from Manchuria, and while Herbert Hoover and Newton Baker were disputing as to who should have them, both suddenly awoke to find that the Navy had commandeered the shipment by radio.

Two men were responsible for the well-nigh miraculous efficiency of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts: Admiral Samuel McGowan and Admiral Christian Joy Peoples, at that time the youngest officer of his rank in the Navy. Those were the days of the Potash and Perlmutter vogue, and almost by accord Admiral Peoples received the nickname of "Abe," for never in all this world was there a shrewder, harder bargainer. Something like four billions passed through the bureau during the war years, and just as one hundred cents' worth of value was received for every dollar, so was the vast expenditure unshamed by a single scandal.

A young man by the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy in those days, and fell into the habit of calling on "Abe" whenever any particularly tough job presented itself. Freight congestion in the winter of 1917-1918 menaced the success of America's war effort, an actual average of sixty-seven days, for instance, being required for the turnaround of a freight car from Pittsburgh to Jersey City. Admiral Peoples reduced the time to eleven days. When the Philadelphia transit system broke down, causing hours of delay in the transportation of mechanics to Hog Island, "Abe" sauntered over and speeded up the arrival and departure of surface cars to one-and-a-half minute intervals.

Forty Years of Efficiency

No man, of course, "gets that way" overnight, and the answer to Christian Joy's administrative marvels is found in some forty years of hard, intensive training. Back in 1895, then a youngster of nineteen, he entered the Construction and Repair Department of the Navy, and in four years was chief clerk. In 1899 he won the California competitive examination for ensign in the Supply Corps of the regular Navy. He studied ships from the galley to the bridge, from the engine room to the crow's nest; cruised the seven seas and delved deep into navy yards, business methods and everything else that might give him a better hold on his job.

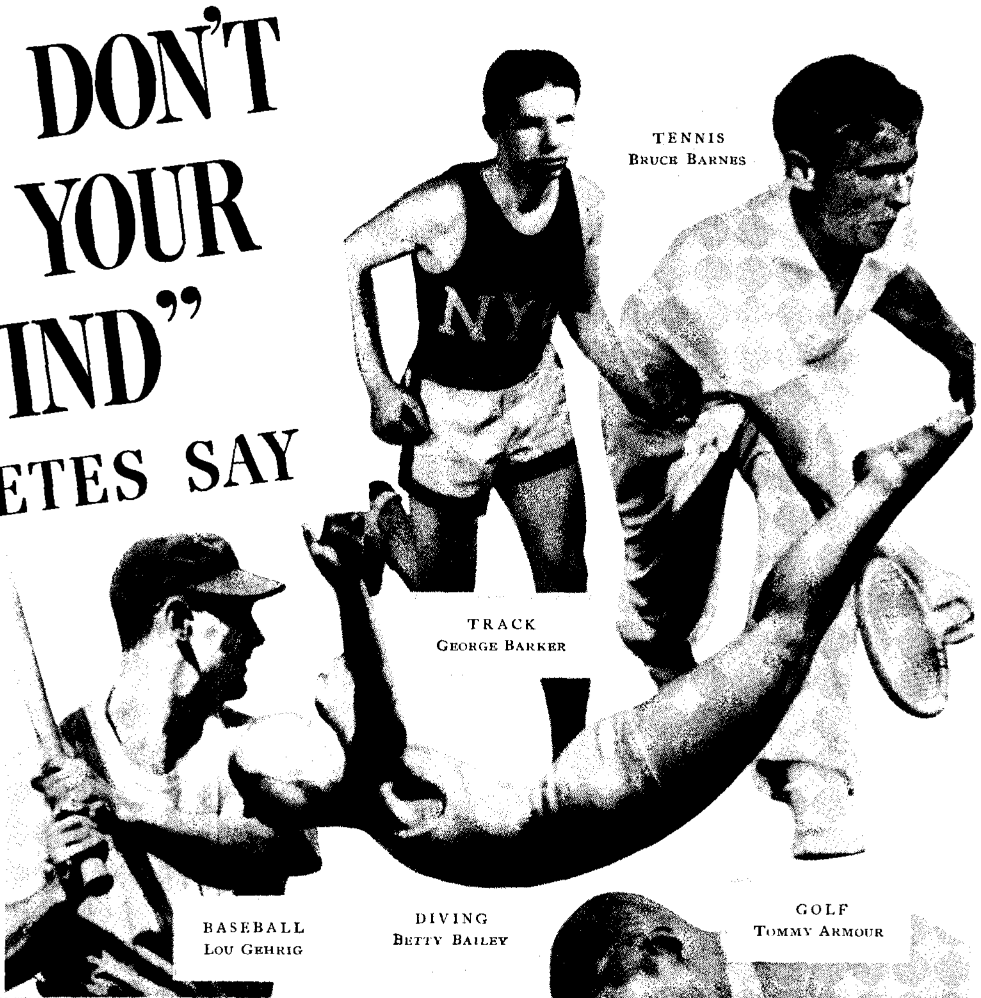
Given a chance at duty in Washington, he led in the fight to scrap the Navy's crazy, outworn system of purchasing. Favoritism ended, honesty and fairness marked competitive bidding, middlemen were eliminated, and the simplification of deliveries, inspections, shipments and payments brought tears of joy to the eyes of every manufacturer. A man of vision too, for just as he was among the first to urge withdrawal of oil fields from the public domain, so were his recommendations largely responsible for the creation of the War Industries Board. Likewise a thoroughbred, for when they wanted to make him paymaster general in 1920, he sidestepped the honor so that others might have a chance at promotion.

All in all, quite a man, this Christian Joy Peoples. Driving at top speed from eight in the morning until well after midnight, he never appears in a hurry or less than courteous and considerate. Not only does he know what has to be done but exactly how to do it, so there is never a waste motion. Small wonder that business men, after experiences with other Washington departments, stand outside of the admiral's offices for hours at a time, pathetically eager to soothe their bleared eyeballs with sight of a real administrator.

At the present writing, Christian Joy is slated to have charge of the federal building section of the work relief program, but nothing is more certain than that when the spending of the four billions really starts, "Abe" will be in the tepee with the Great White Father, helping make Heap Big Medicine.

Lou Gehrig, baseball star, who prefers Camels for steady smoking

"THEY DON'T GET YOUR WIND" ATHLETES SAY


TENNIS
Bruce Barnes
TRACK
George Barker
BASEBALL
Lou Gehrig
DIVING
Betty Bailey
GOLF
Tommy Armour

So mild, athletes smoke as many as they please—and that's real mildness!

Of course you want mildness in a cigarette. And the athletes—to whom "wind," healthy nerves, "condition" are *vitally* important—these men and women insist on mildness.

Lou Gehrig, baseball's "Iron Man," says: "Camels are so mild they never get my 'wind.' And I ought to know. I haven't missed a ball game with the Yanks since 1925."

George Barker, former intercollegiate cross-country champion, says: "Camels are so mild, they don't cut my 'wind' in any way." Bobby Walthour, Jr., star of the six-day bike grinds, says: "I've got to have 'wind' in bike racing. For my cigarette I long ago chose Camels."

Tommy Armour, speaking for the golf stars, Bruce Barnes for tennis, and Betty Bailey for the aquatic sports—all agree: "Camels don't get your 'wind.'"

What this real mildness can mean to you!

It means you can smoke as many Camels as you please. Athletes say Camel's costlier tobaccos never disturb your nerves—never tire your taste—never get your "wind."

SIX-DAY BIKE RACING
Bobby Walthour, Jr.

MOST OF THE PLEASANT THINGS in life are doubly pleasant when you're "in condition." Smoke Camels all you please! They are made from costlier tobaccos, and athletes say Camels never get your "wind."

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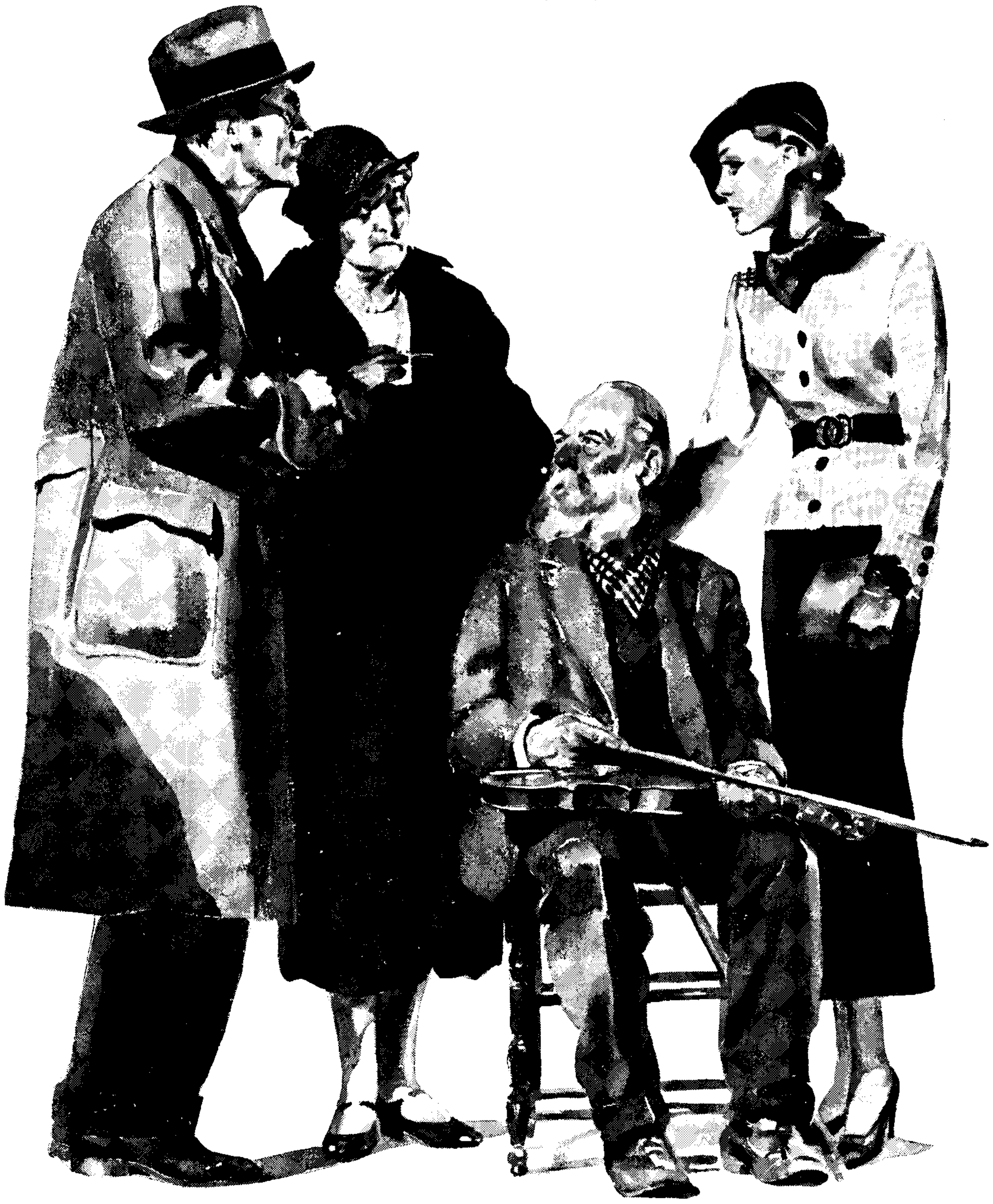
Fiddler's Choice

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By George Milburn

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



"I'm by myself here but I ain't starved to death yit"

FOUR well-dressed people sought their way through the mud. They paused at a rickety, bucket-weighted gate, their ears intent on the violin. Beyond a dark huddle of cedars stood a ramshackle house. Music, thin, spirited, insidious, came swirling through a broken window.

The slender woman sang under her breath, "*Get out of the way for Old Dan Tucker, he's too late to get his supper.*" The two large women gave her startled glances. The man in black frowned.

"Don't that beat all!" he groaned. "We traipse out here through mud and wet while he sets at home—*fiddling!* The fable of the grasshopper and the ant all over again. Matt Ryan has fiddled all through the fat years, and now when lean years come honest folks has to get out and feed him."

"Country people say," murmured the woman who had sung, "that old Matt Ryan would rather fiddle than eat."

One of the large women bridled. "Humph! I guess old Matt's got to the place now where he'd just as soon do a little eating."

"No," the man in black said positively, "that's just the trouble. Matt may be hungry, but I say he's not hungry enough. If ever he gets hungry enough, I claim he'll mighty soon quit that fiddling. No starving man will sit around sawing on a fiddle. I say this: Make him get out and strike a few licks of honest work!"

"Maybe old Matt hasn't ever worked," the slender woman said, "but at least he has kept the countryside in music all these years."

The other large woman snorted. "Music! My dear Mrs. Page, I hope you don't call fiddling for square dances *music!*"

The man in black knocked on the gray front door. The music stopped abruptly. Footsteps thumped within. A grizzled, red-faced little man in tattered overalls opened the door. He blinked a moment. Then, tucking his fiddle and bow under one arm, he held out his hands.

"Well, well; this here certainly is a surprise," he cackled cheerfully. "Come right on in, folks, and make yourselfs to home. I ain't had so much company since my old womern passed on, five year ago come Janerary. Here, let me take your wrops and things."

The four well-dressed people crowded into the bare, uncarpeted room. It was furnished with an iron bedstead, gaunt under its ragged quilts, and a splint-bottomed hickory chair, polished by years of energetic sitting. One of the large women sidled past into the kitchen.

"WE DIDN'T come to visit, Matt," the man in black said briskly. "We're the relief committee from town. You understand: we pass on those wanting aid and, if counted worthy, enroll them to receive aid in the form of flour, lard, doctor's prescriptions, and so on. Few days ago a report come in that you was out here all alone, starving to death. Any truth in that?"

The old man straightened his drooping shoulders. "I'm by myself here; that's true," he replied with cool dignity, "but I ain't starved to death yit; and I ain't put in fer no free aid, neither."

The slender woman interposed, smiling, "We heard your music all the way out past your front gate, Mr. Ryan."

The bristling little man unbent at once and beamed on her.

"Did you sure enough, Mrs. Page?" he asked eagerly. "I bet it sounded awful; now didn't it? Doggonedest thing happened last week: I broke my 'G' string a-tunin' of it. I ain't been able to get a new one yit, being as the 'G' string is the most costliest fiddle string they is, wound with silver wire and all. I tried to mend it, but it ain't no use tryin' to fix a 'G' string—she'll rat and buzz on you ever' time. I don't know what I'll do next time folks want me to play a dance. What you heard was me playin' on just three strings. I guess you noticed what was wrong, didn't you? Didn't sound much like music, did it, Mrs. Page?"

"Of course it did, Matt. It sounded beautiful to me. But what we came out for, really, was to see whether we—"

"Not much point to it," the man in black interrupted, "but it's part of the form we go through: Have you got any money?"

"Yes, I got a little money," the fiddler answered mildly.

"Oh, so you've got *money!* How much?"

THE old man went over to the bed and dug a red tobacco tin out from under the mattress. "It ain't much," he said. "Just some Indian-head pennies and a buffalo nickel my old womern had tucked back when she was alive. Seventeen cents in all. I been sort of holdin' them, because they was my old womern's keepsakes." He emptied the green-tarnished coins out into a bony hand.

"That's all right, Matt," the slender woman said tenderly. "You keep the coins that belonged to your wife. What we're most interested in is whether you've been getting enough to eat."

Before he could reply the large woman marched out back of the kitchen, carrying an empty lard pail and, between thumb and forefinger, a shriveled potato.

"No food in the kitchen," she said. "Only this dried-up potato. And his lard pail's empty, too," she continued. "So's his flour bin."

"Tell us the truth, Matt," the slender woman asked softly. "How long has it been since you've had anything to eat?"

The old man hung his head and toed the floor. "Yesterday morning I had a little bite, Mrs. Page. I was just savin' that pertater back. I could of ate it any time I took the notion."

"Now, looky here, Matt," the man in black said in a generous tone. "We want to put you on the relief rolls. This little investigation of ours has showed that you *need* aid all right. Now it's up to you to show that you *deserve* it. Now you put that fiddle away and get to work—around your own place here if nowhere else. Winter is coming on, and maybe there's not time now to put in a garden. All right then: chop wood, mend your fence out there, get some glass in these broken windows—do anything, just so it's work.

"We give out food at the court house one day a week—on Saturdays. This is Thursday. Saturday is day-after-tomorrow. Now you get to work and come in day-after-tomorrow and we'll fix you up with twenty-five pounds of flour and fill your lard bucket and maybe give you a piece of salt meat and some beans. But I'm telling you, Matt, if you don't quit the fiddling and start to work, I'm going to see to it that you don't get an ounce of relief. We'll be going now."

THE man in black held the front door open while the two large women filed out. The slender woman hesitated, fumbling with her purse. The old fiddler stared wistfully out the doorway.

"Here, Matt," the slender woman said. "You take this. It's little enough to see you through until Saturday."

She hurried out. The forlorn old man glanced at the fifty-cent piece.

"Oh, Mrs. Page!" he whimpered.

He turned quickly and ran over to the bed. On his hands and knees, he reached under it and pulled out a large book. He thumbed the pages frantically and marked a place with a grimy envelope. Then he scrambled up and hurried, hatless, off toward town.

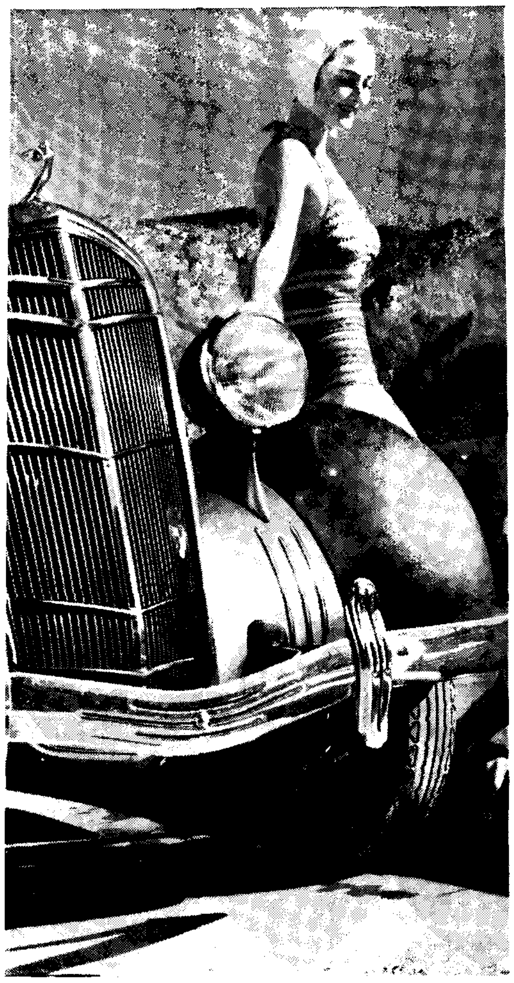
Postmaster Shannon was tending the stamp window when Matt hurried in.

"Mr. Shannon," he panted, clinging weakly to the window shelf, "would you mind making out a little order for me? I've got the money right here." He pushed under the wicket an envelope and a little mound of coins.

"Be glad to, Matt," the postmaster said, counting the coins. "But what's this? You figuring on buying out those people with sixty-seven cents?"

"No, sir, Mr. Shannon," the old fiddler said earnestly. "Number 12F1299 in the catalogue is all I want. It's the silver-wound 'G' string."

IT'S GOT ALL OF TODAY'S BIG FEATURES



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Still De Soto is one of today's Low-priced Cars!

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For just a few dollars more . . . you get scientific Weight Distribution introduced by Airflow . . . a bounce-free ride, front seat and back... supremely indifferent to road conditions.

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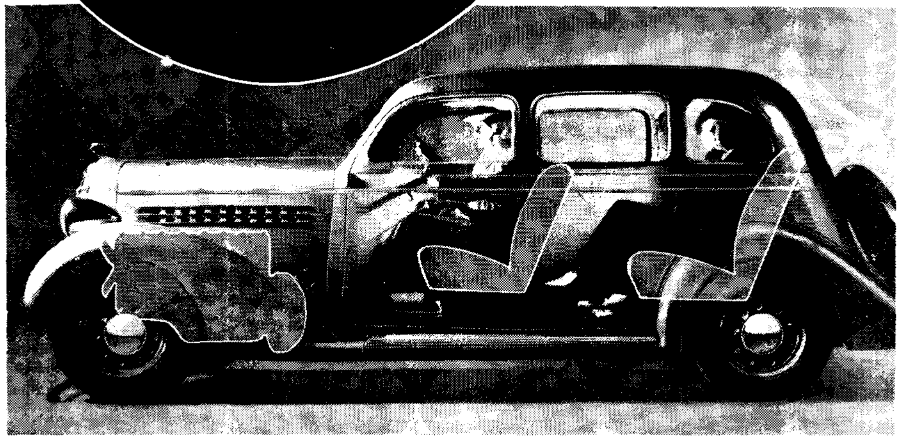
For just a few dollars more... you get the best in everything! See this great De Soto *today*.

DE SOTO'S GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES always stop you safely, *smoothly*... saving tire wear.

TOURING SEDANS have these big, beautiful built-in trunks for all your luggage on long trips.



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IT'S THE MOST TALKED ABOUT OIL IN AMERICA!

This Revolutionary New Summer Mobiloil

Enables you to drive farther and faster . . . yet use less oil

DO YOU BELIEVE that most motor oils are pretty much alike?

Then consider these facts:

The new Summer Mobiloil was tested with another large-selling oil.

First, consumption was measured. The new kind of Mobiloil showed 98% resistance . . . the second motor oil 88%.

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Finally, resistance to thinning was tested. Here Mobiloil registered 100 *plus* . . . while its competitor came no closer than 38!

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IS IT ANY WONDER that people are talking about this new kind of hot-weather lubricant?

This year, millions of motorists are using *less* oil than ever before. This year, garages report an unprecedented reduction in engine-overhaul jobs.

This year, you can actually make a difference in the way your car runs . . . simply by changing to this new kind of Summer Mobiloil!

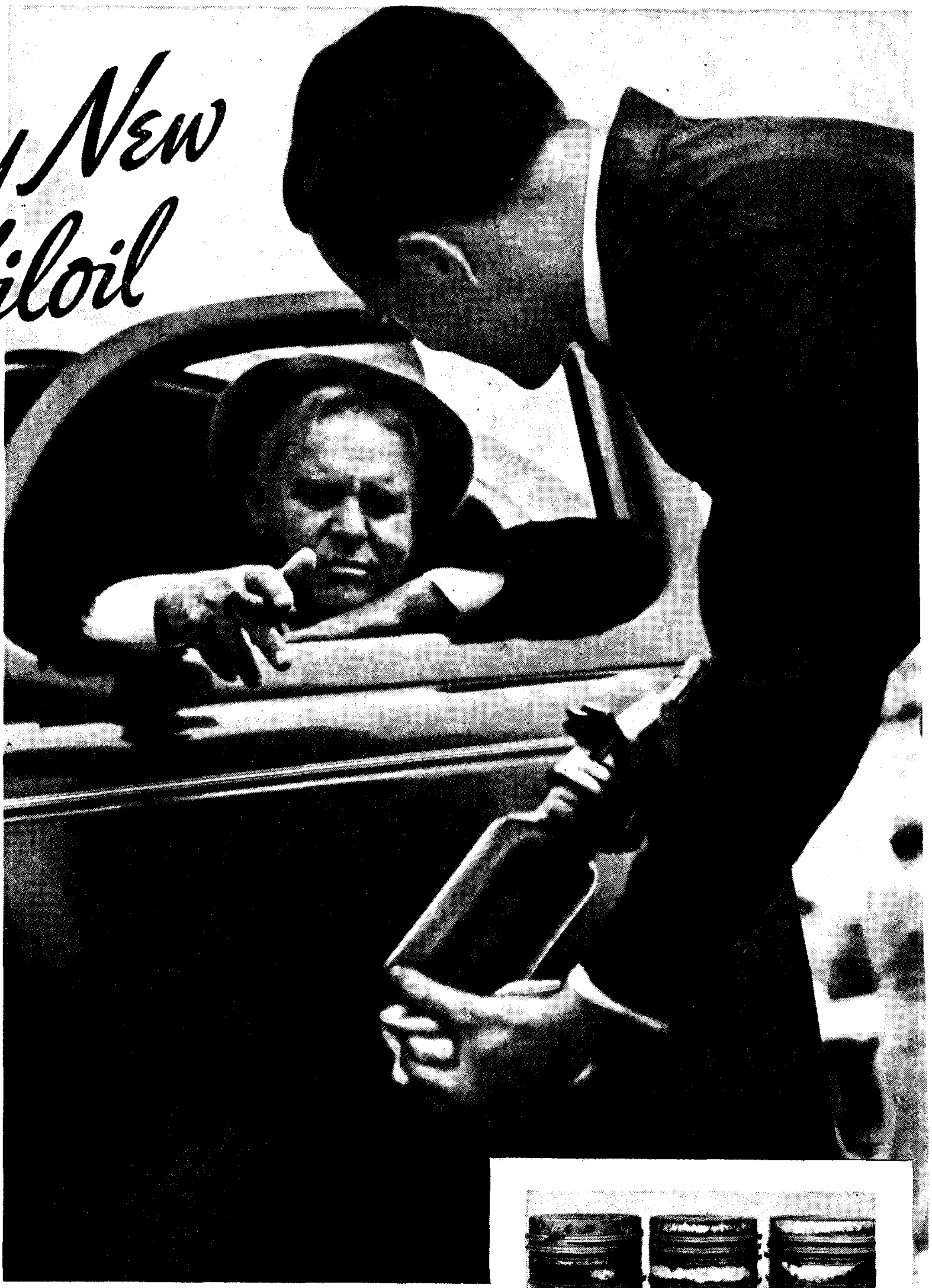
• • •

HERE, BRIEFLY, is the scientific reason for this amazing improvement in motor oil . . .

Socony-Vacuum's Clearosol Process cleanses crude oils . . . for the first time . . . of impurities that resisted all previous refining methods!

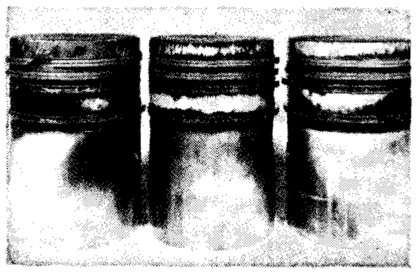
You spend money for oil anyway. Why not take advantage of this new Mobiloil? It is sold at absolutely no advance in price, at dealers that display the Red Gargoyle or the Flying Red Horse.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Inc.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF . . . Last Winter, new Mobiloil Arctic won 3,000,000 motorists in six short months. Now the new Summer Mobiloil, made by the same revolutionary process, is sweeping the country . . . at an even faster rate!

MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR OWN CAR . . . You may think it runs as sweetly and economically as could be expected. Then try this new kind of lubricant. The improvement it makes . . . the money it saves . . . will amaze you! Mobiloil comes in Grades A, AF, B and BB . . . for all makes of cars.



100 HOURS on ordinary oil stuck pistons with gum . . . resulted in damage. Photo below shows how to avoid this.

100 HOURS on new Mobiloil . . . pistons were clean. No repair expense. The new Mobiloil is practically 100% pure!

Mobiloil

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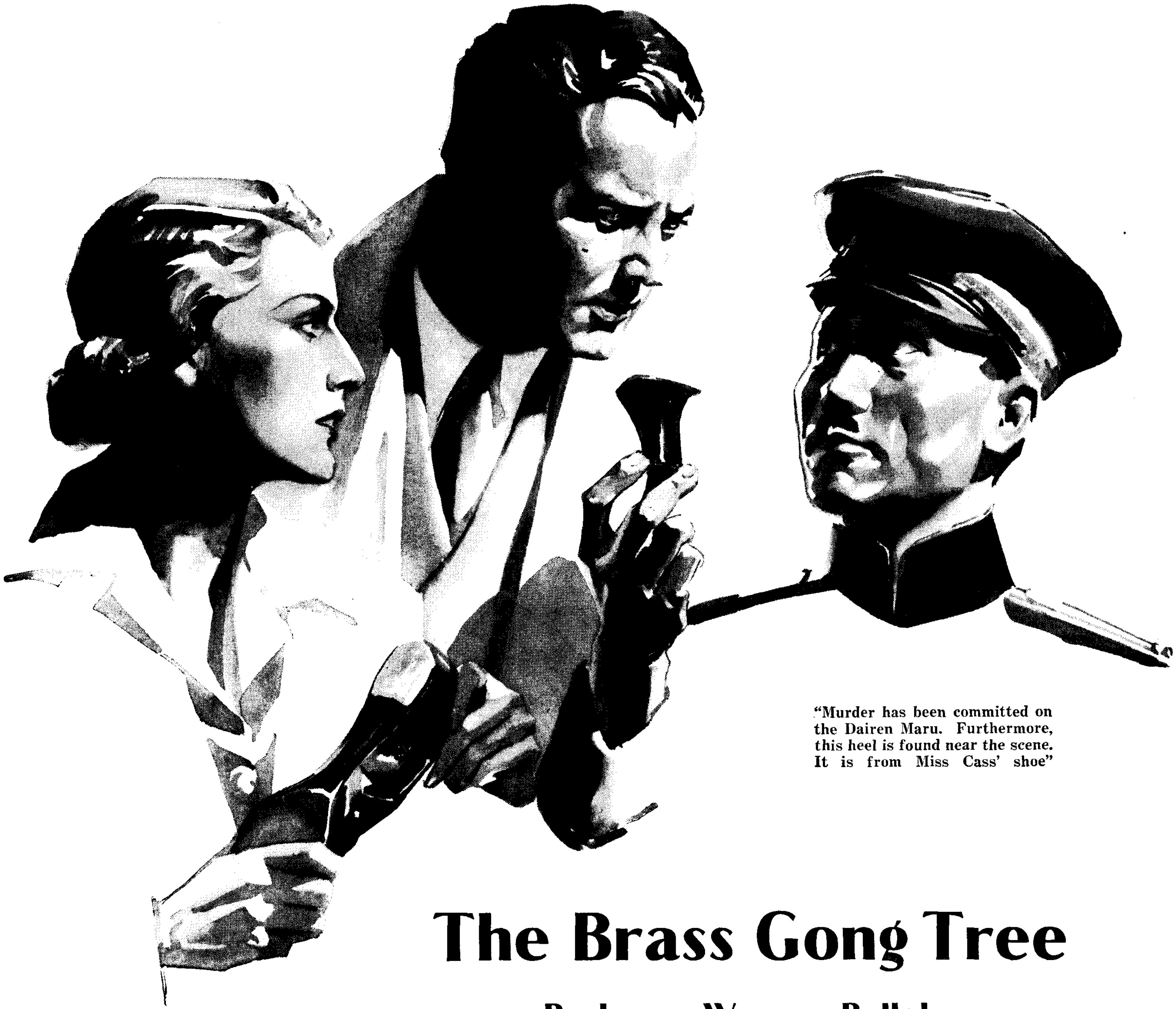
YOU SEE
THIS SIGN



"Murder has been committed on the Dairen Maru. Furthermore, this heel is found near the scene. It is from Miss Cass' shoe"

The Brass Gong Tree

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

COUNT ITO, Japan's most beloved statesman, is shot to death in Tokyo. Sturgis Hammond, an American newspaperman, witnesses the tragedy. As Ito falls, a beautiful woman—a Russian known as "Nahta"—grasps Hammond's wrist, inquires if he is hurt—then slips away.

On a train bound for Kobe, and later on a Manchukuo-bound steamer, Hammond encounters the woman again and again. She fascinates him; she tells Hammond frankly that she loves him. That the woman is dangerous, the American is well aware. When Ito fell, she slipped her lipstick into his pocket. He had found it, filled with tiny portraits of Japanese leaders!

On the steamer there are, in addition to Hammond and the Russian, a number of persons who had seen Ito killed: Hammond's old friend, Major Pat Nugent, a debonair soldier of fortune; Vonny Cass, a noted girl flier who, to secure a visa, is posing as Hammond's secretary; and Anton Krupp, a wealthy German who, his neck broken, must be wheeled about in a rolling-chair.

The steamer has a military commander: Colonel Sesue Watanabe, whose suspicions are aroused by a wireless message in code addressed to Vonny Cass. Hammond cleverly saves her. But from that moment he resolves to watch her. . . .

Nahta tells him her life story. She is, she says, a Russian. With her father, she had lived at a villa in France. "It was," she whispers, "a lovely home . . . until that night." She pauses; then very softly: "I cannot tell you what he was like except that I knew I was to belong to him."

V

AS THE Dairen came down, something gave way below and forward of Sturgis. Nothing definite that you could point to and yell about but a momentary feeling on the deck underfoot and on the rail under his hand that he had stepped from a firm footing and gone through a few inches of falsework onto another ultimately firm footing. A jolt only, and a momentary insecurity, but the jolt still writhed in the rail and shook his fingers—and he heard yells from below.

The white smoke that whipped along the gray belly of the sea was so close below the deck for a second that it was almost aboard. And in that second he could see what must have been ten feet of water cascading across the after well deck, like water going over a mill race. It roared over the hatch heads, carrying everything that was loose with it—and there were two bare feet and a hand sticking out of its blackness as it roared by the rims of the lighted ports in the afterhouse and surged over the buried rail.

Then the hawse holes were sucking the deck dry and the deck was thirty-five feet above the water on the Dairen's upsweep. That was all except the screaming in the passages below.

Sturgis felt his way aft until he could look down on the well deck. The sea had carried away the starboard door forward and sluiced out the starboard passage, gutting the galley. There was steam in the passage from the drowned range fires and there was a scalded cook cursing in exquisitely rhythmic periods. There were pots and great pans and thousands of wet potatoes rolling on the deck plates and a man holding one sandal and pointing aft toward the Dairen's wake in speechless fear.

A STARK little etching so real that it had no place in ordinary life. One of those things that do not fit into the ordinary scheme of things but come back to mind twenty years later in all their clarity for no reason at all except perhaps that they were pure drama and all the rest of life is tedium.

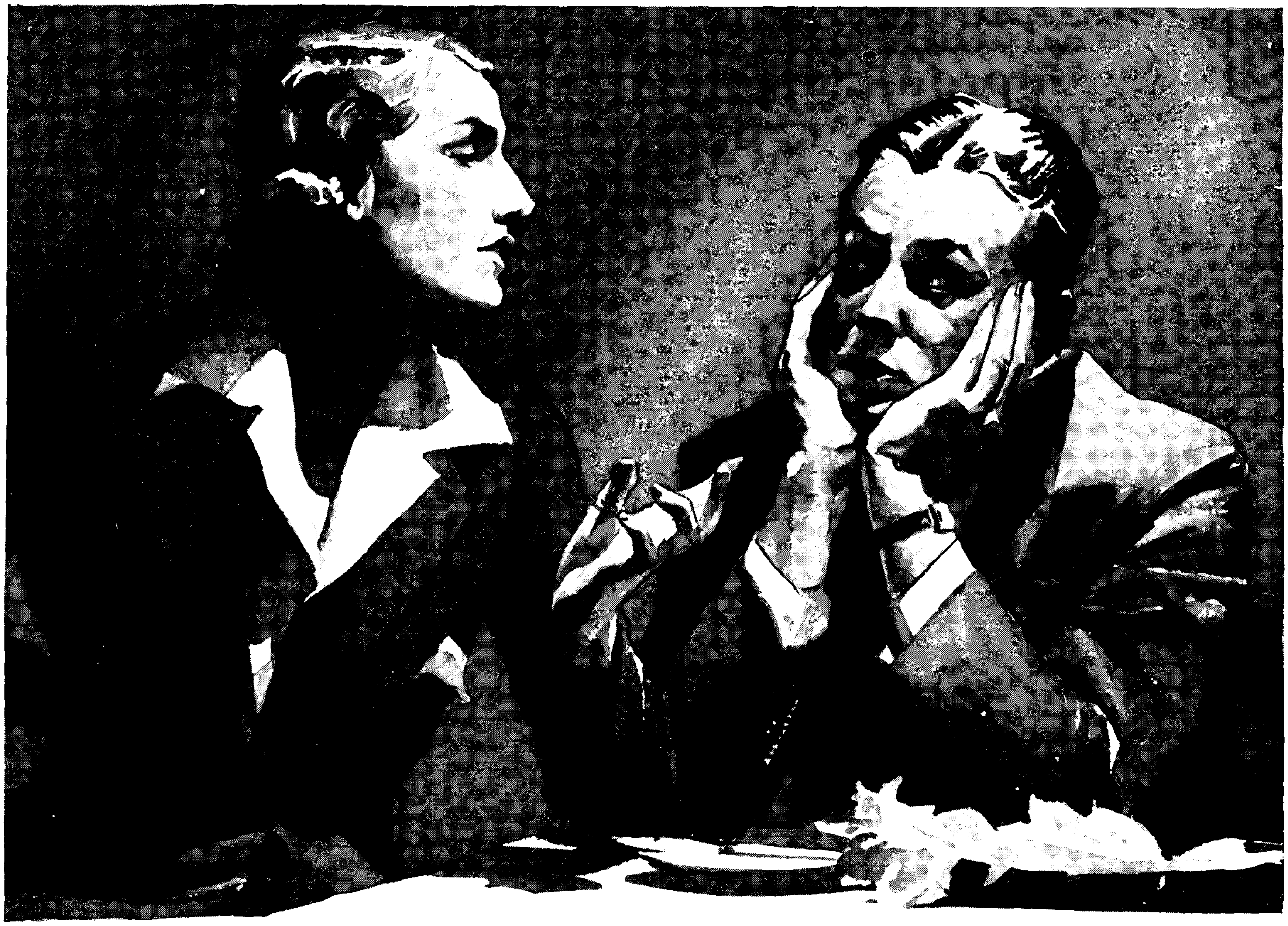
The picture broke into its component parts. The cursing cook went into the passage. A glass boy collected the pans. The man with the sandal chucked it across the lee rail.

The entryway was silent except for the creak of motion and the slap of papers on the bulletin board when the wind caught them as Sturg came in.

He stood braced as the Dairen labored in travail and tried to throw him. She was empty already of life and the brightness of her lights was a mockery to her emptiness. He saw her people all lying deathly still and groaning behind closed doors, their faces green with sickness and their foreheads wet with the sweat of nausea—riding out the bluster on their backs—not able to care if they lived or if they died—

The brown varnished panels of the two de luxe cabin doors, port and starboard, threw long splinters of polished light into each other—light streaks that crossed each other like blades in front of the closed brass wicket of the purser's office, Anton Krupp's cabin door and the door to the cabin of the Prince Tokugawa.

Since sailing, the Prince had remained behind his closed door. Some etiquette demanded it, evidently. Even distant cousinship to the Son of Heaven is a godly thing above the common herd. He ate there and slept there attended by his



There was something in his voice that was like a call—a loneliness that it was vitally necessary for her to answer

suite. Perhaps he even exercised there. A cousin of the Son of Heaven in purple pajamas doing his daily dozen. One, *two, three, four. Hips, bend, up, down.* Hammond, for that thought, if it becomes known that you have entertained it, you can be ordered out of Japan. If it ever occurs to you that he may be seasick, that is lese majesty, and lese majesty in Japan is sacrilege. But in addition to all those minor points, you have, not half an hour since, quit the company of a woman who carries in a golden lipstick tube in her handbag, an exhibit of little photographs, the first series of which concerns the Count Ito, deceased violently, and the second series, this royal gentleman behind the closed door of Cabin B—H. R. H. the Prince Iturbi Tokugawa, who is at present undoubtedly traveling north to take the Count Ito's place in the purchase negotiations of the Chinese Eastern Railway. A very charming woman who undoubtedly knew that Ito was to be shot—who is perhaps the fingerman who indicates the victims for the assassin—who may even now know when and how and by whom this little Prince Tokugawa is to be done in.

That got him coldly and quickly under the left ribs and he shook his head shortly and sharply as a man does to clear his eyesight. And he said: Hammond, when they get *you* up north, they'll cut off your ears and let's hope the operation makes a better newspaperman out of you—and he bolted aft for the smoking-room and a drink.

Pat and Vonny Cass were drinking whisky pahits.

"The battalion," Pat waved a hand to Sturgis as he came up the companion, "will march on 54 magnetic. A and C companies will take the enemy's first-line trenches and reverse them. B and D companies will pass over A and C and take the enemy's second-line trenches. Mr. Hammond will take a whisky and soda. Boy san! Bring Mr. Hammond a whisky tansan. Zero will go up to you sometime after midnight. Are there any questions, gentlemen?"

"Everyone is becoming violently seasick," Vonny told him. "Major Nugent and I are warming our stomachs against it. They say there will be no dinner served in the saloon tonight—a boarding sea swept the galley passage and washed the galley as clean as a clam shell."

"We are not warming our stomachs," Nugent said. "We are getting damned drunk—damned delightfully drunk."

"You should drink sherry." Sturgis told her, "for seasickness. Every half hour."

"*You* should," Pat said, "I'm an Irish gentleman. I'm descended from no Irish king. And I'll drink whisky, in consequence."

"HOW much do I need to catch up with this party?" Sturg nodded to the glass the barman put down at his hand.

"A very mild half whisky will tie me," Vonny said, "but I can't tell you about Major Nugent. Catching him might prove difficult."

"Catching him," Pat said, "might prove impossible." He waved his hands to include the whole ship. "For he is celebrating his emancipation from a most uncongenial company. The Englishwoman and her archeologist husband are sick. The Australian is very sick. The saw salesman and the Dutch boy are sick. The oil man is sick. The three Japanese purveyors are sick. Drink your whisky. We are the only three people alive in a dead world." The Dairen came over on her long roll to port and shivered with screw thrash at the end of it until the glasses and bottles in the bar cubby clattered like chattering teeth.

"No," Vonny shook her head, "there are two others. That man in the wheel chair is still alive." She nodded toward the port windows. Sturg looked up. Spray lashed across the glass of them and dripped downward like tears and there was a dice rattle of torn water against the panels of the windward door.

Pat Nugent pointed a sudden finger at Sturg. "But you are not to worry, my boy—Aoki san, the chief officer, was just in bucking up our morale. The captain couldn't come, because he is reading a book on Storms in the Yellow Sea and How to Ride Them Out. But Aoki san says you mustn't worry. We're in the tail end of something but we'll be out of it by midnight. They think it's an early typhoon but they won't know for sure until they get the morning papers. In the meantime if there isn't a rock within six hundred miles of our true course for the captain to put us on—we're all right. The Yamato-Damashii guides him. Ha—the messenger of the gods!"

The head of the bath steward came into view suddenly through the heavy spindles of the smoke-room companion. Apparently he had rushed up the first half of the stairs on the back pitch and there he hung caught in the inertia of the Dairen's roll, his brown hands clamped tightly to the teak rails of the narrow stairway, his close-cropped head below them, staring upward in round-eyed wonderment.

"VERY sorry for you, gentellmaann," he told Pat, "but no bath. Each time splash out. Very sorry—" he sucked in his breath and bobbed his head.

"But damn it"—Pat waggled a finger at the man—"it's time for my evening bath, m'lad. You look on your schedule and you'll find my name down. This ship may sink before morning. Do you expect me to drown dirty?"

"Very sorry, gentellmaann—"

"None of that now!" Pat got up from his chair. "I shall strip down and you can throw fresh water on me. Salt water makes me greasy."

"Very sorry—"

"I know you are, old fellow, but everything's all taken care of." He swung around the table edge on the up roll and braced against the companion rail.

"I commend Miss Cass to your temporary care, Sturgis," he said. "She is an altogether charming woman." He bowed to Vonny with great dignity. "There is something definitely self-contained to Miss Cass—some quality of steadiness I should say. The sort of breed that makes a damned fine active service adjutant," he swept his hand through the air before him. "I am speaking of a mental quality. Active

(Continued on page 64)

IT'S PRETTY AS A PICTURE

And Beneath Plymouth's Beauty is the Strength of Steel

Only Plymouth gives you All Four:

1. **GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES**
2. **SAFETY-STEEL BODY**
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4. **12% TO 20% LESS GAS & OIL**

Look at "ALL THREE" *of course . . . but ask these four important questions when you do*

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Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer in your neighborhood will gladly arrange for you to drive a new Plymouth . . . and will explain the convenience of the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

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(*Left*) WHAT SHE SAVES in a year on gas and oil will buy at least one or two new tires!—Plymouth owners report gas and oil consumption is reduced 12% to 20%—by new cooling and ignition principles.

PLYMOUTH *Now only* $510 *World's Safest low-priced Car*

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New Cars for Old!

THE NEW IMPROVED SIMONIZ KLEENER BRINGS BACK ALL THE BEAUTY YOUR CAR HAD WHEN NEW . . . SO EASILY

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1 First clean the finish with the new and improved Simoniz Kleener. It restores the lustre to dull cars in less time and with less effort.

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Get a can of Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener . . . try this famous beauty treatment that all America is talking about! Simonizing will make your car sparkle just like new again, and keep the finish beautiful for years.

It doesn't matter whether old or new, your car should be Simonized, and the sooner the better. Not only does Simoniz preserve a car's beauty, but it protects the finish and makes it last years longer. So, always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. The Simoniz Co., Chicago, U.S.A.

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He Likes to Play Ball

Continued from page 20

to happen. Two men got on base and then the Washington pitcher walked Ruth. Now, Wally Pipp had always batted after Ruth, and Gehrig, taking Pipp's place, naturally fell into that notch. Bush, on the bench, was excited. A hit now might mean the ball game—and that meant a lot to Joe.

Gehrig looked toward Huggins. Hug nodded toward the plate. Lou picked up a bat. There was activity in the Washington dugout. Owen Bush, Washington manager, was taking his pitcher out, replacing him with Ray Francis, a left-hander. Gehrig looked questioningly at Huggins. Gehrig bats left-handed. It is a baseball axiom that left-handed batters are easy for southpaw pitchers. Everyone on the bench including Gehrig expected Huggins to put in a right-handed pinch hitter. But Hug said nothing.

Joe Bush almost collapsed. "I want to win this one, Hug," he pleaded. "Don't let the kid hit."

Thrill of a Lifetime

Huggins looked at Bush and then he looked at Gehrig. Maybe he was thinking of what had happened the night before.

"He likes to play ball, hey?" Hug was probably musing. "Let's see if he can play ball. Sooner or later he'll have to bat against southpaws. Let's see what his nerve is like." Then he said sharply to Gehrig, "Go up and take your cut."

Gehrig went up there and I tell you that was a spot for a rookie. If he struck out or hit into a double play every veteran on the club would say he'd thrown Joe Bush down. But he didn't throw Bush down. The first ball pitched he larruped against the right-field wall, for a double. It cleared the bases, tied the score and led to the winning run. The Yanks won 6 to 5, Bush got his bonus and the Yank veterans began to look at the kid with interest.

Even Ruth asked, "What's your name, kid?" Of course he forgot it right away because Ruth was never one for remembering names.

"That," Gehrig says now, "was the biggest thrill I ever had—hitting that double. I'll never forget that one."

Gehrig was a timid lad in those days. He'd never ask any of the other players for advice. He just kept watching them, picking up a pointer here, a trick there and gradually becoming a baseball player instead of just a big mug who could murder fast balls.

George Sisler, then a Yank coach, and Huggins worked hard with Gehrig. Today Lou gives them full credit for making a first baseman out of him, though he'll give honorable mention to Harry Kane and Andy Coakley, who started him. It was Huggins' patience and encouragement which kept Lou from thinking that he'd never master the intricacies of first-base play. It was Sisler's advice and coaching which really made a good fielding first baseman out of Gehrig. You never heard that Sisler had anything to do with Gehrig? Well, ask Gehrig. He'll tell you how he admired and tried to emulate the way Sisler played that first bag.

"In the beginning I used to make one terrible play a game," Gehrig will tell you. "Then I got so I'd make one a week and finally I'd pull a real bad one maybe once a month. Now? Now I'm trying to keep it down to one a season."

Lou liked to play ball? Listen. One day after a tough game Miller Huggins and a friend drove from the Yankee Stadium downtown. They went through Central Park, past the diamonds cluttered up with school kids. A traffic jam halted their car and they turned idle eyes toward the diamond. They saw a husky young man at the plate. They saw a kid pitching to him. Ball after ball this young man hit, far to the outfield, where a half dozen kids chased them merrily.

"He looks familiar," Hug's friend said.

"That's my kid Gehrig," Hug said in sudden panic. "Let's get him out of there before he gets hurt."

Huggins scolded Lou and told him that if he needed additional batting practice he could use the ball park early in the morning.

On June 2, 1925, Huggins put Gehrig in there at first base and he said, "This is my regular first baseman from now on."

Gehrig hasn't missed a game since. He started this season with a record of having played 1,504 consecutive games. During that time he has made a great record. Just to hit the high lights: he has hit .300 or over for the past nine years; he has played in four world series and his batting average in them was .422; in 1927 he was voted the most valuable ball player in the American League; in 1933 he led the league in runs scored and in 1934 all he did was to hit 49 home runs and lead the league in batting with a mark of .363.

For years they have called him the Crown Prince, stooging for the King, Babe Ruth. For years he has been a better ball player than Ruth. He has been—a machine. That is his strength—and his weakness.

Will he ever be another Ruth? Of course not. Gehrig is only a great ball player; Ruth was and is a great figure. Why, for years Ruth, and not the first robin, has been the harbinger of spring. When the papers began to speculate upon the rise or fall of the Ruth waistband; when they began to discuss the creakiness of the Ruthian legs; when they began to hint darkly that Ruth was going to hold out, by golly, until Col. Jake met his terms, then we knew that spring had come.

Even Ruth's shortcomings were colorful shortcomings. We remember Falstaff when we forget Prospero. A Ruthian strikeout was a magnificent bit of frustrated effort. A Gehrig home run was only a perfect mechanical job.

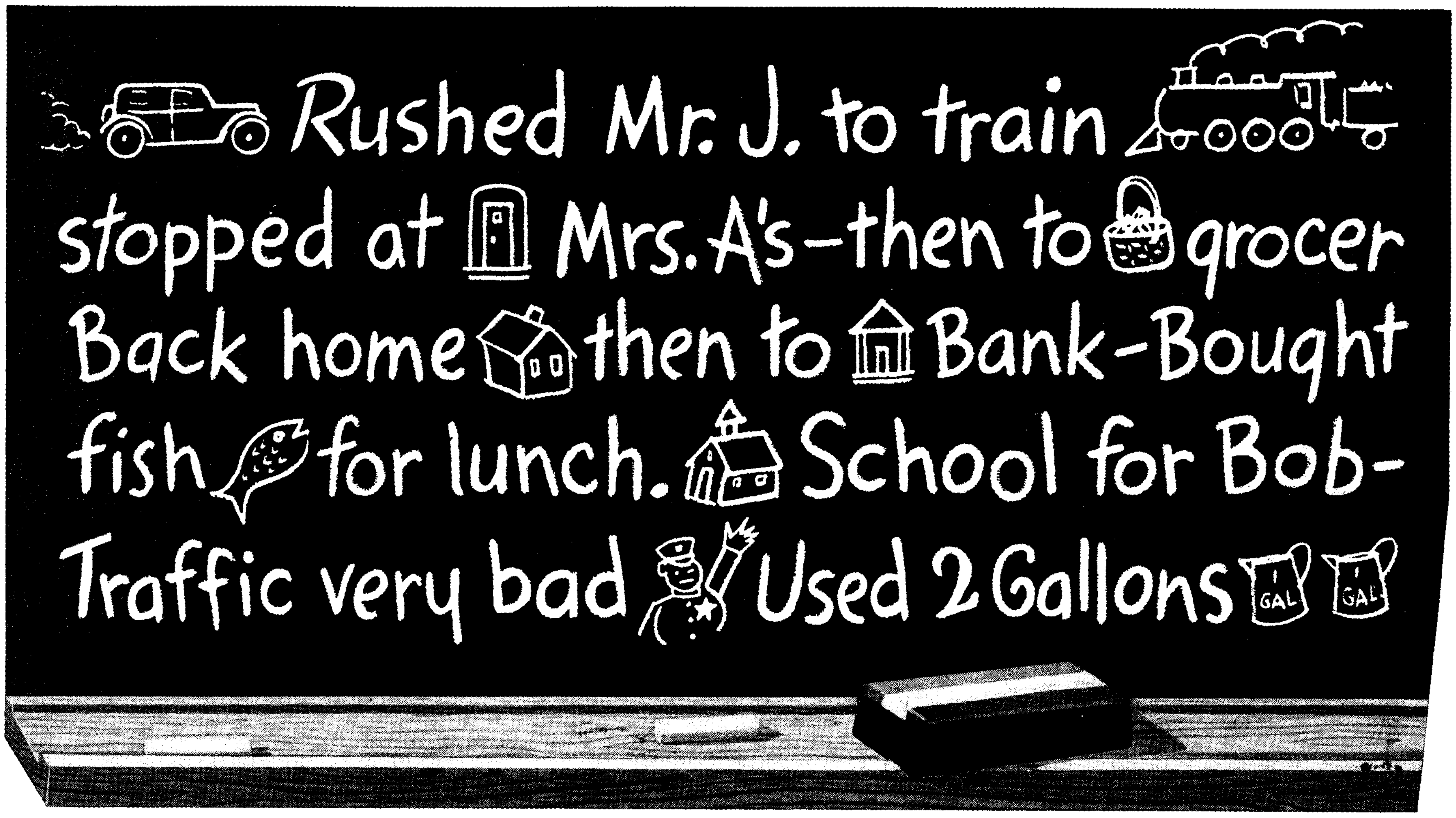
A Mighty Machine

This spring Gehrig wasn't hitting at all. During the first ten exhibition games the Yankees played in Florida Lou got but one hit, a lucky single off a minor-league rookie pitcher. But no one worried very much, "Lou is a late starter," Yankee fans would smile. "He'll be there all right when the season starts." And of course—he was. A machine in condition never lets you down.

But the Babe? Let him go ten games and make but one hit and baseball fans all over the country will shiver with horror and thousands of words will be written as to the reason for his poor showing.

A Ruthian stomach-ache will crowd an international peace conference off page one. Gehrig? He has no stomach-aches. Let minor ailments trouble ordinary ball players. Let the specter of Charley-horses and bad arms stalk into the nightmares which ordinary ball players have. A machine is superior to such human frailties.

Stop-and-go driving wastes your gasoline


Rushed Mr. J. to train
stopped at Mrs. A's—then to grocer
Back home then to Bank—Bought
fish for lunch. School for Bob—
Traffic very bad Used 2 Gallons
1 GAL
1 GAL

—if your gasoline hasn't these 3 *Different Kinds of Power*—

4 OUT OF EVERY 5 miles you drive are within 25 miles of your doorstep . . . neighborhood driving . . . business and social calls.

Yet your yearly short trips can run up as much mileage as CROSSING THE UNITED STATES 3 TIMES!

This driving wastes your money—unless your gasoline *has 3 distinct kinds of power—PERFECTLY BALANCED.* Super-Shell, the *first truly balanced gasoline,* has these 3 kinds of power, and so cuts driving costs IN 3 WAYS:

Can save up to a cupful of gasoline on every "Cold" Start. In summer or winter, Super-Shell starts instantly, often warms up in *half* the time of ordinary gasolines. So there's less choking. 16 cupfuls saved mount up to a whole *gallon!*

Can save up to a cupful of gasoline in 10 minutes of Hard Pulling. Because of its even volatility, you can accelerate rapidly or race your car up steep hills—*on less gasoline.* And you avoid that wasteful *knocking* which alone in a few minutes can waste up to 10% of your power.

Can save up to a cupful of gasoline in One Hour of Steady Running—many motorists report . . . Because it vaporizes more completely at every engine temperature, Super-Shell saves on long trips as well as on short runs.

SUPER-SHELL is also "weather-conditioned" for changes in temperature. This advance is typical of many in which Shell engineers pioneered.

Super-Shell is on sale—at NO EXTRA COST—at 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from Coast to Coast.

SHELL

SUPER-SHELL

Saves on today's stop-and-go driving

THEY TOLD ME BY OLIVER

"OLIVE OIL IS THE TRAINER'S STAND-BY FOR KEEPING SKIN IN PERFECT SHAPE!" SAID JOE FITTON, TRAINER INTERNATIONAL POLO TEAMS 1927, '28, '30, ALSO CHAMPIONSHIP EASTERN TEAM, 1934.
OLIVER

SHAVE WITHOUT STING OR BURN!

Always use Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil

As JOE FITTON remarked, "Polo's not half as hard on a man's skin as this confounded shaving every day!"

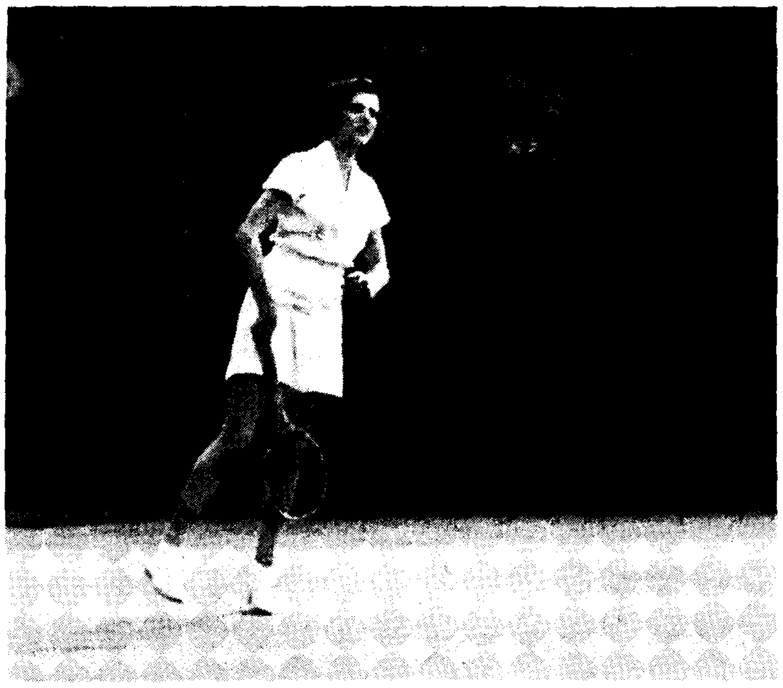
But to make shaving easy . . . to prevent razor irritation and to keep your face always fit and fresh . . . we make Palmolive Shave Cream with just the right amount of Olive Oil. And thousands of trainers and athletes will tell you that Olive Oil is unequaled for soothing irritated skin!

And you'll like that richer, creamier Palmolive lather! This too is due to the unique Palmolive formula that includes Olive Oil. This lather stands up for a full ten minutes on the face—without drying or wilting. Actually *soothes* your skin, while those whiskers come off quicker, easier, closer than they ever did before. Why not get a tube of Palmolive today?

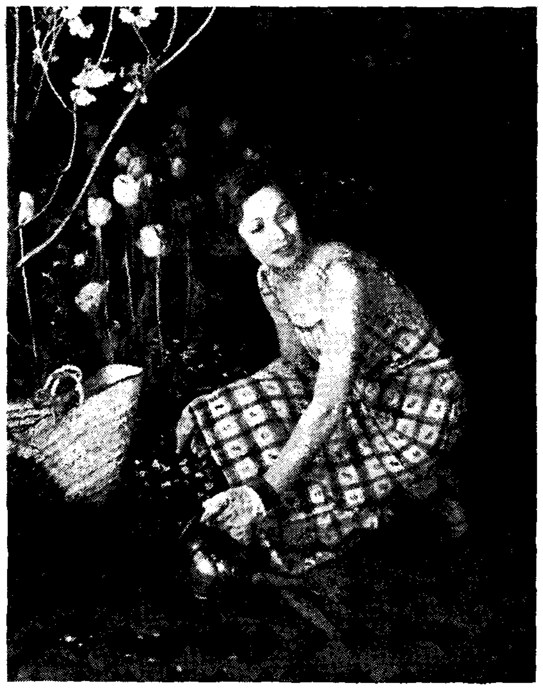
LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES FOR 25¢

PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM
PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM
PALMOLIVE

40¢ GIANT SIZE 200 SHAVES



Tennis brings out the new shorts, pleated and longer, and shirt with brief sleeves to protect against burning



Gardening dress, complete with tools and kneeling pad

Smart Girl

Continued from page 9

equally well shopping or traveling by train or boat, provided the sleeves are not too abbreviated.

The natural linen's running mate is the dark linen—violet blue, tanbark brown, raspberry or bright dark green. The bicycle fan in the photograph from the South was merely advancing our season when she wore the trim model with the white buttons, due to make such a furor up North. Some women choose it in pastels, but its uncompromising chic seems even better in the darker tones. It fits the *mise en scène* on the clubhouse veranda, or at bridge with your swankiest friends. It trots out for a bite after a blazing office morning and it strolls to the beach with the same applause. This particular dress, by the way, we owe to a young American designer—more power to her.

And now we come to play clothes pure and simple—especially pure this year, because they all wash, simpler than ever to move around in and look at. For tennis, the new shorts are definitely longer and pleated so they look like skirts. Some women even prefer the new circular skirts with a few pleats, cut to a becoming length just above the knee. One- or two-piece is a matter of choice. Shirt-top or sleeveless depends on whether your shoulders burn.

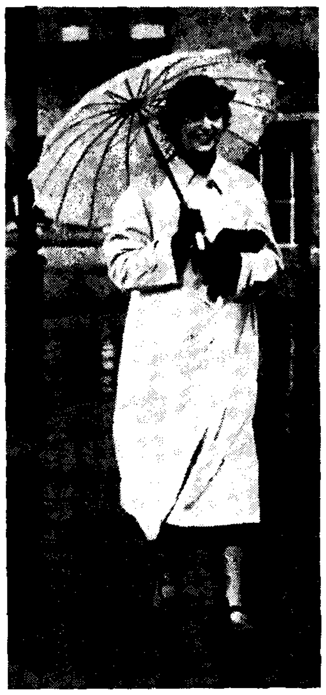
For golf, there's the skirt with more than a suggestion of flare, the shorter cardigan that gives a slight blouse when buttoned, and the golf hat with a deeper crown for comfort and a brim rolled up or down as you please. While the player in the photograph wears white rolled socks with white shoes, dark shoes with light pipings are a new note—quite a bit newer than when the colors are reversed.

The beach will be gay with new printed suits—Tahitian silk, like the picture, or cotton which can be as lovely and costs a lot less. Knitted and rubber suits have their addicts. One-piece and two-piece models divide the field. The main thing is to be picturesquely comfortable, with enough change-offs so the crowd doesn't mutter, "Here comes that little number in blue."

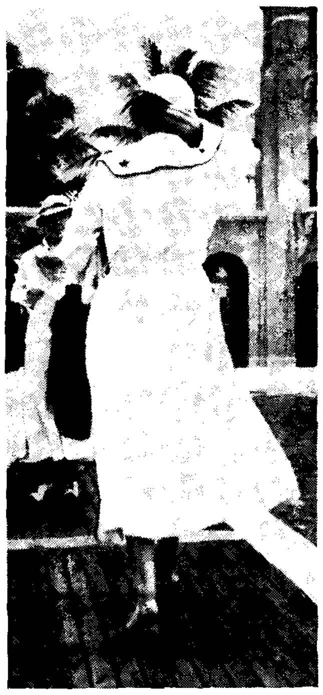
While bathing suits are best when they aren't white—ocean water having a tendency to make them like last year's snow before the cleaners got around to it—beach robes are smartest when they resemble the top of Mont Blanc. Nothing adds such an accent to blue sky, blue water and a giddy suit as a white robe, which may well be Turkish toweling, bound in blue, as worn in the photograph. Notice the new length—shorter than last year's. Many girls abbreviate still further, choosing coats to the knees or capes that hit just above. Jersey, linen and flannel are other smart robe fabrics.

But some women's sports aren't the time-honored trio—tennis, golf and swimming. They'd rather play games that produce results. For them we show a gardening dress that wins matches on its knees and carries its

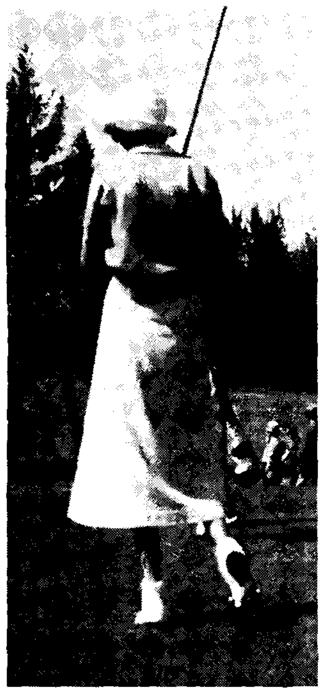
(Continued on page 34)



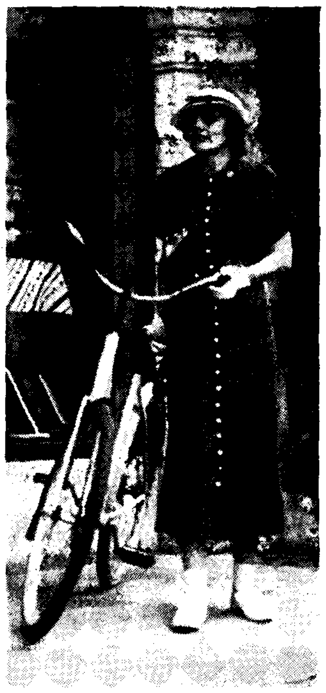
A white Byrd cloth raincoat and umbrella for rainy days



Smart accent to the beach scene, a white toweling robe

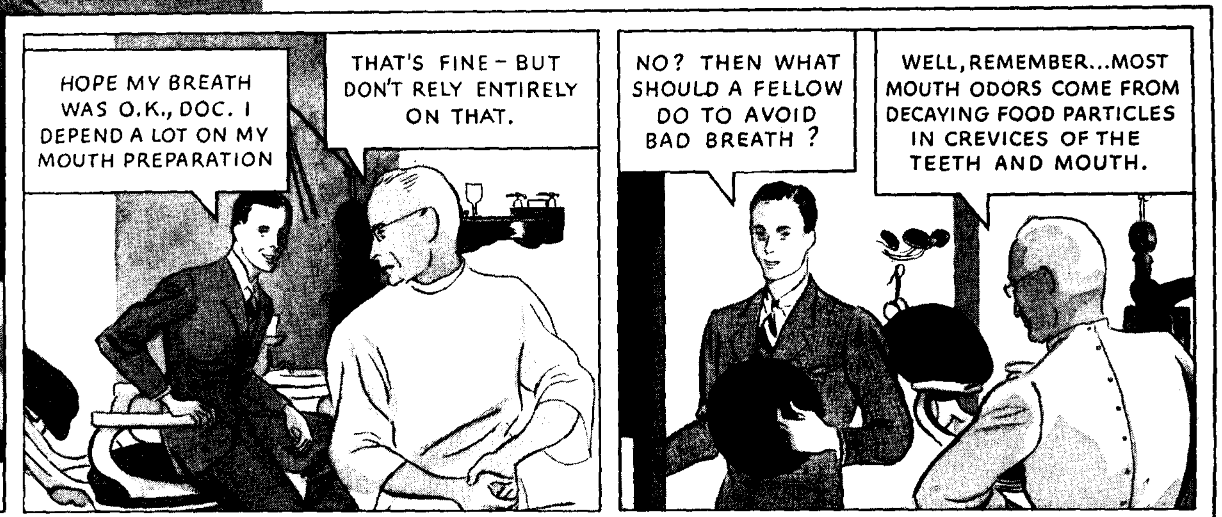


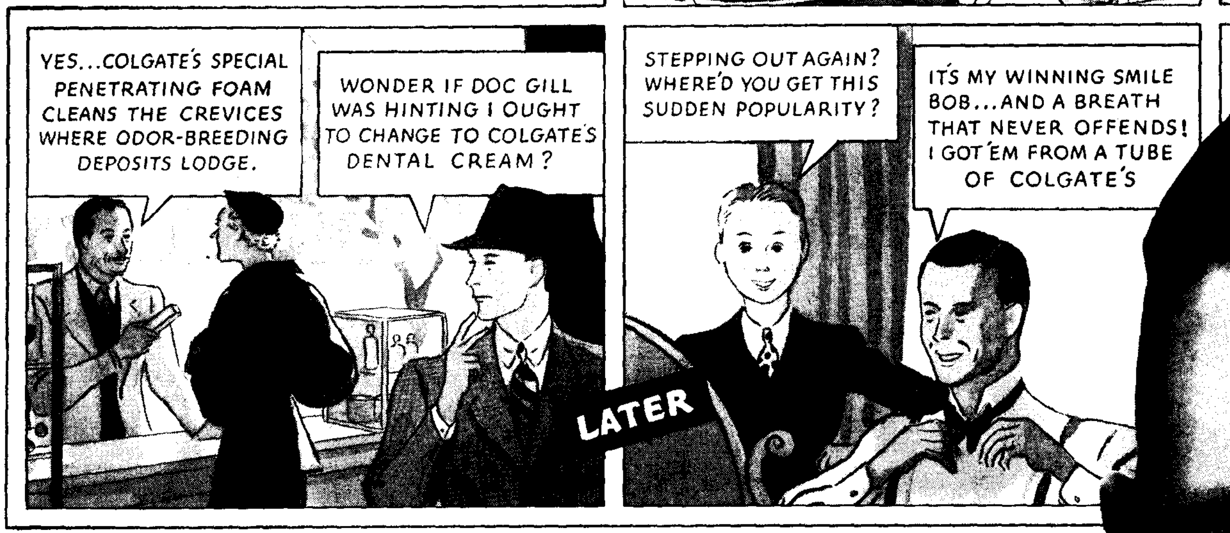
Flared skirt and shorter cardigan for golfing perfection



The ideal sport, spectator, town dress, by Clare Potter

"Wish I had the Nerve to tell him... MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"


HOPE MY BREATH WAS O.K., DOC. I DEPEND A LOT ON MY MOUTH PREPARATION
THAT'S FINE – BUT DON'T RELY ENTIRELY ON THAT.
NO? THEN WHAT SHOULD A FELLOW DO TO AVOID BAD BREATH ?
WELL, REMEMBER...MOST MOUTH ODORS COME FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN CREVICES OF THE TEETH AND MOUTH.


YES...COLGATE'S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM CLEANS THE CREVICES WHERE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS LODGE.
WONDER IF DOC GILL WAS HINTING I OUGHT TO CHANGE TO COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM ?
LATER
STEPPING OUT AGAIN? WHERE'D YOU GET THIS SUDDEN POPULARITY?
IT'S MY WINNING SMILE BOB...AND A BREATH THAT NEVER OFFENDS! I GOT 'EM FROM A TUBE OF COLGATE'S

Colgate's Removes the Cause of Bad Breath while it Cleans and Brightens your Teeth

The only safe, sure way to end bad breath is to *get at the cause*. Do that and you need never again offend.

Your dentist will tell you that the same thing that causes dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay also causes bad breath. This cause is *improperly cleaned teeth*—decaying food deposits lodged in crevices *between* the teeth and around the gums and tongue.

Hence, remedies that are not made to *clean* cannot give lasting protection. Nor can toothpastes that only polish the surface.

But Colgate's Dental Cream, with its special cleansing ingredients, *gets at the source* of bad breath . . . gives you sure, lasting protection.

Why Dentists Advise Colgate's

This toothpaste makes a special penetrating foam that gets *between* the teeth—works into all the crevices of the mouth. Odor-breeding food deposits are emulsified, washed away. Every surface of every tooth is thoroughly cleaned, the cause of most bad breath removed.

And you know, from the clean, fresh feel of your mouth after each brushing, that your breath is beyond reproach!

At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient gently and safely polishes the enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Natural lustre is restored. Teeth gleam again.

In addition, Colgate's Dental Cream costs less than any other leading toothpaste! That means a saving. Moreover—every tube carries the Colgate "Double Your Money Back" guarantee printed below. Get a tube today!

• • •

IF YOU PREFER POWDER, *you will find that Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results, sells at the same low, money-saving price. Get a tin today and try it.*

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

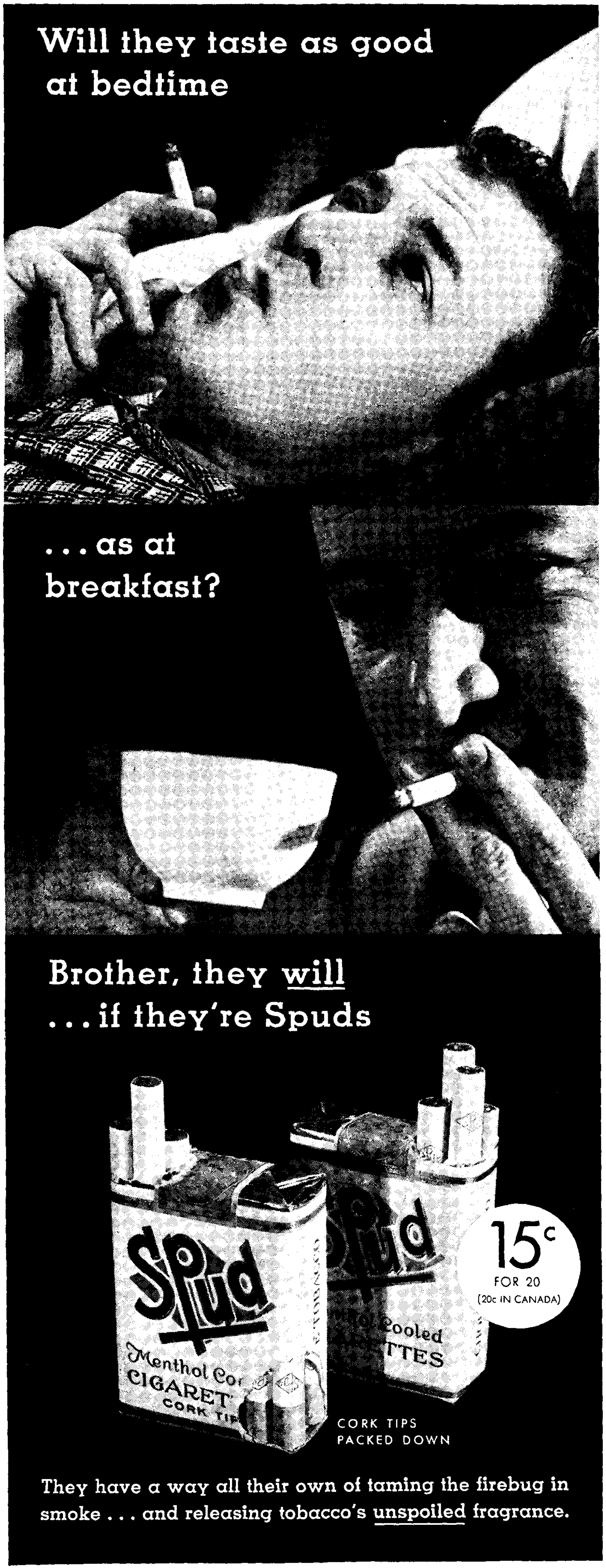
● Buy one tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Brush your teeth with it two minutes at least twice a day until it is all used up. Then look in your mirror. If you do not honestly admit that your teeth are cleaner, brighter—your breath purer, sweeter—simply send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., and we will mail you a check for TWICE what you paid.

USE COLGATE'S REGULARLY—VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE RIBBON

20¢ LARGE SIZE

Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢


Will they taste as good at bedtime

. . . as at breakfast?

Brother, they will . . . if they're Spuds

They have a way all their own of taming the firebug in smoke . . . and releasing tobacco's unspoiled fragrance.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Smart Girl

Continued from page 32

implements in a pocket on the back, which we're sorry you can't observe. Here go shears, trowel, a little rake. Having carefully removed these somewhat bumpy accessories, the wearer can take her ease on the terrace, serene in the consciousness that she looks perfectly sweet. Her dress is printed with the flowers she cultivates, and cut to a miracle of becomingness. In case she burns or feels the cold, she slips a shirt of lisle or cotton under her smart overall.

Then, since the sun doesn't always shine even in the doggiest dog days, we present the Byrd cloth raincoat, complete with umbrella to match. And if Old Sol doesn't return to catch such a refreshing sight, he must have a permanent grouch. Off-white is the color. Brown hat, rubbers and gloves are the accessories. The cloth itself is not only waterproof, but windproof, spotproof, durable and chic enough to be worn as a summer topcoat. Sailing, biking, at the shore or in town, here's a winner.

P. S. to Fashion

You'll note we don't show any evening clothes. Because there's such an endless variety that each wearer must simply decide to express herself and be hanged to the rest.

If you're planning on only one new evening dress—get cotton. As to which cotton, you have organdies, stiffened laces, prints in endless series and a whole family of new piqués. One of the smartest girls in New York chose a dark blue piqué, just as naked as her bathing suit, with detachable white reveres and a tailored bi-swing, dark blue piqué jacket. If this seems too informal or too restrained, you have chiffons with enormously full skirts that billow like blossoming clouds, stiffened nets that say "Touch me not" and break down all resistance, *mousselines de soie* as bewitching as your favorite waltz under a full moon.

And now for a bunch of postscripts. Watch those low-heeled shoes. They're still in the stage of being the smartest but not the most popular. Before the summer's over, heels that raise you more than an inch may look mighty peculiar—and then again, maybe not.

Watch those high or highish necklines. Everybody votes for them now. But if you wilt in the heat get yours convertible.

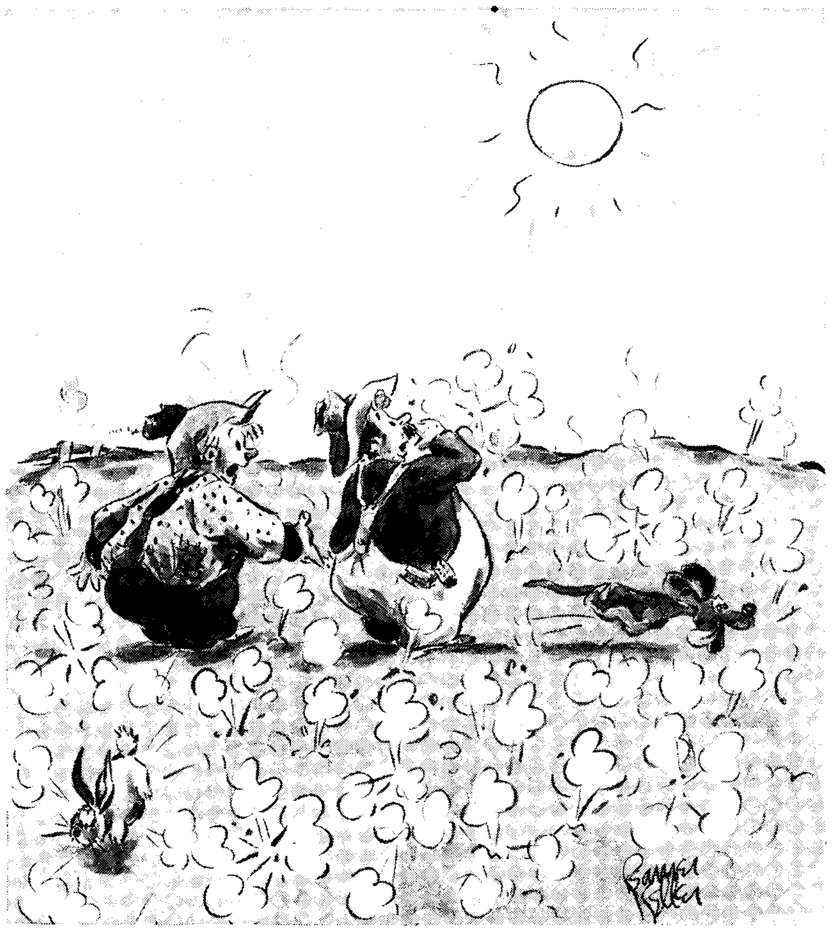
Watch those white accents. Better a ten-cent carnation, fresh by replacement, than a fifty-center past its youth. Better no white at all than white not quite.

Watch for opportunities to air your flair for contrast. Think what you could do for a black taffeta dress, if you added a wide white piqué hat and a couple of pale pink carnations and carried a deep coral handkerchief. Imagine what would happen to your plain blue suit, if you gave it a blouse in mustard yellow, tucked a Kelly green hanky in its pocket and edged the blue ribbon on your blue hat with a bit of the same Ould Sod.

Watch the growing vogue for shirts. With a skirt, for golf. With shorts or slacks, for play. The shirt is an item of increasing importance.

Watch the men. They gave us the bi-swing coat, the shorts, the shirt, just as they gave us bobbed hair. What do you see them wear that you'd like? Why not adopt it?

Printed bathing suit and gardening dress from Best & Company; plaid topcoat from The Tweed Shop, with hat by John Fredericks; linen dress from Saks-Fifth Avenue, with hat by Sally Victor.



"'at must be that pop corn we plowed under last fall" REAMER KELLER

PRECIOUS EYES

No need to strain them now!

MAZDA
100 WATTS
GOOD LIGHT WAS NEVER SO CHEAP!
100-watt Edison MAZDA Lamp
WAS ~~25¢~~
now only 20¢
New low prices on other popular sizes
15-25-40-60-watt were ~~20c~~ NOW 15¢
150-watt . . was ~~50c~~ . . now 35c
200-watt . . was ~~70c~~ . . now 55c
300-watt . . was ~~$1.15~~ . . now 90c

HERE is good news for parents! The 100-watt Edison MAZDA lamp . . . so fine for reading or sewing without eyestrain . . . now costs only 20¢. Which means that no pair of eyes need suffer for lack of adequate light.

You need this sight-saving size in many places. Your single-socket reading lamps, kitchen ceiling fixture, laundry, all call for at least 100 watts.

Keep a fresh supply on hand. Avoid "borrowing" from other sockets or falling back on smaller lamps that are less kind to eyes. Stock up on other needed sizes . . . 60 watts or less, at 15¢; 150 watts at 35¢; and larger sizes at money-saving prices.

One word of warning: You can avoid early burn-outs or wasted electricity, *make sure of all the light you pay for,* by always looking for this mark GE. More than ever before it means good light at low cost. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

This needle

ADDS 7 TO 10 YARDS

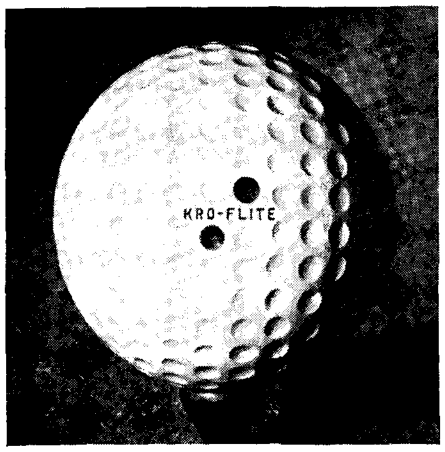
MORE DISTANCE

Willie Macfarlane and Harry Cooper measure the extra yardage of the needled Kro-Flite Ball.

HAVE you heard that your old friend Kro-Flite, famous "toughest ball in golf," is now *also* one of the *longest*? A hypodermic needle does the trick . . .

Until last year, in vulcanizing the cut-proof cover, some of the tension of the winding was lost—tension that meant distance. Then Spalding discovered how to restore that tension by *injecting* extra liquid into the core *after the ball was made*. This needling process actually adds 7 *to* 10 *yards more distance*. See for yourself. 75¢.

If you're a low-handicap golfer, play the *Top-Flite*. If you're a tournament threat, play the *Tournament*. Both balls are *new* in cover and other features—longer and tougher than last year. Each, 75¢.



SPALDING

Needled*

Kro-Flite

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

In the Enemy's Hands

Continued from page 15

bridge tender, and decided to go up on deck.

He was leaning against the tiller, as Frankie, in the cabin doorway, said, "Hello again, horse-face!"

His surprise was perfect. "Well, I'm darned!"

Grinning, she came out and climbed up on the weather deck. "Fine morning, Captain. Where're we bound?"

Dale contemplated her with assumed scorn. "Can you swim?"

"Sure."

"Well, overside with you, then. It's only a mile to shore."

"You can't do that. It's—"

"Think not?" In a second he had left the tiller and grabbed her.

She gritted her teeth and struck out with both of her hard, young fists. "You lemme go! I'll give you a black eye!"

"Try it!" He struggled for a hold on her wiry body. One arm flew out and a pointed knuckle caught him below his left brow. "You little devil!" he cried, and went after her in earnest. With an effort he got her face-down on the deck and gave the blue seat of her dungarees a very sound thrashing. Her feet flew in useless defense, but she made no sound. When he let her up, she was a white-faced little fury.

"Now," he said, "polish the brass!" and told her where to find things.

Frankie polished.

BARNEGAT LIGHT, a brown and white finger of warning, towered increasingly above them, and the coast guard station gleamed pink and white in the morning. They followed the channel with care and felt the tide grow strong under the hull. With Frankie, her anger forgotten, alert at the sheets and Dale at the tiller, they cleared treacherous Barnegat Inlet and dipped into the great Atlantic. It was ten-thirty.

Dale's eyes were on the compass needle. "We'll sail south-east. All day to play around offshore. If—what's worrying you?"

Frankie was looking yearningly at the tiller. "I—I'd like to sail some, myself," she said.

"You? Hah!" His grin went grotesquely with the black eye.

"Be a sport, horse-face."

"Nope. This tiller's too stiff for a—a young feller," he said. Then his grin faded. There was something of Sam Verner in her eyes and her longing for Skaal. "Take it," he said quietly.

Frankie took it. Dale, lying on the weather deck near her, smoked a cigarette and watched her with eyes grown deep and quiet.

Later he said, "Hungry, young feller?"

"You bet!"

"Go below and get lunch. There're sandwiches and cakes, and there's coffee you can heat up."

They ate lunch sitting side by side on the sunny deck, sandwiches and blue mugs in their hands, while Skaal, with a lashed helm, sailed herself. They had cakes for dessert, and Frankie washed up.

After lunch they put Skaal about and tacked in toward Long Beach Island. On port tack she heeled over and gave them a drenching. Frankie, wet-shouldered and grinning, perched high on the weather deck and laughed aloud when a wave-crest flung buckets of sea-water over her and Dale. He shook the water from his dark head, and his laugh echoed hers. At one-thirty they raised the island, took a bearing on Surf City water tank, and turned out to sea again.

It was drier then and warmer. They lashed the helm and lay side by side on the deck in the sun, and let their clothes dry.

Frankie, chin in one hand, said, "How long've you sailed?"

"Years, young feller. Once I owned a neat little sloop, up on the Sound. Then I went fifty-fifty with a man on a schooner, but that fizzled out. And then I got Skaal. Sailing's my only hobby."

"What about the cartoons?"

"Oh, that's business. And a good one, too. Without it I could never afford to be a yachtsman. But I'm not a smart guy, I guess. People are always disappointed because I don't live up to my newspaper reputation."

"I wasn't," Frankie said.

"Thanks."

Dale turned to her and met her eyes. Their glances linked and held for a moment as Skaal dipped and lifted. It was Frankie who turned away. She rolled over on her back, crossed her arms under her head, and watched the rigging sway against the sky. Then she sat up.

"What's wrong, young feller?"

Her eyes swung round the horizon curiously. "We're going to have a shift of wind." She looked west. "Or worse."

Dale sat up too. "What d'you see?"

She pointed. Far down the western sky lay a band of color like a sleepy shadow. "Thunderstorm."

Skaal's mains'l luffed softly along the mast. Dale frowned. "Guess you're right. Wind's going south. Let's go about and head for the inlet."

"Good idea. We'll get there first."

"First?"

"Before the storm does."

Dale gave her a look. "That storm won't hit before six."

"Oh, no?"

"No! Do you want to fight about it?"

"Sure. You can't tell me about weather, horse-face. I've—"

"Shut up!"

She dodged his friendly fist. "Listen here: the wind's going south. All right, but it won't stop there. It'll go east and blow hard. Then, up wind'll come that storm, hell bent. It'll hit the inlet by five, and the wind'll go west like that!" Her fingers snapped.

"You seem to know."

"Sure. It's three o'clock now. The only chance we've got is to make the inlet on the east wind."

THERE was admiration in Dale's eyes as he watched her trim the sheets. They tacked in toward the island, close hauled in the gentle south breeze. Skaal dipped and rose idly. The sky's brilliance dimmed and the band of sleepy western shadow grew into clouds, towering and white. They raised the island at Ship Bottom and sailed slowly down the coast on short tacks.

Then, without a warning, the breeze failed completely. Skaal lay drifting. Dale frowned up at the sail and Frankie sniffed the air. And then, softly, quietly, ripples spread over the sea, tiny feathers of ripples, and a burst of cool, salty air hit Dale's bare shoulder.

Frankie, with an I-thought-so smile, met his eyes.

"Go below," he said quietly, "and get my shirt."

With the freshening east wind on their port quarter they streamed through the running seas toward Beach Haven Inlet. It was four-thirty. The sky was misted over with haze, the green water lost its emerald hue and was flecked with shadow. The sun still shone, but its light was coppery. In the west, under the approaching snowy thunder-heads, was an increasing darkness. Neither Frankie nor Dale spoke.

Two offshore fishing yachts overhauled them, bound for the inlet. The skippers waved. Frankie watched the island draw near. They were well south of Beach Haven. A few houses were visible to port. She saw the livid green dune grass, and the coast guard station roof pink against the threatening sky.

And then the sun went under.

The east wind still held. "We'll make it," said Dale.

"Sure. Skaal won't let you down."

Gulls soared above them, shoreward on the wind. Frankie heard the bell-buoy off the inlet with its grim, rusty "clang, cl-ang, cl-ang." When Dale had the heavy, crusted iron work of it on the port beam, they put Skaal about and headed, fair-sheet, toward the inlet, into the blackness.

A flash of lightning winked through the dense clouds. Dale's eyes swung up to the sail, so white against the sky now. "We're getting your storm almost to the minute."

"Don't tempt Fate," Frankie said. "That's bad business for a sailor. There's the inlet spar buoy. See it? Two points off the—"

"I see it."

"Channel bears northwest from there."

THEY passed the spar. A can buoy bobbed in the pale green water. They passed it. The east wind began to fail, and the darkness crept out over the sea, closing them under an ever-increasing blanket. In over the bay a sharper jag of lightning split the clouds, and this time they heard thunder.

A thread of a shiver ran through Frankie's body, and for a moment she wished that it were Sam at the tiller. Looking aft, she asked, "Shall I lower the stays'l?"

"Wait till we're in. We'll need it."

Dale's quiet voice was reassuring enough. Frankie shrugged, eyes on the sandy tip of the island. Fishermen were leaving the beach, poles over their shoulders. Slowly the sandy tip drew near, swung abeam, and fell slowly astern. A row of bent channel stakes lined the edge of the bar. Frankie trimmed the sheets, and Dale put the helm down. With the last shreds of the east wind in her sails, Skaal had come through.

"Now!" cried Dale. "Stand by to reef."

Another swift, vivid fork tore the clouds into deafening confusion. For a breathless second there was no wind. Then rain and wind sheeted white and furious across the bay.

Dale put Skaal into the wind and slackened the halyards, and Frankie leaped on the cabin roof to help him reef. The maddening wet canvas slatted and crashed, and jerked reef-points out of their dripping fingers. Their bare feet slid, and they leaned far over the boom to keep their balance. A fishing yacht came alongside, and her skipper yelled, "You wanna tow?"

Dale shook his fist. Frankie heard the skipper yell something about damn' fools and standing by. Thunder swallowed his voice.

Dale leaned toward Frankie. "Take in the stays'l!" he shouted. "I'll finish this."

Frankie leaped for the stays'l hal-

(Continued on page 38)

SAFE DEPOSIT

For the most precious treasures of all . . . in America's ONLY bodies ALL of steel

Jewels, heirlooms . . . all such family treasures . . . you entrust to protecting walls of steel. Can you do less for those most precious treasures of all . . . baby . . . mother . . . others who are near and dear? ✣ ✣ Yet nowhere, save in motor cars built by Hudson, can you give them the COMPLETE *protection of a body that is truly* ALL *of steel. Plus the further protection of a great group of other safety features not to be found in any other 1935 car.*

Yes, they *are* safest in a *Terraplane!*

First of all because Terraplane is America's *only* lowest price car with a body *all* of steel—back, front, sides, floor and *roof*—over an inner structure that is also all of steel. The strongest automobile construction ever known.

But ruggedness—in bodies, chassis, motors—is only part of this safety story. Terraplane brings you a combination of safety features that no other lowest price car can match.

Husky, police-tested Rotary-Equalized brakes, for example. Brakes which, in public tests the country over, cut *almost in half* the stopping distances that police call "perfect."

Have you ever thought of *performance* in terms of safe riding and safe driving? The lightning-fast acceleration that only a Hudson-built motor can give, counts on the side of safety when it whisks you out of traffic tangles or flashes you ahead on the highway.

Then, there's the Electric Hand. Not only do you shift faster and more smoothly in a Terraplane with the Electric Hand—but you are safer, too, with both hands always on the wheel and both eyes on the road. The Electric Hand is optional on all 1935 Terraplanes at slight extra cost.

Road balance is still another safety advantage from exclusive Hudson design. A lower center of gravity—greater stability, greater safety on the highway curves.

Drive a Terraplane today. Enjoy a kind of performance that's *new* and thrillingly different—and keep *safety* in mind, as you ride. Make your own comparison with other lowest price cars. Then ask for proof of *performance,* ruggedness and economy, to compare with the proof that any Hudson and Terraplane dealer will gladly give you.

• • •

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.
Hudson Motors of Canada, Limited, Tilbury, Ontario

NO OTHER LOWEST PRICE CAR GIVES YOU THE GREATER SAFETY OF

America's ONLY Bodies ALL of Steel

• • •

Big Hudson Rotary-Equalized Brakes

• • •

The Electric Hand (optional)

• • •

88-100 h. p., when traffic demands action

• • •

Road Balance—on highway curves

In Hudson Sixes and Hudson Eights, too, you get the greater safety of America's ONLY *bodies* ALL *of steel, and these other safety features.*

TERRAPLANE

And Look at the Prices!

$585 and up for Terraplane . . . Hudson Six $695 and up . . . Hudson Eight $760 and up.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit for closed models

Snapshot of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Schilling of Little Rock, Ark.

FROM NOW ON I'M SAVING MY MONEY

Gentlemen:

I have read with interest the experiences of users of Quaker State Motor Oil. And I've had a rather interesting one myself which you may be glad to know of.

I drove a 1929 Chevrolet which had 100,000 miles on the speedometer when I turned it in. I am a traveling salesman and go over all kinds of roads through eight different Central Western states, and drive at high speed—which is a test for oil.

I drain and refill regularly every 1000 miles, and add no oil between refills. With one exception, this car has had nothing but Quaker State during its life—the one exception being when a friend sold me another high grade oil. At his insistence I tried it, but had to add 2 quarts in 1000 miles.

Cheap oil may cost a little less when you fill your crankcase, but it certainly costs a lot more when you count in all those added quarts. So it's Quaker State for me every time. From now on, I'm saving my money.

I'll admit I have to show strong resistance at times to keep them from selling me another oil when they don't have Quaker State, but it's no use.

Yours very truly,

H. F. Schilling

"First choice of Experience"

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS

Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

In the Enemy's Hands

Continued from page 36

yard. The new rope, wet and kinked, jammed at the block. With an angry cry she started up forward to free it. Suddenly a gust caught Skaal on her port bow, swung her out of the wind, and tore the slatting mains'l from Dale's grip. The boom lifted and swept out, wild and murderous.

Frankie, struggling barefooted on the streaming deck, heard him yell, "Look out!" And then it hit her.

She felt icy water around her, and tried to swim. Darkness, shot with fire, and a stabbing pain in her shoulder. Something closed around her, something dragged her arms half out of her body. Darkness again and salt in her mouth. Her armpits ached. She let go and sank slowly down, down, down. . . . The bottom of the bay was soft, as good a place as any to go to sleep. . . .

Seaweed dragged coolly over her forehead.

"How're you feeling, honey?"

Was it seaweed? Honey. . . . Her eyes opened.

"That's better." Dale was bending over her, and she was in a bunk. His hand with an icy cloth in it lay on her forehead. There was a light in the cabin. Through the open ports shone warm evening sky.

"Storm," she said, thickly.

"All over. Gone out to sea."

"Where're we now?"

"Beach Haven dock."

"But how— Oh, my shoulder!"

"You mustn't move. The boom gave you a nasty scrape, but there isn't anything broken."

Her hand moved up under the blanket toward the fiery pain—and stopped. "My clothes!"

"I'm terribly sorry. I had to fix your shoulder." He was smiling. "Bad luck, you know, having a woman aboard a sailing ship!"

Frankie turned her face from his. "What'll you do with me?"

"I might spank you when you're able to turn over." He sat down gently beside her and pulled something from his pocket. "Read this."

She took the yellow paper from him and read it.

Then, "Sam!" she cried.

"He'll be along any minute now," Dale said. "Don't cry, feller."

"I'm not crying, horse-face!"

"That's better."

She had to smile back at him. "I want a drink," she said.

SUPPER was over. The evening was dusky, and early stars glinted overhead in the rigging. There was the sound of the tide lapping around the hull. In the cockpit Frankie lay on the bench in blankets. Dale and Sam sat close to her in flimsy folding chairs. Dale spoke.

"Thank God that skipper did stand by. I never saw such a storm! His mate it was pulled Frankie out, and then they gave us a tow."

"A lucky break," Sam said.

Frankie smiled, hearing Sam's contented voice. How grand it was now, the three of them and Skaal. She sighed, snug and warm in the blankets. "Sam," she said, "how'd you know where I was?"

"It's a longish story. I went to see Collins, you know. Well, Frankie, he's got my job back for me, beginning next month!"

"Oh, Sam!"

"Yep. I went out of that office walking on air, and I thought: I'll call Frankie at Winters' and let her know! I called, and it was four-thirty but you hadn't got there yet. And all of a sudden I knew. If I'd had my wits about me I'd have known from the beginning. Frankie and Skaal can't be kept apart, Dale."

"You're telling me?"

Frankie let his laughter blow over her, then she turned to him. "And you wired Sam to meet us here. How'd you know I'd stowaway?"

"You threatened to, hon, and when I found out who you were I all but opened the door for you. Remember?"

She remembered. She lay there in the dark, remembering. Toms River seemed a long way back. A long way back, too, the bright hours offshore. Everything seemed caught in the present and the two weeks of cruising that reached out gloriously before them all.

"Sam," she said impulsively, "he's a grand sailor. He had Skaal singing."

"Too bad we'll have to take her back from him."

"Take her back—"

"Um. I thought if I could save all my money we could buy her back next year."

Dale said, "Suits me, Mr. Verner. I was thinking that—"

"Wait!" Frankie's hand reached out and caught another hand in the darkness. Her voice, rising like a little wave, interrupted Dale's. "Sam, I—I don't know about that, I don't want—"

"Why not, Frankie?"

THE wave of her voice broke and spilled in soft ripples over Dale and Sam. "I like it this way. The three of us," she whispered.

Fingers tightened on hers.

"Do you, Frankie?" Sam chuckled. "I'll tell you what; you think it over. Meanwhile I'll go up to the store and get some more cigarettes."

Frankie watched him climb up on the dock and disappear, and realized that she was still holding Dale's hand. His hand. . . ?

Her fingers let go, but Dale's didn't. He pulled his chair close to her. "What is it, Frankie? Why don't you want Sam to buy Skaal from me?"

"I told you." His hand was warm, and his dark head leaned close to hers. She shut her eyes and could still see him bright and strong in the sun against the sea, smiling richly, and sailing with a joyous skill; and she knew that forever more, to her, sailing would mean only Dale—as it had once meant only Skaal.

Opening her eyes again, she looked up at the outline of his forehead and cheek against the night. "I like it this way. I like—sailing with you."

His head bent closer. "Why, Frankie?"

"We—we seem to fit. Even if we do fight like cats and dogs!" She laughed, and her fingers sought his eye, gently, drifted across his cheek. "I'm sorry. . . . What are you doing?"

"Hold still. I'm going to give you what's been coming to you ever since you took the tiller this morning, off Barnegat. Turn your face up. . . ."

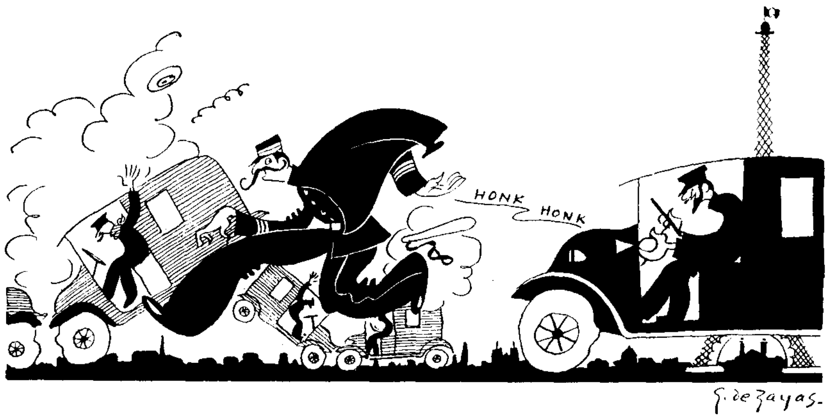
Her arms were around him in spite of a shoulder that throbbed sharply.

After a moment she let her head fall back.

Dale said, in a voice soft as the tide sounds, "Love me?"

"It must be—something like that!" Again her laughter filled the tiny space between them. "Awfully bad luck having a woman aboard a sailing ship, isn't it?"

Dale's cheek was firm and warm against hers. She felt him smile. "Um," he said. "It is, isn't it!"



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Paris has more automobile accidents than any other city in the world, owing undoubtedly to the fact that it has no recognized speed law and only a handful of motorcycle police. Another record never approached by any other metropolis is that someone commits the unpardonable crime of running over a traffic officer on an average of every 11 hours.

The Abyssinians are the only Christians in the world who observe two Sabbaths each week—Saturday as well as Sunday—and who have made a saint of Pontius Pilate, the Roman procurator who ordered the crucifixion of Christ.—*By C. I. Barrows, Providence, Rhode Island.*

The latest in tank steamships that carry edible and drinkable products is the wine tanker Bacchus, which is loaded and unloaded through pipelines like an oil tanker. She carries wine from France to Algeria, which, fortunately, is a country not famed for being fastidious.

Occasionally persons who regain their eyesight after having been blind from infancy are greatly disillusioned and disappointed. Some dislike human faces, while others can no longer bear to touch objects they have used for years, or cannot continue to eat certain foods because of their appearance. A few even regret that they can see again.

Throughout Europe the stork is considered a harbinger of good luck as well as of babies, and nearly every household hopes that a family of storks will build a nest on its chimney top when they return from Africa each spring. Some householders, living in districts no longer inhabited by these birds, even set up artificial nests and install wooden birds in them.

The only financial institution in this country which is run on the "peephole-admittance" principle is the State Bank of Allerton, Illinois. It was held up three years ago—and once is enough. Ever since its front door has been locked and no one has been permitted to enter until identified, through the window, by the cashier and his assistant.—*By Mary McDonald, Lake Placid, New York.*

Few persons realize the quantity of wood that they use during their lifetime—in house construction, furniture, magazines, newspapers, books, boxes, matches, pencils, writing and wrapping paper, motorcars, sporting goods and a thousand other articles. From the wood in his cradle to the wood in his casket, the average individual's consumption is equivalent to at least 300 trees.

Numerous scientists, as well as nearly all laymen, believe that no living creature carries within its body a poison which is powerful enough to kill it. Yet there are cases on record in which scorpions and rattlesnakes have died from their own venom, which they had accidentally or deliberately injected into their flesh.

Through its extensive use of machinery and scientific management, America now produces as much material as 14 other leading countries with ten times as many people. Specifically the per capita productivity of the United States is 50 per cent larger than Canada, two and a half times larger than Germany, ten times larger than Russia, 25 times larger than India and 30 times larger than China.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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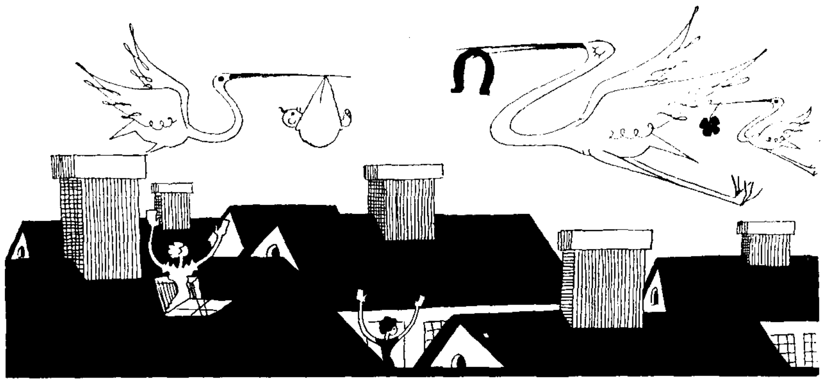
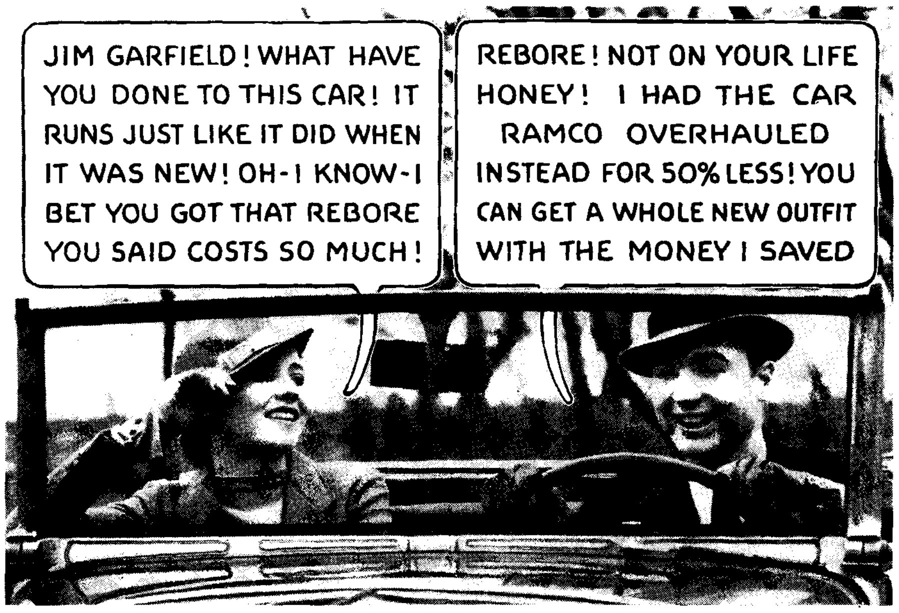


AMAZING NEW OVERHAUL REJUVENATES AUTO MOTORS -RESTORES PEP FOR $18 UP


JIM GARFIELD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THIS CAR! IT RUNS JUST LIKE IT DID WHEN IT WAS NEW! OH-I KNOW-I BET YOU GOT THAT REBORE YOU SAID COSTS SO MUCH!
REBORE! NOT ON YOUR LIFE HONEY! I HAD THE CAR RAMCO OVERHAULED INSTEAD FOR 50% LESS! YOU CAN GET A WHOLE NEW OUTFIT WITH THE MONEY I SAVED

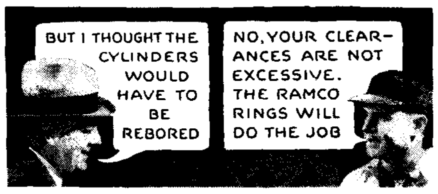
Car Owners Save More Than 50% On Revolutionary New Ramco Overhaul That Brings Back "First Year" Power and Economy

Are you sick and tired of driving a noisy, listless, pepless car? Are you fed up with sky-high oil bills? If so, here's a message to read and to remember—a vital, money-saving message that tells how new car speed, pep and oil economy can be restored to your car at less than half the usual rebore cost!

A Ramco Overhaul is the answer . . . the remarkable new method that rejuvenates listless, knocking, oil-eating cars—*transforms them*—makes them run like new. The cost? Not $40, $50, $75 and more like the old-type overhaul bills—but actually only $18 up! Savings in oil soon pay the bill!

Here's the reason for RAMCO'S lower cost: The Ramco Overhaul eliminates (1) the expensive rebore process and (2) makes unnecessary the installation of new pistons. This is made possible by installing Ramco Piston Rings that automatically expand and "seal" the wasteful clearances in worn, out-of-round cylinders, and by inserting Ramco Skirt Expanders, which restore collapsed piston skirts to their original shape. Result: knocks vanish, oil pumping is ended, pep, speed, power are restored.

F.E.K. Jr. of Roanoke, Va., says: "A Ramco Overhaul increased the top speed of my car 10 miles per hour and now saves me dollars monthly on oil alone." You, too, can get thousands of miles of carefree, repair-free driving out of your car. Why not see your repairman now for a Free RAMCO estimate? Also, send coupon for our valuable booklet.


BUT I THOUGHT THE CYLINDERS WOULD HAVE TO BE REBORED
NO, YOUR CLEARANCES ARE NOT EXCESSIVE. THE RAMCO RINGS WILL DO THE JOB

ESCAPE CYLINDER REBORING! SAVE COSTS OF NEW PISTONS!

Wear changes the size and shape of your cylinders and pistons. The cylinders become tapered and out-of-round. Formerly such cylinders needed reboring . . . a costly job. Unless clearances are too excessive, the revolutionary RAMCO Overhaul saves you that expense. The result of 16 years' concentration on spring ring design, RAMCOS are technically perfect. They end piston rock (the basic cause for motor depreciation), stop piston slap, vibration, and uneven wear of cylinder walls, without piston drag. They eliminate ring collapse and flutter; stop blow-by, oil pumping; and are unaffected by heat or wear. Even when reboring must be done, install Ramco Rings and Piston Skirt Expanders as a preventative. Remember: for your own protection avoid substitutes. Insist on genuine Ramcos.

You can find the nearest Ramco Dealer in the Classified Telephone Directory under "Piston Rings."

FREE! WRITE FOR VALUABLE BOOK "HOW TO ANALYZE YOUR MOTOR"

RAMSEY ACCESSORIES MFG. CORP.
3717 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.
Without cost or obligation, send me your valuable book "How to Analyze Your Motor."

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CORRECTS PISTON ROCK THE MAJOR CAUSE OF MOTOR DEPRECIATION

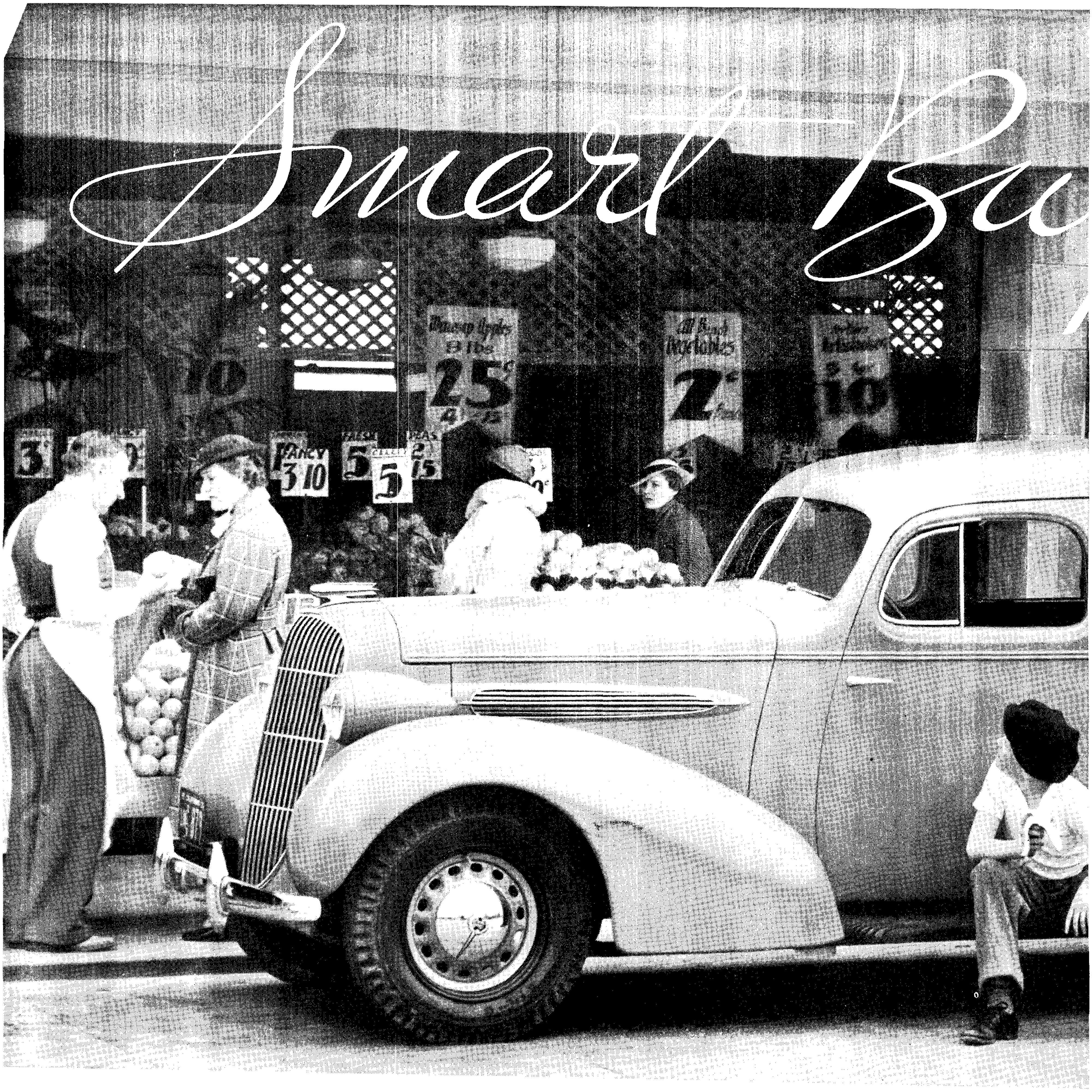
RAMCO

PATENTED IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA. OTHER PATENTS PENDING

MOTOR OVERHAUL

RAMCO PISTON RINGS—PISTON SKIRT EXPANDERS

DEALERS—Write for particulars on Ramco Master and Junior Service Stock Proposition


Smart Bu
Winesap Apples
8 lbs
25¢
All Fresh Vegetables
2
FANCY
3/10
5
5
10

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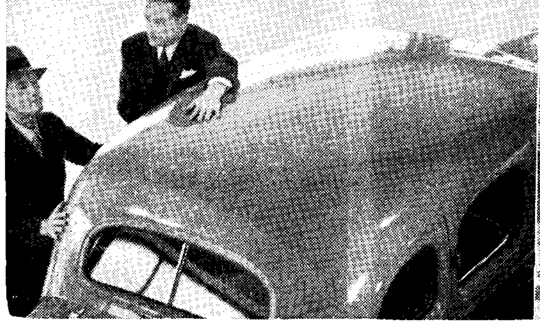
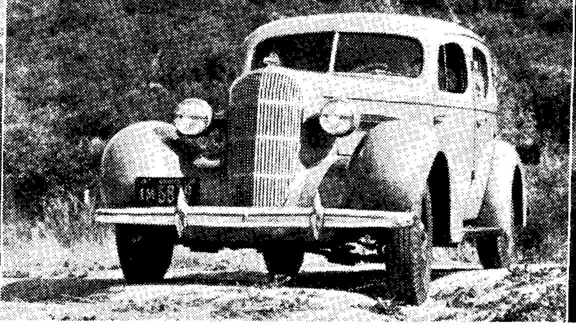
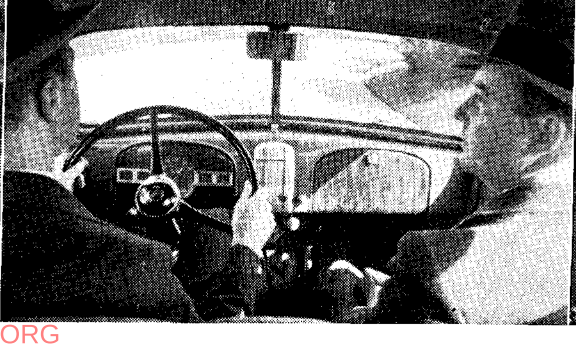
SOLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" BODIES BY FISHER



KNEE-ACTION WHEELS



RIDE STABILIZER AND CENTER-CONTROL STEERING



SUPER-HYDRAU

. . . because
Winesap
Apples
5 lbs.
15¢
Potatoes
15 lb Bag
79¢
10
25

you get *everything* . . . all the new and modern features . . . in a *big* car . . . at a low price! . . . . .

MENTION "new cars" to anyone nowadays, and notice how quickly the talk swings to Oldsmobile. Not merely because of its impressive good looks (although that's certainly worth talking about); not entirely because of its large size and fine performance and splendid reputation, but also because Oldsmobile has *all the fine-car qualities and features—all* in one big streamlined car—*all* at a low price. It's a *Smart Buy* if ever there was one!

Oldsmobile now provides the kind of body you've always wanted in the extra-safe and extra-strong *Solid-Steel "Turret-Top" Body by Fisher*—weather-proofed and sound-proofed throughout—with *Fisher No Draft Ventilation*. The most advanced type of brakes, too—big powerful, self-energizing *Super-Hydraulics*. There is no easier, safer transmission than Oldsmobile's All-Silent Syncro-Mesh; no easier, safer steering than Center-Control.

And Oldsmobile has gone the limit to give you the finest kind of ride obtainable. There's a *Ride Stabilizer*, scientifically correct *Weight Distribution*, double-acting *Hydraulic Shock Absorbers*, front and rear. And in addition to these, the leading comfort-feature of them all: proved *Knee-Action* wheels.

Remember—that a sacrifice of any of these features means a corresponding sacrifice of the *results* these features give. Better get everything that's rightfully coming to you—choose the big, new, all-feature Oldsmobile!

LE *"The car that has everything"*

★ *Sixes $675 and up . . . Eights $860 and up, list prices at Lansing, subject to change without notice. Bumpers with guards, spare tire, and rear spring covers built into all cars at the factory at extra cost. Convenient G. M. A. C. time payment plan. The car illustrated is the Six-Cylinder Touring Sedan, $820 list.* · A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

KES

SYNCRO-MESH ALL-SILENT SHIFTING

FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION

$675*

OUT ON YOUR FEET?

Wear these shock-absorbing shoes

TIRED of pounding pavements? Here are shoes to absorb the shocks! To make every step a cushioned spring instead of a jolt. They look like any other smart shoes. Yet there are no other shoes like them. Built into the soles is the light, flexible Main Spring* Arch—*set in live rubber pads at both ends.* Get a pair at any Walk-Over shop today. You'll feel the difference tomorrow! Illustrated, the PLYMOUTH—black calf at $8.50 or genuine white buck, $9.00.

Prices slightly higher West

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WALK·OVER

Shoes with the *Main Spring Arch*

War Birds are Flying

Continued from page 13

revelations of Air Corps inefficiency, and its shocked reaction from the sacrifice of green and youthful Army pilots, communicated itself to Washington. The disclosures, probably, were as surprising to the Administration as to the citizenry. It had counted upon the Air Corps' coöperation in its air-mail cancellation game, and now found itself out upon a limb. Moreover, there were signs of trouble in the House; portents that the War Department was going to wash linen in public and that congressional blowguns were trained on the chief of the Air Corps. Fuss about methods of procurement of airplanes and aircraft material.

European Trial Kites

Far more significant, more stirring, than any domestic crisis, however, was the world-power situation in the air; long in the brewing, sudden in the boiling. The most old-fashioned military conservatives, their appetites whetted, their imaginations stimulated by the foretaste of air warfare possibilities which the closing months of the Great War afforded, know that aviation has brought new balances into all military organization plans and modernized all national defense problems. It has kicked aside old limitations as well as old frontiers. It has extended cannon and machine-gun muzzles and torpedo effectiveness to the flight range limits of the most advanced planes—today hundreds of miles; more if you don't expect them back! It gives new flash to attack and counter; provides new chances for civil terrorism. It gives fresh impetus to imagination and daring in the science of military tactics.

Two years ago I pointed out in Collier's that the great nations of Europe, racing with desperate jealousy and malignant stupidity, were using their commercial and civil aeronautics to cloak an air armament makers' paradise.

Some time later British secret service agents laid on Cabinet desks detailed information of Germany's great undercover air fleet. On the very day that young Lieutenant Weinecke and his comrades gave up their lives to the inefficiency of our Air Corps, the French Chamber of Deputies voted a billion francs for new aviation equipment; and General Victor Denain, Minister for Air, boasted that France would have 6,000 planes by the end of 1934.

Since then other European trial kites and guarded pronouncements brought the world forward to Germany's recent open description of her air force and related military plans. The pained astonishment of Europe is too naïve to be misleading; for here is their own broken bargain come to haunt them. The Allies, yessing with tongues in cheeks the idealism of Woodrow Wilson, agreed to disarm as soon as the Central Powers had disarmed.

The Allies' path to disarmament is reminiscent of the salesman who used to go to Seattle from San Francisco by way of Los Angeles, where he had a girl. France, in 1913, the last prewar year, spent a little more than 350 million dollars for armaments. In 1934 she expended 750 millions.

So there is nothing far-fetched in discerning a connection between an incident of a stormy night in Ohio and the back-door ambitions of chancelleries in Europe. The point is:

The Allies, including the United States, had about 12,000 combat airplanes in the last intensive days of the Great War. Half of these were actually at the front. Germany had 6,000 planes, equally distributed between reserve and the zone of action.

Today, after seventeen years of disarmament talk, of the League of Nations, of protestations that European statesmen's hearts beat only for peace and good will and brotherhood of men, these same Allies have virtually *twice as many fighting planes as they had at the Armistice*—better, bigger, faster, deadlier planes.

Exclusive of commercial ships, counting only Army and Navy planes, England has more than 2,000; France upwards of 4,000; Italy about as many as Britain.

Espionage is not simple for Nordics and Latins in Japan and Russia; so the figures on those countries are conjectural. Japan is considered to have perhaps 3,000 fighting airplanes; while many canny observers believe that Russia has more—and perhaps better—planes than any other single nation. There may be a clue in her appropriations last year of one and a half billion dollars for "national defense." If you figure European civil and private airplanes—and most of these can be turned to war transport and cargo use on brief notice—the Allies are three times as strong in the air today as they were when they began to pray disarmament. Germany is at least the equal in the air, all things considered, of any one of her larger neighbors. The United States has about 3,000 military planes, according to estimates made here; and nearly 5,000, if you are to credit a count made by the *Annuelle Militaire* in France. This discrepancy would seem to indicate suspicion of our commercial ships.

In the eve-year of the Great War the principal European powers spent about one billion, seven hundred million dollars for armaments. In this past year of peace they have spent more than four billion; and recent developments indicate that the world's armament bill for the coming year may be ten billions, more or less. Japan spent a hundred million on arms in 1913, and is down for seven hundred and ninety million this year; and never forget, a dollar buys more in Japan than here.

A Thorough Diagnosis

The average citizen of the United States is grateful for the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, although he is aware that they, like the old gray mare, aren't what they used to be. He knows, moreover, that berserk consequences now spread the world over; that international madness travels far and fast. Wandering about—politically, to say nothing of morally—alone in a taloned world such as this, with an Air Corps that apparently was unable to fly intact from here to there, was scarcely an exercise in peace of mind or in prudence. The harassed and worried Administration got up a board to look at the tongue and take the pulse and feel the muscles of the Air Corps.

This was the Baker Board—named for its chairman, Newton D. Baker, erstwhile Secretary of War, American whose very name, as well as his association with President Wilson, certified to you and to me that this was not to be a pull-the-wool committee. It got to work in a hurry; two months after the first Army mail deaths and while the corps still carried on its emergency service. Its membership was distinguished: Edgar S. Gorrell, outstanding indus-

(Continued on page 44)

"*Our family liking for Elgin* DATES BACK FOUR GENERATIONS"

writes ENSIGN LLOYD B. OSBORNE

Yale '32, of Wilmington

It's a liking your own son shares! Make his graduation gift an Elgin of lifetime accuracy

● In the air, on land, in the water . . . he's equally at home! Lloyd B. Osborne captained Yale swimming teams through two successful seasons . . . set the intercollegiate 220-yd. record . . . won against Japan at Honolulu in 1930. Following graduation he saw service with the U. S. S. Lexington's crack dive-bombing squadron. Now he's an aviation engineer.

"I'm the fourth generation in our family to carry an ELGIN," young Osborne writes. "It was my father's choice . . . my grandfather's and great grandfather's, too."

To alert Americans like this, ELGIN ownership gives deep satisfaction. For these fine ELGIN timepieces of 1935 are as modern, as keenly attuned to progress, as the men who wear them!

Notice the smart new models pictured here. Strikingly handsome . . . definitely masculine. But even more significant to you is the 70-year old tradition of correct design which underlies their beauty.

These watches are unlike others you have known. *They result from a perfect union which Elgin's master craftsmen have achieved with modern scientists.* Working closely together at every step, these skilled partners have scored vital advancements possible only in America—only at ELGIN!

Each ELGIN movement is planned, created, completely finished *under a single roof.* Each part made flawless—even under microscopic inspection. The timekeeping ability of every ELGIN is checked to the unchanging standard of the stars.

Today you cannot buy a finer watch . . . nor find a greater value. Ask your jeweler to show you the newest ELGIN models. The prices range from $19 up to $500.

★ ELGIN ★

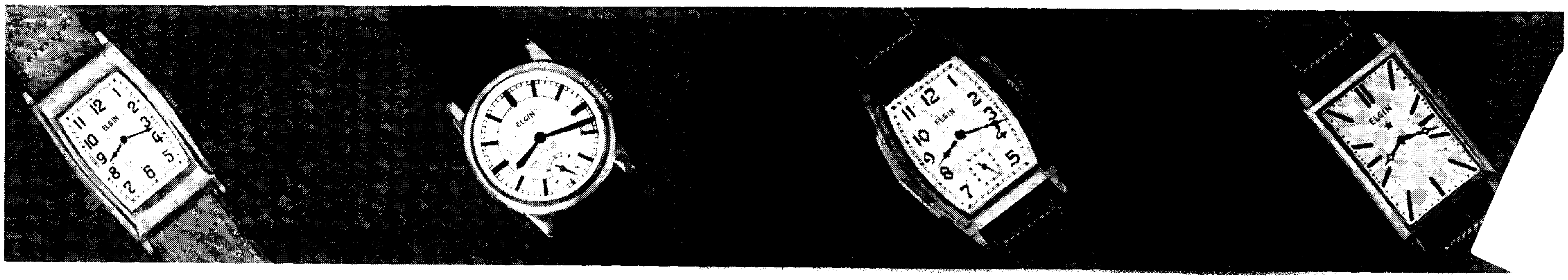
FOR 70 YEARS THE MARK OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP

Elgin movement in handsome 10 K. rolled gold plate case. No. 1260 (natural), No. 1259 (white). Embossed dial. Priced at $25.00

Model No. 1457. Elgin movement in "Veritas" non-magnetic stainless steel case. Also comes with Arabic dial. Price: $19.00

17 jewel Elgin movement in 10 K. natural rolled gold plate case. No. 1443, $29.75. With gold filled band. Price: $32.50

17 jewel movement in 14 K. solid gold case. No. 1226 (natural), 1225 (white). Also with Arabic dial. Priced at: $65.00



He looked a bit seedy but felt like a tramp

—when he tried to get by without shaving

WHY suffer the embarrassment of *feeling* unkempt when a clean shave is so quick and easy with the Gillette "Blue Blade"!

This remarkable blade is ground, honed and stropped automatically—especially made to glide across tender faces without a trace of harshness or irritation. You get *more* shaves, *better* shaves, and a feeling of satisfaction obtained only with this blade.

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War Birds are Flying

Continued from page 42

trialist, military aviation pioneer who, on the spot, laid the groundwork for the activities of the American Expeditionary Force's air service and later was responsible for all its strategy; foremost scientists, Doctors Karl T. Compton of Massachusetts Tech and George W. Lewis of Johns Hopkins; eminent flyers, Doolittle and Chamberlin; and wise heads from the War Department, Generals Drum, Foulois, Simonds, Kilbourne and Gulick.

The Baker Board inspected Air Corps nerve centers, as well as its factory background; sat, off and on, for twenty-five days in Washington and listened to 105 witnesses, who filled 4,283 pages of the record book with their testimony and, in addition, introduced 237 documents; and considered the written expressions of 536 Air Corps officers. I mean, the Baker Board was rather thorough. It answered all the questions that should have been (but probably weren't) keeping us timid lay folk awake of nights, staring up into the sky and nervously asking ourselves: "How long—"

Air Mail Lessons

It assured us that, instead of being the Mary's little lamb of the world military aviation procession, we actually were second in line among great powers. Numerically, at least. Our Navy Air Corps pulled up our standard, although our Army combat aviation had been allowed to fall behind other first-rate powers. Performance is something you've got to take the other fellow's word for. The Baker Committee thought our own, and our technical accessories and facilities, were tops. "In general aviation," they said, "the United States leads the world; it is superior in commercial aviation, its naval aviation is stronger than that of any other power; and with more financial support its Army aviation can be raised to a world position equal to that held by our Navy."

The Baker Board did not attempt to persuade the poor taxpayer that, despite the mail fiasco, everything in his Air Corps was hunky-dory. It underscored the shortcomings revealed; these were mainly in the fields of training, equipment, instruments and service condition administration. It read: "Air Mail Lessons":

(a) Each Army flyer should get at least 300 hours per year; and all training should include much night, blind, cross-country, and bad-weather flying.

(b) The corps should keep in touch with the latest developments in civil aviation of aids to navigation.

(c) Corps' planes should be equipped with the navigational aids and instruments that are standard on commercial airline ships.

(d) Each Army pilot should make at least one cross-country flight every year of not less than 1,000 miles, utilizing the commercial airways system.

(e) Each West Point cadet should have air experience of a minimum of twenty hours, as part of his regular course at the Academy.

(f) Engines of 1,500 and 2,000 horsepower should be developed; and Diesel experimentation stressed. In the latter field, the Baker Board ran ahead of the subsequently published ambitions of France and Germany.

(g) Cold weather operation experience, at high and low altitudes, should be got; and composite squadrons sent frequently to Alaska for all-weather training. This recommendation suggests an unblinking eye on Japan—Alaska being one key in the strategic "defense" plans for the Pacific.

The Baker Board took note of your misgiving about the value of modernity of the general staff. Was this body devoted to blocking the progress of military aviation; responsible for the "starving" of the Air Corps? Heretofore, the average service pilot, influenced by separatist propaganda within his corps, has looked upon the General Staff as sempiternal brass hats with horns. In disinterested opinion, if the Baker Board's efforts result in better understanding between the General Staff and the Air Corps a major gain will have been made in the efficacy of national defense. One reason for the superiority of our naval aviation is that such an understanding has existed therein long since.

The General Staff was created by Elihu Root in the late nineties. It is not a self-contained autocracy; merely a planning and advisory body, under the law. It has no magical powers or authority. If, in practice, it grows a little high-hat, that is because it must resist all personal and special interest pressures from the Army at large. The Baker Board did not find that the General Staff had deprived the corps of funds; on the contrary, it had found ways of robbing Peter to pay Paul. Lack of funds, responsible for the ills and deficiencies of the corps as revealed by the air-mail adventure, was the fault of Congress and the Budget Bureau.

Over the years of the Morrow Board (1926) Plan, however, nearly twenty per cent of the total military expenditure was for the Air Corps. If all this did not go into airplanes, that is because flyers must wear clothes and eat. The General Staff is on record for an Air Corps of sufficient numerical strength to defeat the greatest concentration that could be brought against us by one enemy or probable combination of enemies. Beyond that, Air Corps military aggrandizement would be an unjustified burden on the taxpayer.

The Baker Board took up your question of the possibilities of an air invasion of the United States. It seems that you can go back to bed, at least for the present; because the calamity prophets have been howling through their hats—howling sometimes, if your reporter may be permitted mild skepticism, in the interest of those who might profit by the construction of vast air fleets.

War and Science

We have had luridly pictured to us a war in the Pacific opening with the sudden appearance of 5,000 Japanese airplanes over California. On the way, they have destroyed Honolulu. Now they wipe out San Francisco and Los Angeles; then move on to reduce Chicago, New York, and force a capitulation among the shell pits where once stood Washington. These cheery forecasts are notable for the details they skip. We are not, for example, told how those raiders take on fuel. It requires, on the part of hard-pressed defenders, neither much time nor acumen to destroy available gasoline and oil and food supplies before a retreat. We are not told, either, what our high seas fleet and our air forces are doing, meanwhile. Nor is any notice taken, by aviation crackpots, of anti-aircraft guns, which have been improved enormously since the Great War.

The burden is always on the attacker; in the air, as on the land or sea, the defender has the odds behind him. We are not told where, in this day, our enemy is to get airplanes that will perform this irresistible raid. Planes that will cross either the Atlantic or the Pacific, strike, and return home, are not yet in existence. War always quickens the accomplishments of science; therefore, such planes may be developed early in the next hostilities. If so, they will probably be American; or the United States will have defenses to match them.

Cries of apprehension were particularly loud after General Balbo's flight of twenty-four seaplanes from Italy to Chicago. It was a splendid feat; but proved to military flyers that the Atlantic Ocean is still 3,000 miles wide. In the first place, Balbo's ships were seaplanes; and had to have, for this flight, extraordinary provisions for fuel loads—both features that detract from maneuverability; so that one-fourth their number of pursuit planes could swiftly blast them out of action. In the second place; preparations began two months before take-off; fifteen days elapsed between start from Italy and arrival in Chicago, 6,063 miles away; four nations contributed weather services; eight bases were established on foreign soil; and about a dozen surface vessels were utilized. It is conceivable that, today, groups of attack planes might be launched from enemy carriers near our coasts. But we have carriers, too; and a Navy, and coast defenses, and highly mobile anti-aircraft batteries.

You have read fanciful accounts, seen thrilling movies, of future air raids on great cities; a single bomb causing the Empire State Building to somersault, whole populations killed by poison chemicals or exposed to disease-germ cultures. Actually, the destructiveness of air raids, explosive or gas bombs, on cities is far less than lay people believe. Protection against gas is relatively simple. Disease epidemics are not to be trifled with; the wind, upper air currents, may carry them across continents, across oceans, back to their senders.

Russia, it is said, has a thousand planes in Vladivostok ready to fly to Tokyo with incendiary bombs. Here is a special case; old Tokyo is largely paper.

Fantastic Claims

A modern airplane bomb, directly hitting a skyscraper, might knock the masonry from two stories; and perhaps break windows in six. I stood chatting with Admiral Moffett—an aeronautic enthusiast, if one ever lived—in the Akron, as we flew plumb over the center of New York, from the Harlem River to the Battery. "Look at that mass of buildings," he said. "Why, we couldn't carry enough explosives in a hundred Akrons to do enough damage down there to make the trouble worth-while! Besides, what would be the military advantage? A scared people is not necessarily a beaten people. Enemy bombers, if they eluded our attack planes, would go after the Hudson Tunnels, the East River bridges, the Jersey City railroad yards: they would seek out the aircraft and engine works at Hartford, Connecticut; Paterson, New Jersey; Baltimore, Maryland—if they could—and leave strictly civilian areas unharmed. Likewise, on the Pacific Coast."

Zealots, attributing mysterious and boundless powers to aviation, warn us the "next war" will be over in short order with the side of lesser air force razed and subjected. They ignore the truth that military airplanes have been constantly under the test of actual service since the Great War and while they have been useful they have singularly failed to justify fantastic claims. Disregard, if you please, the lame efforts of bombing planes against a condemned battleship as target in trials here. But fighting planes have been used by the British against unruly tribesmen on India's northern frontier; by the French and Spanish and Italians in North Africa; in the fierce Gran Chaco war in South America. True, these operations were over sparsely populated territories with small ground forces. The Bolivian-Paraguayan War is major, of course, with large numbers engaged —but no matter. Consider the Japanese attack on Shanghai. Here were ideal conditions from the point of view of the air soldier: teeming, ignorant population and flimsy buildings. Japan's frequent and heavy and prolonged air bombardments terrified the civilians, naturally. But when they seriously undertook to dislodge the Chinese defenders the chagrined Japs had to fetch up unbargained-for ground reinforcements.

Wing for Wing

Despite its many spectacular and mind-stirring features, aviation must in our age remain a component in the aggregate military strength of each side to a war. It will not become an arm that can operate without reference to, or dependence upon, any other. The beginning of the next war may see a great clash aloft, especially in Europe, where suitable objects of air raids are at hand on all sides, cluster thickly behind every frontier—highways, railroads, factories, depots.

If Germany and France were to go to war tonight it is likely that within an hour the entire air fleets of each country would be in the air over the lands of the other; some bombing, some guarding, some observing mobilizations, some engaging the other's war birds. It is most unlikely, however, that an overseas enemy would risk its major air fleet in the gamble of a great initial raid on the United States. The expenditure of life and equipment would be too dangerous: it might cripple that bold nation for the duration of the war.

We shall probably see rapier thrusts, by forces large compared with those of the Great War; but main air fleets may be husbanded as Britain and Germany nursed their High Seas fleets before and after Jutland. Air replacements are too difficult to get. Even under war pressure, it is not to be expected that an accepted bomber could reach the front in less than three quarters of a year from the day on which the order for it was placed. The real air strength of a nation lies in its aviation industry; its civil and military airplane and engine factories, its centers and facilities for the training of pilots. "It is believed," said the Baker Board, "that no other power could exceed in productive capacity the highly industrialized United States."

It is not your reporter's intention to belittle the scope and function, the potentialities, of aviation in the conflicts that lie immediately ahead. The airplane is the weapon uppermost in the minds of students of warfare nowadays. A battleship can fight a withdrawing, or defensive, action; so can a tank. So, also, can infantry; artillery. But in the same measure that a fort is a defensive work, an airplane is an attack weapon. It cannot fly backward. Unless it is immeasurably superior in speed it cannot afford to fight a running-away action, giving enemy wasps a chance to get into the deadly "on the tail" position. Its only means of defending itself, or its base, is by slashing attack. The airplane is the weapon most stressed, most often talked of, in offices where war plans are laid. It is the white-haired weapon in the rooms of national budget-makers the world over. I do not mean to deny there will be

(Continued on page 46)

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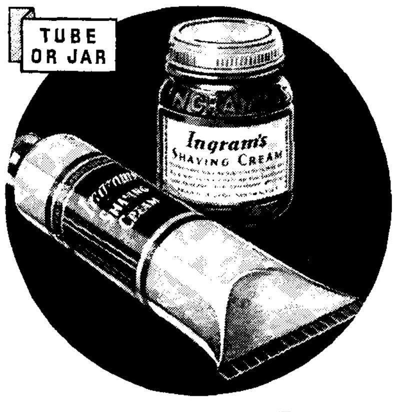

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DU PONT DUCO POLISH

(Continued from page 45)

slaughter in the air. Death, horrible and widespread beyond anything known heretofore, will rain on city and town and countryside from the clouds in a day that, by all signs, may soon be upon us or our neighbors abroad. I mean only to reassure you—if that is the word—that when the mad dogs and the rabid eagles are loosed upon the world your own will be able to match fang for fang, wing for wing, with the best.

The question whether there should be a separate Air Corps is the sorest, the most selfishly publicized, in our national arms problems; and has been since the prima donna days of military aviation. It is a movement not singular to the Air Corps: almost every other branch had dreams of independence, as the Army grew. All such ambitions break up on the same rock—unity of command.

The separatists contend they are not Army officers; but men apart, specialists, who operate in a new medium—the air; as much removed from land warfare, from ground operations and objectives, as the ocean is. They ask, why a separate ocean force if not a separate air force? Why should air fighters be at the beck of General Staff men, of infantrymen and cavalrymen, who do not know how to fly? They point out that other great countries have separate air forces. They claim economy would result.

Promotion and authority jealousies are credited, by the antis, as the chief motives of the pros; who advance more practical and less personal reasons, also. For example, the fact that 80 per cent or more of Air Corps personnel and facilities are on the ground and must be protected by ground forces; that confusion and greater expense would result from setting up a line of communications for a separate corps; that flyers operating from any theater are as surely tied to its activities and fates as any other combat arm; that you cannot fool with the possibility of an air chief deciding to operate in North Carolina when the Army commander believes the important place is Maine; that European conditions, with envious and unfriendly powers living at one another's elbows, with each other's capitals only short flights apart—Paris but half an hour's flight from the frontiers of France; Berlin the same from Germany's; Brussels and Vienna less than fifteen minutes from the borders of their respective countries—are different, and that Europe is veering away from the separate Air Ministry idea anyhow—witness Italy where, after Balbo's flight, Mussolini came out in favor of the incorporation of the air service under Army control; that Japan, whose problems are like ours rather than like Europe's, uses our system.

Manning the Planes

It is one of those endless debates that come to black eyes rather than to conclusions. The separatists agree that unity of command is fundamental to war success, but could be had with a separate corps under the supreme war command. Their opponents concede that in the very distant future aeronautical development may bring about an independent air force. The important fact to you and to me is that the Baker Board ruled against separation, (although Major Jimmy Doolittle filed a dissenting opinion) but proposed a major reorganization calculated to make a repetition of the air-mail episode impossible and to resolve all disquiet about the efficacy of our air defenses.

These recommendations have now been carried into effect. When practice has been gained, they will give us a fighting Air Corps as venomous and deadly and mobile as a rattlesnake. They have recognized that no man can be a business executive and a combatant, to the benefit of both interests. Therefore, the office and the warrior branches of the Air Corps have been traced in distinct outline and torn apart. The chief of the Air Corps, henceforth, is the business man; charged with the procurement of supplies and equipment, the development of technique and engineering, the maintenance of depots and training centers. His responsibility ends when he has delivered the best planes, with the best engines, and the best young pilots to the actual fighting arm of the new Air Corps—the General Headquarters Air Force.

This pouncing covey of war birds, made up of all the tactical units of the Air Corps, will be under the direct orders of the Chief of Staff of the Army. It will be the fencer of the Army—mobile, fluid, ready, quick to gather, to shift, to strike; a shadow boxer whose blows have substance. Its purpose makes its command a job for a first-class fighting man; one in whom are met the military virtues of a swashbuckler, a game-cock, a romantic, a bulldog, and sometimes a dice-thrower, even though in private life he may be kind to his wife's relations and wear a crumby sweater when he plays golf and talk about his waistline and his favorite shrubs.

The War Department sorted over twelve senior colonels and lieutenant-colonels to pick Frank M. Andrews, beau sabreur of the Air Corps. They made him a brigadier general; installed him at Langley Field, Virginia, focal point of the General Headquarters Air Force, within three hours' hitting distance of the farthermost point of our Atlantic coastline. Andrews is about fifty, a West Pointer, ex-cavalryman, and a flyer since 1918. His vast force will be divided into three territorial sub-commands, or wings; the First, based on Hamilton Field, California, mid-Pacific Coast: the Second, at Langley; the Third, in the central South. Into these groups will come all the pursuit, attack, and bombardment squadrons formerly under Army Corps area commanders.

Back of General Andrews stands a billion-dollar defense plan: the supreme peace-time military effort of the United States, and a record Air Corps appropriation. President Roosevelt, alert to obvious world trends, not only accepted and endorsed every phase of the Baker Board report; he caught it up in a broad rush toward preparedness that spoke farewell to the solemn nothings of Geneva.

Four hundred million to the Army; five hundred million to the Navy; other untold millions from the PWA. Six great major bases spotted around within the United States. Honolulu to have a twenty-million-dollar air base; and Hawaii to be made stronger than Britain's Gibraltar or Singapore; the impregnable point of a Pacific Ocean defense zone fan, the extended rim base of which sweeps the North American continent from Alaska to the Panama Canal. Two thousand three hundred and twenty fighting planes for the Air Corps; twenty-two hundred for the Navy. A hundred million dollars for the Air Corps this year; more for it alone than the total we spent annually on all our national defenses, our Army and Navy and coast works, not so long ago.

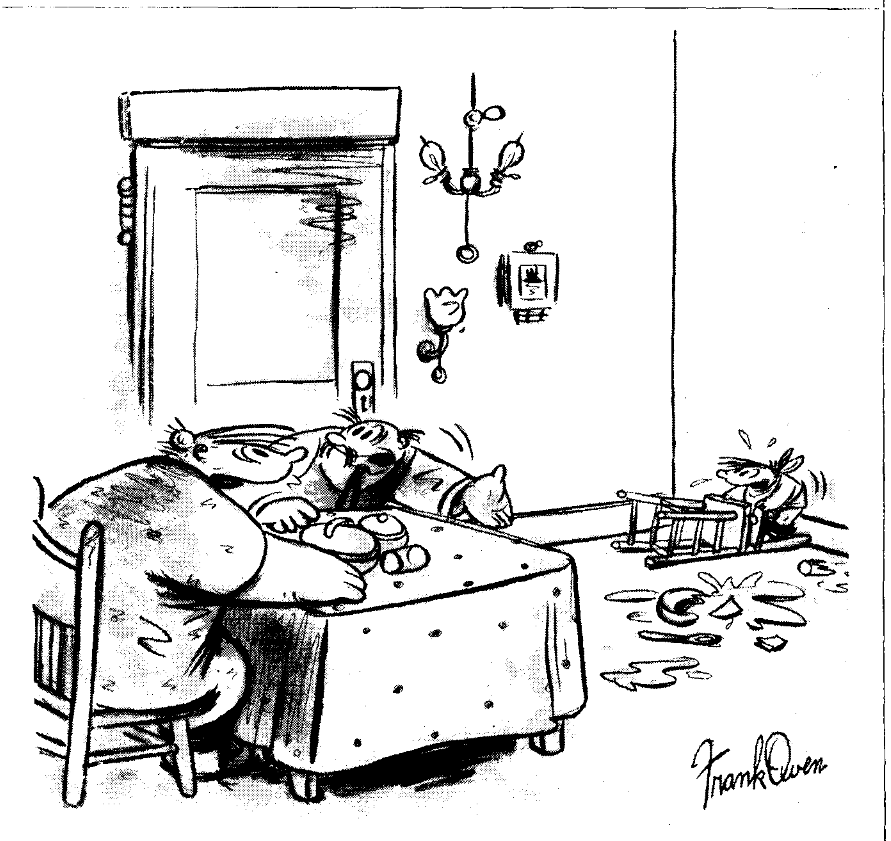
Intelligence in the Saddle

But while we blink at all the fuss and building, and fret whether the cost if we do may be less or greater than the cost if we don't, and while we observe gratefully that at last intelligence is in the saddle of our military aviation matters, we find ourselves remembering Lieutenant Weinecke and the storm over Ohio and the knock his mother waited for. We remember his comrades, too. And we reckon that if the noble twelve who died performed no other service for their country, they introduced the Air Corps to the American public; and the public to the Air Corps—and, it may well be, thus gained an immortality the full measure of which cannot be known until the history of the coming generation is written.

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



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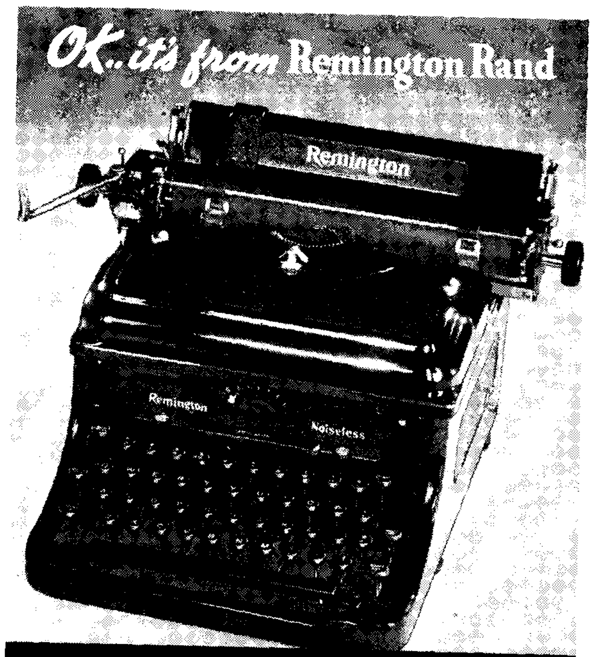

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A Magic Hill in Spain

Continued from page 11

"I was afraid."

"So was I."

She pressed his hand for an instant, exclaiming: "Wasn't it marvelous?"

"Too marvelous to be forever in the past," Vincent said.

She answered him soberly: "You are too wise a traveler not to know that one can never go back."

He made no reply. What she said was true. One could never go back to find what one had left: it would be a different thing.

THE night club looked cheerful. When they entered, the tables were in shadow, and in a hard spot of light on the dance floor a pretty, toughly built little girl was singing a song and dancing a gay refrain to each verse. Then she walked out, laughing. The pattern of the tables broke as people rose and moved toward the dance floor. Vincent seized Sylvia's hand, and they slid off with the rest, slowly at first until the music relaxed them to its rhythm; then faster, to the half beat, whirling, pausing, dipping into a cleared passage, gliding into the haven of a corner; separating with a laugh as the music ceased.

"That was fine," Sylvia said, with flushed cheeks.

"I had forgotten how well you danced."

"I feel like dancing tonight."

"It's Luke Heeney's music. It's the best in the world."

"I want to hear him sing."

"Let's go back to the table. We're going to have champagne."

"Oh, good. I have a new jade cigarette holder. I shall use it for the first time."

Bubbles rose steadily in the champagne glasses, and she held the green cigarette holder to the red curve of her lips, and took it away, and let the smoke out, a white and delicate plume.

She had a finely shaped head, with very clear, dark eyes; and her face had the rare quality of illumination which brightened whenever she smiled. He remembered this well and told her so.

"Do you remember all those little things?" she asked with a faint anxiety.

"Yes."

"So do I."

"I remembered more and more of them as time passed. Something would bring them back—some sight or sound or smell reminiscent of you. Once at a dinner party, for example, a girl raised two fingers to her forehead, and it was just the gesture you would make when you were pretending to decide whether you would let me see you tomorrow or not. Small things like that."

"And once in my apartment in the morning the sun fell on my hand, and I remembered the warm touch of the sun on that hill."

"Yes."

For a moment the people around them, the chatter and the movement and the music ceased to be; they were withdrawn into their own special and enchanted country. Then she called him back with a decisive shake of her head, demanding more champagne, commanding him to tell a story of one of his adventures: "So far, Vincent, darling, you haven't said a word about the romance and the mystery of the tropics."

"I guess I had forgotten about it."

"But I want to know about your encounters with danger. Aren't there revolutions with the rattle of rifle fire in the streets and bullets spattering on the dining-room wall?"

"Sometimes."

"And men on horseback raiding the towns and shouting 'Viva Villa'?"

"I've read about it."

"And in the smoke-dimmed light of cabarets, don't the girls carry long, thin daggers in their stockings and sometimes stab their lovers?"

"I don't believe so," he said, laughing at her.

"I can see that you will not take me into your confidence," she said severely.

"'There lies more peril in thine eye than twenty of their swords,'" he quoted.

She thought for a moment, wrinkling her brow. "It's from Shakespeare. Yes, it's from Romeo. I like men who can use quotations." She drank the last of her champagne with a gesture. "One more dance. After that we should go."

They were quiet during the dance. The soft pressure of her arm around his neck had become too important for conversation. It was sweet to hold her in this way and to move easily to the music as if floating on the swells of the sea. Occasionally, her cool, smooth cheek touched his face, and he let his lips rest briefly, lightly, on her hair that had an early-morning fragrance. Now at this hour he could not understand why he had ever gone away from this; but, of course, there were other hours. The world had its change of seasons, a change, even, of night and day; and a man was not immune; what a man said at dusk might have a different ring at dawn; until he found the word that was true in all weathers and at all times.

HE GOT his hat and coat and waited for her in the lobby, listening with amusement to a conversation between the two coatroom girls.

"As soon as a man wants a thing, he expects the girl to want it too," one said. "They don't have consideration."

"I'd like to see a man who could be patient like a woman," the other agreed.

Vincent asked Sylvia about it on the way to a taxi. "The little guardian of men's hats thinks men are impatient."

"Oh, they are."

"She says they should be patient like women."

"No, no. If they were, women would have to be twice as patient, waiting for them to make up their minds."

He chuckled. The taxi gathered them up, swung them in an arc across the street and headed north. Green lights flashed to red; the yellow lights were steadfast. "I want you to be a yellow light," he told her.

"Burning bravely in the window for your return," she murmured.

"And I shall come hurrying in from the cold—"

"And I shall open the door—"

"And then?"

He saw her profile smiling. "Darling, wouldn't you kiss me?"

"Perhaps."

"Would you kiss me now?"

She turned toward him. "For old time's sake?"

He indignantly denied it. "For this time's sake."

"Yes," she said, and kissed him.

He held her hand tightly without words until the taxi drew up at the door of her apartment house. Then he asked her, in a voice that sounded a little strange in his ears:

"Do you think you could have tea with me tomorrow?"

She put her fingers to her forehead, in the gesture that he knew, and pondered. "Yes," she said finally, "I believe I could." And blew him a kiss and was gone.

He walked to his hotel, liking the cold air, liking the exercise, liking the city, liking everything. . . .

In the days that followed, there was tea in a softly lighted hotel dining-room while the orchestra played sentimental melodies from Schumann and Richard Strauss and Saint-Saëns; and the theater, with men dying darkly for love in The Jest; and an afternoon of paintings, revived by cocktails at a scarlet and gold bar; and a week-end of skating and log fires at the Warrens' home in the country. With mischief in her heart Sylvia told Martha about a man from Kentucky she was thinking of marrying; and Martha said Southern men were lazy; and Charles made sardonic remarks to all of them and dug up old jests about "Many are cold, but few are frozen." Their skates cut white lines in the dark ice of the creek under the moon, and Sylvia's cheeks were so cold and her lips so warm; and that night Vincent knew that he wanted to marry her.

His heart had told him this long ago—five years ago; now his mind confirmed it as well. He understood very clearly that marriage would change his career. He would have to find work of a different kind in his own land; he would have to give up much of the old careless freedom. But he was willing to do this; he had appraised it coldly in his mind and there was nothing he wouldn't do for her.

He had not told her that he loved her, waiting until the decision was clear to him. He had used the word lightly before, as many had done—no word in the history of men had covered so many lies—but this time he knew it must mean not merely the glorious hour, but morning, noon and night; the loaf of bread; the strain of this and that; and always two instead of one. Now he was ready to say it truly; but first he must find out what he could do with his career.

HE TOOK an early train to New York Monday morning. The reception clerk of the American Engineering Corporation did not recognize him when he asked for Mr. George Taylor, the vice-president in charge of the foreign department.

"Have you an appointment?"

"No," replied Vincent, "but perhaps he'll give me one. I've come four thousand miles to see him."

The clerk obviously did not regard this as a qualification, but he reported the call, and George Taylor, short, a little stout and growing bald, came out to the reception-room.

"Hello, Vincent. Welcome. I'm sorry I missed you last week. I'm glad to see you now. Come in."

Taylor's quiet and solid office, far removed from the noises of the world, conveyed an impression of security usually absent from Vincent's working quarters. The man in the field and the man at home would never wholly understand each other. Vincent wondered how soon he himself would forget; perhaps never; but at least he would not regret.

He briefly reviewed conditions in Chile and their operations. When he had finished, Taylor commented: "I only wish our report at this end could be as good as yours. Unfortunately, sales have not been as efficient as production—for reasons which are familiar to you." He paused. "And now, what next? The waste lands of Chile grow a little dull after a while, and the business there is of less importance to us these days. We had some thought of a change for you, Vincent."

"I was thinking of that, too," Vincent said.

"Our oil development in Colombia has been going well. You inspected that on one of your trips, I think?"

"Yes."

"Reynolds is leaving. He's out for good. Ill health largely. We thought of asking you to take charge of that. You can live quite decently in Bogotá."

"I was wondering about the possibility of quitting the foreign work and working here."

Taylor was startled. He shot a brief glance at Vincent before saying: "May I ask why?"

Vincent did not feel that he could give the correct answer in view of the uncertainty of his situation. He merely remarked: "I have lived outside my own country for some time and now I would like to come back to it."

HE'S fallen in love, Taylor thought. Damn it! After all these years, too! Aloud he remarked: "You've done very well down there. You're used to the life. It's hard to come back to this northern way of living. You wouldn't like it, Vincent."

"I've thought it out pretty carefully. I think I'm ready for it now."

Taylor stared at the wall. He was sorry about this. And he thought it was a mistake.

He said so. "I'm going to be frank with you, Vincent. It's a mistake because the opportunity for a man like you lies abroad and not here. You have been with us now—let's see—"

"Twelve years."

"All of it in foreign countries except for your vacations and that unhappy ten-month period. You're the best man we have in Latin America. You are invaluable to us there, and we pay you a good salary. But here—well, this office work hasn't any connection with what you've been doing. It's different. You would have to learn a new technique. Your knowledge would be valuable to us, of course; but things change fast in Latin America, and the men in the field would do the reporting. We wouldn't have a decent job for you, Vincent. The job you should fill here is occupied by men who started working toward it ten years ago."

He rose and went to the window and gazed upon the towers that rose abruptly against the background of the harbor. He was talking with unusual vehemence and suddenly Vincent liked him. Once in his life, this man had abandoned something which now he wanted to get back; he didn't want Vincent to make the same mistake.

"I worked abroad for two years at the beginning," Taylor said, still staring out of the window. "I haven't forgotten the taste of it. Lots of madness, maybe; but you saw the work grow under your hands. And there was color. It's a different fight—the difference, I guess, between hand-to-hand warfare and shooting with guns at twenty-five-mile distances." He gave a short laugh. "Sometimes I wish I hadn't come back—a sweat-and-leather life, with everything forgotten Saturday night. Well! I did come back and I rose fast. I was young and I had luck. But you are not young in that sense; and there isn't any luck in these years. It will take a long time for the boom days to come back."

"I UNDERSTAND both what you have said and what you have left unsaid," Vincent replied smiling. "Suppose I did ask to be transferred here—what kind of a job could you give me?"

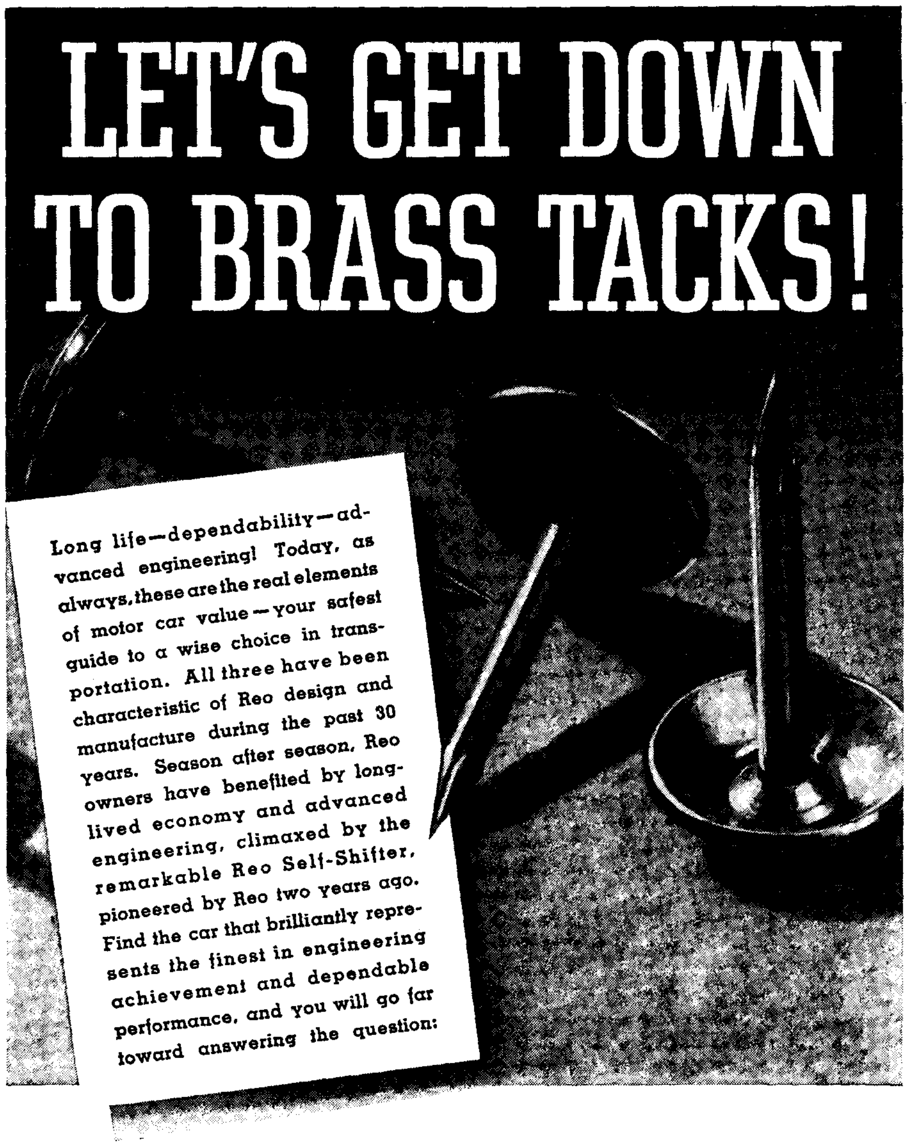
Taylor returned to his desk, and when he spoke he had resumed his brisk, businesslike manner.

"In our foreign department."

"What salary could I expect?"

"We would do what we could. I honestly don't think we could pay you more than six thousand a year. It's fifteen thousand in Colombia—with less to spend it on. And Bogotá is not a bad city, you know."

(Continued on page 50)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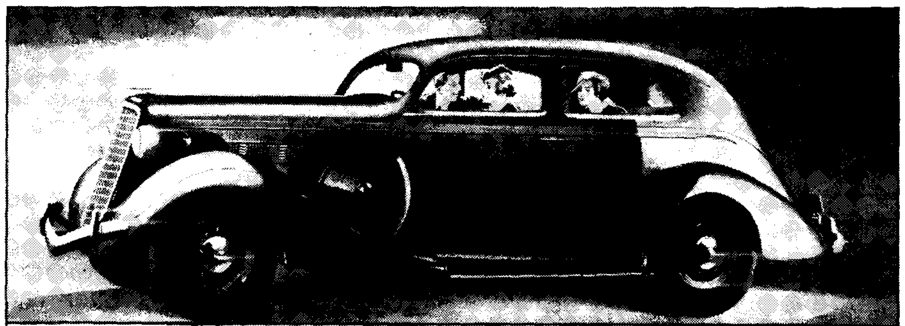
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AMERICA'S SMOOTHEST CIGARETTE

(Continued from page 49)

Vincent rose. "All right, George. I'll let you know in a day or so."

"Goodby, Vincent. Travel on the subway a few times and reconsider."

Vincent hurried back to his hotel and telephoned Sylvia in the country. He wanted to see her, he said; could he see her tomorrow? She was sorry; she did not get to town until four o'clock, and then she had a cocktail party at the Manrico Hotel, and dinner afterward. But Wednesday—

Wednesday, he informed her sternly, was much too late. This was very important; would she please put her fingers on her forehead and think of a way? Yes, she said, she had her two fingers on her forehead, and she did think of a way—at least for a short meeting; if he would come to the Manrico Hotel at a quarter before five, they could sit by themselves until they were summoned. That, he replied, would be fine, and perhaps she would wear that small brown hat. She could not promise that, she said; there was always the problem of what had to go with the hat.

VINCENT waited for her in the hotel lobby the next day, knowing exactly how she would look when she appeared —distinct from everyone else, carrying herself well, with her dark, illumined face breaking into a smile as she saw him. For a second he permitted himself the pleasure of watching her unobserved, and then came forward.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello. I'm glad to see you." He added: "That's not really what I want to say."

"What do you want to say?"

"I want to say: 'Darling, I love you.' "

Her face grew instantly serious, and he continued hastily: "You are not to say anything until I've talked to you. There are so many important things. We'll sit at a table—and would you like some very old sherry?"

"Yes," she said. "Anything."

She was still serious as she sat opposite him, her hands quietly in her lap. She tried to lighten her mood by saying: "I had to wear a green hat because of this green silk dress."

"I like it with your brown eyes and hair," he answered. "I like the way you hold your head."

She could not think of any other light remark, and there was a silence. Then he began at random, forgetting how he had planned to talk to her:

"You know, that first night you said that we couldn't go back. And we didn't go back. I found you again in a different place; and whether we ourselves have changed or not, I don't know; but anyway, I love you.

"I didn't want to tell you until I knew what kind of life I could offer you, or what I would do with my career. I know you love New York. It would be hard for you to live away from this part of the world—even if I could arrange my work so as to stay in better places abroad than mining camps. But I'm ready to give up that foreign life—if only I can have you. I'll give it up without any regret. But, before I ask you about it, there are certain practical details I should explain to you."

"Yes, darling," Sylvia said.

"I've been in the field, in various places in the world, for a long time. I'm useful to the company there. But I'm out of touch here. They would not pay me so much. We would have enough, with what I've saved; but not as much as you have had."

"Did the company want you to go back?"

"Yes. They want me to go to Bogotá in Colombia to take charge of the oil concession—I said I was thinking of staying here."

"What did they say?"

"Oh, that there was more opportunity abroad, that I was used to foreign ways, and so forth. The usual argument."

"Yes."

"I guess that's all I have to say. I love you and I want to stay here and marry you." He looked at her shyly: "Which do you wish me to do?"

She stretched out her hand, smiling at him: "I think you should go back to your work abroad," she said.

"Sylvia," someone called, and there were several people around them, and Vincent was standing, bowing mechanically to people whom he did not know and whom he did not really see. There was a blur about his mind, and he was holding himself tight, as after the shock of a physical blow.

"Don't look as if you were caught stealing cake," someone said to Sylvia.

"The whole party is waiting for you in another room," somebody said.

They all seemed to be moving away. "You'll come, won't you?" a man asked Vincent.

"Very kind," he muttered, his mind clutching for an excuse. "I have an engagement—Metropolitan Bar. Late already."

At the door he slid away from them, quietly, without speaking to Sylvia. This was the first time he had ever been discourteous to her, but he could not help it now. He wasn't prepared for this. He had felt pain before, but not this kind of tearing inner pain. He got his coat and hat and went outside, drawing in deep breaths of the cold air. This was a little better. He could see clearly now. He knew just what he would do; it was silly, perhaps; it was the oldest trick in the world; but it should help the pain. He went across the Plaza to the Metropolitan Bar.

"Whisky, straight," he said. "Then bring me one with soda."

There were lots of people in the bar. One of them was Charles Warren.

"Hello, Charles," he said.

Then there was Martha, and several others. They wanted him to sit down at a table.

"Let's stand," he urged, with careful cordiality. "It's very good for the posture and gives the drink more of a chance." He explained, making his face into a smile: "It's hard for it to get down when you're bent over."

HE WOULD have to give up the straight whiskies. They would notice. "Whisky and soda," he told the bartender.

There was another man speaking to him. He seemed to know the whole world tonight.

"Sylvia Ferris sent me over with this note," the man said.

"Ah, yes," Vincent replied politely.

It was scribbled on the back of an envelope, folded up. It said: "Darling, I didn't finish my sentence, and they say you ran away. Of course, you should go back, but I want to go back with you. I'll be home at six-thirty, just in case you aren't busy. I hope you aren't busy. Sylvia."

"Well," Charles was saying, "are you going to memorize it—or is it written in Greek?"

"Do let's sit down," Martha pleaded. "It may be hard for the drink, but it's easier for me."

Vincent began to laugh: "I can't. I have to go."

"Go!" expostulated Charles. "You've just come."

"Don't look so cheerful about it."

"I have to go," Vincent said, smiling.

"Where on earth are you going?" Charles demanded.

His reply, as he departed, left them astonished. Charles said he must have been drunk; but Martha began to understand.

"To a hill in Spain," Vincent said.

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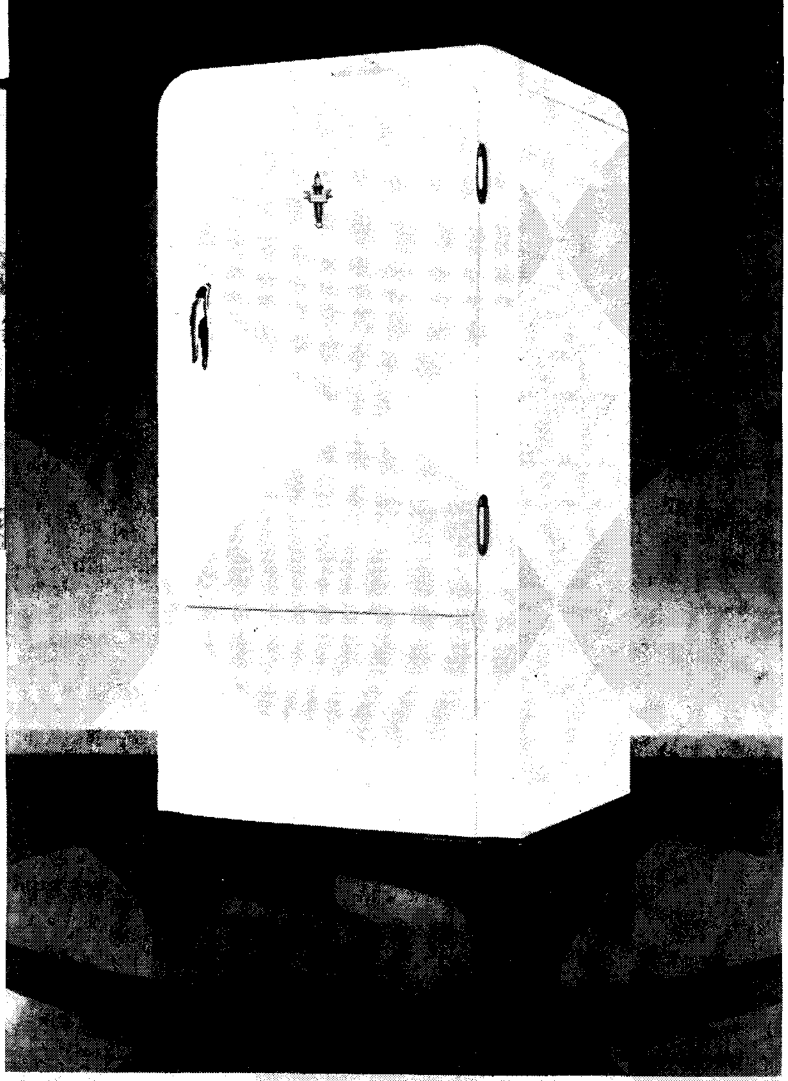

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The Bat Flies Low

Continued from page 19

Mohammed Ahmes Bey shook his head.

"When I have shown you that which no man of your race has ever seen, save one, for four generations, you will still be at liberty to decline what I offer. I only ask your word of honor that when, if you decide to leave as you came, no whisper of what has passed within these walls shall ever be communicated to a living soul."

"I give it. But if I decide to accept, does it mean I have to stay here?"

"It does not. You will be given your own time to make the final decision."

CAPTAIN RORKE, in the leading car, peered anxiously ahead. His former anxiety to avoid Sîwa had been succeeded by a keen desire for a sight of the palm groves and orchards surrounding that towering, rocky fortress town.

He had no personal experience of the country between the camp and the town of Sîwa. True, a road was marked which went through a pass in the mountain ridge to drop down to a fertile oasis. He was doubtful of its character.

The path seemed to terminate at the foot of a jagged precipice cloaked in purple shadow.

Suddenly Ann spoke.

"You know, Paddy," she said, "I am very worried about Lincoln."

Rorke did not reply for a moment; he was having difficulty in sticking to the path, but, the awkward patch negotiated:

"I don't think he's in any danger, if that's what you mean," he replied.

"I'm not sure even about that," said Ann. "But this woman, Paddy! He's mad about her. Who is she? *What* is she?"

"That's a poser, darling. But if she's the woman I met in the train, I can quite understand his frame of mind. Whatever else she is—she's certainly a beauty."

"So you have mentioned before," Ann said tonelessly.

Rorke grinned, staring straight ahead of him, keeping the car at the highest speed possible under the conditions.

Ann was silent for a while. Paddy Rorke's disconcerting frankness on all subjects robbed her of some of the armor which belongs to a pretty girl. She changed the subject.

"Do you think we have really arrived very near to this temple?"

"Yes."

Rorke nodded, wondering what lay ahead, where the path appeared to end.

He had visualized, from the papyrus and his careful work upon a map the Place of the Lamp as a sort of rock temple possibly somewhat similar to that at Deir-el-Bahari; probably hidden by generations of sandstorms, so that only by means of some secret tunnel, known to this mysterious sect could access be obtained to the interior.

The existence of an ancient monastery reputed to be occupied to the present day had given him the idea that there might be some connection between the monks and the hidden temple. At least, they must know of it, and possibly hold the key to its secrets. . . .

Now, staring ahead, he saw that the path which they were following plunged into a high, narrow gorge. It was the pass through the mountains. Beyond was the valley in which lay the Oasis of Sîwa.

And at the moment that he made this discovery, out from the gorge, two by two, came a troop of white, muffled figures riding trotting camels!

"Oh, Paddy," Ann cried—"what's this? Who are they?"

"I don't quite know," Rorke confessed.

He grinned and pulled up.

"Don't worry, Ann," he said. "I understand these local gentry. They probably expect us to pay toll for passing through their territory."

He was staring keenly at the approaching riders. He saw that they were armed with carbines, and now, between the ranks, on a nearly white camel, a man, evidently their leader, raced forward. Having outdistanced the leading pair, he pulled up swiftly and raised his rifle high above his head.

The two lines of camels were checked as if by a single movement. The white camel dropped to the ground and the leader alighted. His rifle slung over his left shoulder, he walked slowly forward towards the stationary car.

He got out, closed the door and walked forward to meet the oncoming man. The second car pulled up ten yards behind. It was backed by two rows of camels. Slim and Stefanson were just getting out.

The riders, judging from their robes and their queer, muffled headdresses, were Berbers. But the leader, now within fifteen paces of Rorke, was of a different type, although he was similarly dressed. He had finely chiseled aquiline features, in a way not unlike those of Mohammed Ahmes Bey. He had a grace and dignity of bearing which spoke of high breeding; and, as the pair came face to face, he raised his right hand in a grave salute. Rorke returned it and they confronted each other.

"*Es-selâm 'aleykûm*," he said, his cold blue eyes fixed upon the man before him.

"With you, too, be health and God's mercy and blessing," the Arab replied in perfect English, his voice quiet and cultured. "If you prefer we converse in Arabic, I am agreeable, but English is your own language, and equally familiar to me."

"INDEED," said Rorke, studying him closely, "I don't doubt it. My name is Rorke—Captain Patrick Rorke."

"I am known as the Sheikh Abdûl el-Mâni. I have certain orders in regard to yourself, Captain Rorke, which I must carry out."

"What are they?"

"Immediately beyond this gorge and on the edge of the Oasis of Siwa, suitable accommodation has been reserved for yourself and your party. I am instructed to conduct you there—to see that everything is done for your comfort."

"You are not acting for the authorities. These men don't belong to the Camel Corps."

"They do not, Captain Rorke." Again the speaker smiled. "They belong to my own corps."

"I don't know who you are," said Rorke; "your name conveys nothing to me. But I do know that this is a holdup."

"On the contrary, it is an invitation to luncheon in a very charming spot."

Rorke surveyed the files of camels ahead; glanced back and saw those behind.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "you will lead the way." . . .

Lincoln Hayes sat in a chair by the window in the cell-like room which had been allotted to him in the monastery. He stared out across the desert, but saw none of it. One observing him must have failed to notice any evidence of change upon that expressionless face. Yet, in the last two hours secrets of nature hidden from common humanity had been laid bare before him.

The original temple, hewn out of the rock of the mountainside, lay far behind the superimposed building of mud bricks; in fact, the early Christian monastery masked the temple of Ammon Ra.

It was entered by means of a formidable stone portcullis, set in a low, dark corridor cut in the rock. Obviously, although it was in working order, the portcullis was Ancient Egyptian in origin. Beyond lay a further stretch of corridor, dimly lighted by oil lamps set in niches in the wall. Then came the great hall, one of the most weird and impressive spectacles upon which Hayes' eyes had ever rested.

In certain respects it resembled the hypostyle hall at Karnak, being surrounded by colonnades of beautifully carved pillars. It was paved with black marble, of which the ceiling, also, appeared to be composed. Although no lamps were visible anywhere in that vast expanse, the place glowed with roseate light resembling the light of dawn. Directly facing him as he entered, following Mohammed Ahmes Bey, he caught sight of black marble steps leading up to a curtain of what appeared to be cloth of gold. The place, cut deep in the heart of the mountain, was silent as a tomb.

"IF I were to draw the veil," said Mohammed Ahmes Bey, his voice booming awesomely about the pillared hall, "you would see the high altar and you would recognize the fact that in all essential respects the temple resembles a modern cathedral. I need not say that the very earliest cathedrals were based upon this plan, for this temple dates back to the time when the Great Pyramid had not yet been commenced."

"I am not allowed, however, to show you the altar nor that which lies behind it. One day, Mr. Hayes, it may be your privilege to see the veil drawn. But I can show you what as a Christian you might term one of the side chapels."

As he turned to follow his impressive guide, whose amazing personality, fight though he would, was beginning to dominate his will, Lincoln Hayes, owing to some change of position, saw that the golden veil which seemed to shimmer and dance in the roseate light bore an emblem faintly traced upon it.

It was the head of a ram.

He looked up above the curtain and saw carved upon a cornice the figure of a bat.

"Our methods should convince you," the Egyptian continued, "that we are no dealers in mumbo-jumbo. The precautions we take to retain our secrets and the ceremonies connected with this temple have a sane and practical purpose. We do not indulge in impressive and mysterious rites, for there would be no one to impress. Only those who wish to share our knowledge and who have been accepted ever enter this building. Access is difficult—but so is access to an explosives works. And there is material here more dangerous, if misused, than any high explosive invented by man."

They entered an arcade of pillars. The carving of some of the capitals was exquisite: nothing surviving in Upper

(Continued on page 55)

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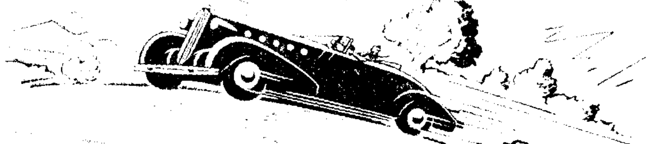

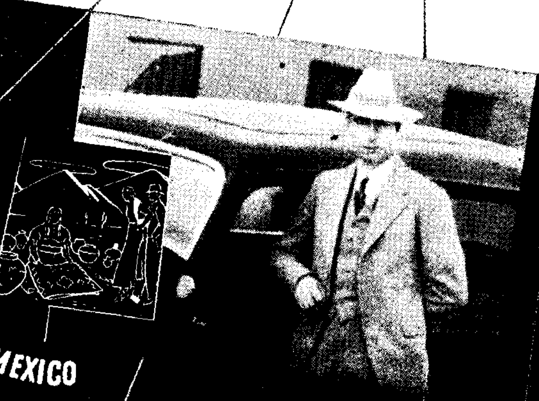

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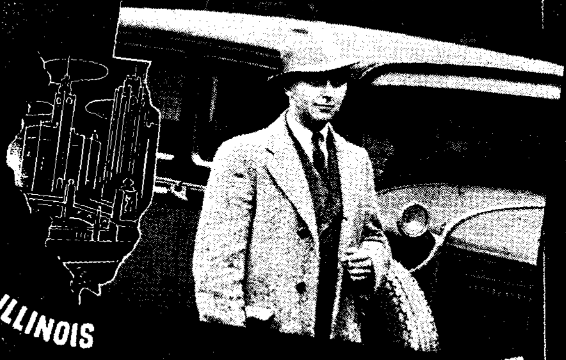
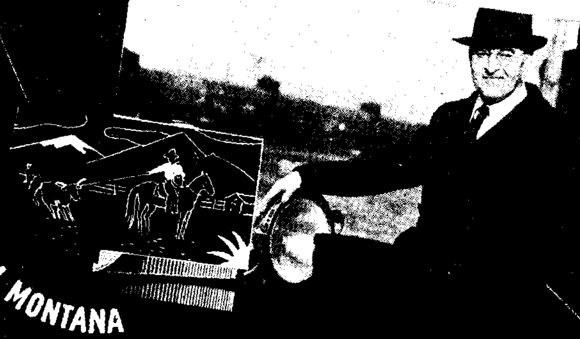


I'M FROM ILLINOIS

● "My Studebaker is five years old. I installed rings, 'Just as good as Perfect Circles.' Oil mileage in time dwindled to a mere 30 to 40 miles to the quart. Last month I bought Perfect Circle '70' and '85' Rings. I now get 150 to 200 miles per quart."
—Charles Planett, 5012 N. Kildare, Chicago, Ill.



I'M FROM MONTANA

● "At 18,000 miles I was using a quart of oil every 125 miles, in my 1931 Graham. Since Perfect Circle '70-85' Piston Rings were installed I drive 1,000 miles without adding any oil. I now have 32,000 miles on my car."
—W. C. Eiden, 215 N. 26th, Billings, Montana

I'M FROM VERMONT

● "This car, equipped with Perfect Circle Rings and Expanders, is used daily in bus service between Burlington and St. Albans, Vt., a total of 1200 miles per week. It used three quarts of oil a day before the installation. Now it will run 900 miles without additional oil."—T. P. Clay, 89 Maple St., Burlington, Vt.

I'M FROM MISSOURI

● "I installed a set of Perfect Circle Rings in my 1929 model Nash. I have driven it 14,000 miles (since the installation) and it has not been necessary to add any oil between changes—and I never change oil under 1,000 miles."
—J. Christiansen, 2006 Locust Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

I'M FROM MARYLAND

● "My rings were worn out in my 1931 Buick, and I had a new set of Perfect Circle Piston Rings installed. My oil mileage was more than doubled. After the ring installation the car worked like new—it had so much more power and pep."
—F. R. Wassell, 863½ W. Lombard, Baltimore, Md.

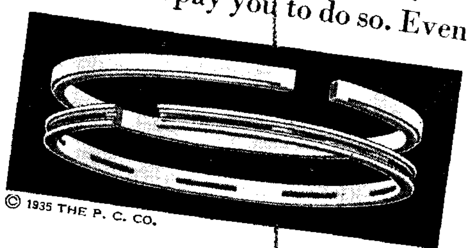
● Users Say "They Restore New Motor Power and Speed . . . Save Gasoline and Oil"

LAST YEAR alone over 57,000,000 Perfect Circle Piston Rings were installed in passenger cars, trucks and tractors.

This outstanding endorsement from automotive manufacturers, repairmen and car owners speaks volumes for the economy and performance of Perfect Circles.

If you have driven your car 20,000 to 25,000 miles, without changing the rings, you may be sure it will pay you to do so. Even an average driver will save $25.00 to $50.00 a year on oil and gasoline—by replacing worn-out rings with the latest Perfect Circles.

Your repairman will make the installation quickly, and you'll thrill to a motor made young again.



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THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANIES
Hagerstown, Ind., U.S.A., and Toronto, Can.

PERFECT CIRCLE *Piston Rings*

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON EXPANDERS
FOR ALUMINUM PISTONS

Whenever a car equipped with aluminum pistons has run 20,000 to 25,000 miles—long enough to need new piston rings—the chances are it also needs Perfect Circle Piston Expanders. These expanders already are giving phenomenal results in hundreds of thousands of cars. They permanently restore the fit of your old pistons and stop piston slap.

The Bat Flies Low

Continued from page 52

Egypt could compare with their beauty. In a small square chamber permeated by the same rosy light, three heavy chests, their lids decorated with intricate patterns, stood against one wall. They were apparently of solid brass, or so appeared to Lincoln Hayes, until something softer in the texture of the metal disclosed to his amazed senses *that they were of solid gold!*

Mohammed Ahmes Bey raised the lid of one of the chests. It proved to contain a number of rolls of papyrus, neatly arranged in a cedar-wood rack.

"These three chests," he said, "contain the first copy made in the days of Seti I of the Book of the Laws, to which later writers refer as the Book of Thoth. The second copy is in another room. A chapter of this recently was stolen . . . but it is now restored."

As they passed out into the Great Hall:

"May I ask," said Lincoln Hayes, the echo of his own voice almost alarming him, "if this light is produced by . . ." he hesitated, "the means I had hoped to discover?"

"Yes." Mohammed Bey inclined his head. "Its full magnitude is so great as to induce blindness."

"How is the power produced?"

"By the sun."

"Do you mean there are no engines, no dynamos?"

"None. Only the Lamps. I will show you. Please follow."

THEY crossed to the other side of the hall, and entered a chamber similar to that which contained the three golden chests. Here, on a long shelf, stood a row of lamps, identical in construction with the Hayes Lamp so recently destroyed in the Metropolitan Museum; except that these specimens were obviously perfect!

"You are naturally interested in the lamps." Mohammed Ahmes Bey took one up. "This is not, as you might suppose, of incalculable age; it was made quite recently. The original lamps, of which all others are models are now, *for practical purposes, useless.*" He touched the queer-looking tripod. "This lamp can produce light of three million candle-power! It induces instantaneous blindness; the blindness lasts for only a few minutes, however, in most cases. I employed a lamp, though not of this pattern, when I intruded upon your hospitality in New York, Mr. Hayes."

"You mean," Hayes spoke hesitantly, "it wasn't darkness that came?"

"No, it was light—insupportable light."

Mohammed Ahmes Bey replaced the lamp with the others upon the shelf.

"I can tell you no more now. It is not permissible that I should do so."

He took up a small ivory box and opened it, revealing an interior empty except for three strands of wire, stretched at irregular intervals across the interior of the box.

"Here is another secret of those forgotten people which would, if I permitted its use, at once supersede your latest developments in radio, and at the same time render further experiments in television unnecessary. I may add that that outstanding genius of your nation, the late Thomas Edison, was approaching strangely near to this at the time of his death."

"Suppose he had reached it?" Hayes asked dryly.

"Steps would have been taken to assist him in perfecting it. Because, if it had been written, as the Arabs say, that he should discover it, it had also been written that mankind was ready to receive it."

He drew a heavy black curtain across the opening. The effect was surprising. Not a speck of light was now visible in the apartment!

"I am going to ask you," the deep voice continued, "to rest your hand here, upon the closed lid of the box, and *to think of any scene—you need not tell* me of what you are thinking—that you would care to witness. When you are ready—raise the lid."

And in the uncanny silence of that mountain temple, that place more ancient than anything he had ever conceived to exist, Lincoln Hayes suddenly knew an intense desire for the human racket of Broadway, for the sound of motorcars, the sight of tall buildings, throngs of busy citizens on the sidewalks.

He raised the lid.

And in the very moment that he did so it seemed to him that one wall of the apartment had dissolved . . . and he was looking out upon Broadway!

There was a traffic jam. He could see a hundred cars, hear the bombilation of a thousand engines; hear the voices of the passers-by—every word they said! There was a newsstand not three paces from where he stood. He knew it—and knew the attendant! The roar of the great thoroughfare was deafening—astounding, crashing in upon the intense silence of a moment before. It was evening, and lights were just beginning to peep out from windows climbing high up into a leaden sky. A slight drizzle of rain was falling. Then, as he watched, a man bought a newspaper. Standing apparently directly in front of him, back turned, he began to read the first page.

In heavy type across the page ran the headline: Lincoln Hayes Disappears in Desert!

His nerves, all but unshakable, were shaken. He dropped the lid. Darkness. Complete silence. Then he heard the sound of a curtain being drawn, and rosy light crept again into the chamber. *He clenched his teeth and, turning,* stared at Mohammed Ahmes Bey.

"You say that Edison was on the track of this?"

"He was. A famous English firm, some twenty years ago, also approached nearer than they knew to the secret of the Lamp. Although, Mr. Hayes, everything which is unknown seems to be magical, these are merely inventions of a very advanced people—practically all other traces of whom have been lost. The fabulous wealth of the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, regarded as a myth of the ancients, actually lies in the vault below. . . ."

HE HAD ultimately returned in a frame of mind unlike any he had ever known. Now he stared out across the desert with unseeing eyes. One of the last questions which he had put to Mohammed Ahmes Bey, or the strange man whom he knew by that name, recurred now to his mind.

"Suppose I were to tell the world what you have told me?"

"I assure you, Mr. Hayes, that you will not do so."

"You don't mean that you intend to detain me?"

"On the contrary, you may leave whenever you please."

And now, powerful though those strange memories were, something that was happening out there on the desert drew his mind back to the present.

(Continued on page 56)

WILLIAMS
SHAVING CREAM

3043 HOURS OF SHAVING

BUT YOU CAN REDUCE THIS TIME

Let's say it takes ten minutes to lather your face, shave, clean your razor. If you do that daily from the age of twenty to seventy, it totals 3,043 hours—more than 125 days and nights.

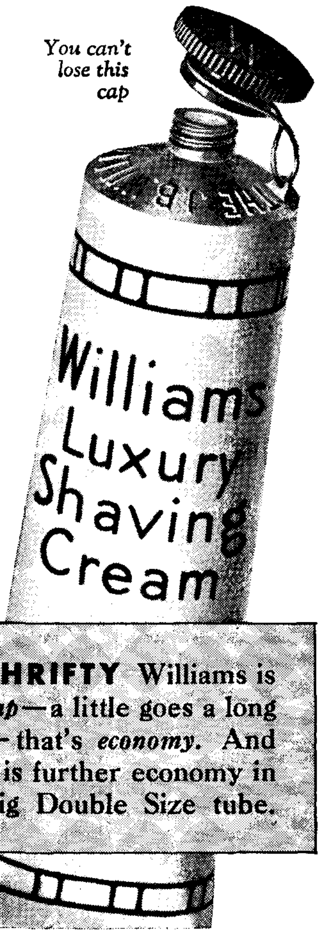
Save some of this precious time by using Williams Shaving Cream. It's quicker in working up a lather—in softening your beard. And the fine white lather stays moist, so you don't have to keep dabbing your face. Moreover, a little Williams Shaving Cream goes so far it's *truly economical.*

Use Williams! You'll save time and money every morning of your life—and keep your face in fit condition.

And after every shave, whether with Williams Luxury Shaving Cream; Glider, the Williams Brushless Shave—or anything else—a dash of Aqua Velva, the scientific after-shaving preparation.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams



Shaving Cream

BE THRIFTY Williams is *all soap*—a little goes a long way—that's *economy.* And there is further economy in the big Double Size tube.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CT., U. S. A.
LaSalle, MONTREAL, Canada

THE FIRST FOLDING CAMERA for $1.

Univex DOES IT AGAIN

New One Dollar Univex takes Million Dollar Pictures

● Here's news . . . the new folding Univex is out . . . flashing across the country like a comet in the sky . . . leaving a bright path of delight and popularity behind it.

It's modern . . . streamlined for vest pocket or handbag. It's beautiful . . . four smart colors or black. It's efficient . . . a hand-polished lens assures crystal clear pictures — snaps or time exposures. It's inexpensive . . . $1 to start and only 10c a roll for film — cheap to develop, too.

These sensationally low prices for quality cameras and film were made possible by the company that produces more cameras a year than any other manufacturer in the world.

FILM FITS BOTH CAMERAS 6 SHOTS 10¢
Univex ULTRACHROME
ACTUAL SIZE

Get one today at your drug, stationery or dept. store or send stamps or money order to Universal Camera Corp., 40 West 23rd St., New York.

The Great UNIVEX PHOTO CONTEST

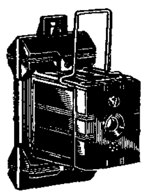
$5000.00 IN CASH!

● For 4 months, starting May 15th, 1935, $5000.00 in cash and many other valuable awards will be made by the manufacturers of Univex for good photos.

This contest is open to all except our own employees. The rules of the contest are generous and allow an equal chance to everyone. Your photos may win valuable awards. And you will enjoy the thrill of taking pictures that have a good chance of winning.

Get ready to enter this interesting $5000.00 Univex Photo Contest as soon as it starts. Ask your local drug, stationery or department store, or write us for the contest rules today. (Photos not entered according to the rules will not be considered.) Then snap your way toward a handsome award!

Univex pictures enlarge beautifully



THE 39c CAMERA THAT THRILLED A NATION

Over 2,000,000 people have already discovered the joys of Univex photography through this amazing little camera. It has clicked its way to fame by taking crystal clear pictures in the hands of young and old alike. Get one today. Take all the pictures you like. Enlarge your favorites. And you will still have plenty of coins for the "pig bank" on the mantel.

UNIVERSAL CAMERA CORP., 40 WEST 23RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from page 55)

A party of men moved slowly along the track towards the monastery!

Hayes stood up, turned and from the table took up his glasses. He stepped to the window again and focussed them. The shadows of high rocks were trailing out across the sands; their peaks presented a pink color, becoming deep violet at the base.

He focussed his glasses upon the path along which these antlike figures moved. It was curiously patched and striated with shadow. Nevertheless, he presently succeeded in picking out the party.

It consisted of two men, one tall, black-robed and white-turbaned, undoubtedly an Egyptian; the other an Arab dressed in a striped *gibbeh* and wearing a tarbûsh wound around with a blue scarf. They were carrying a litter. He was unable to see the face of whoever lay upon it.

"SUCH occasions become more and more rare," said Mohammed Bey, who had unexpectedly entered, "but today we have been called upon to maintain our ancient reputation for hospitality. A sick traveler has just been carried in."

"Saw them coming, miles off," Lincoln Hayes replied, "but couldn't get a glimpse of the sufferer."

"It is one of your own countrymen, Mr. Hayes, who has no knowledge of such traveling, and has been rash enough to venture out into the desert with a very inadequate party and equipment. He is, I fear, dangerously ill."

Lincoln Hayes became deeply interested.

"What name?" he asked.

"I understand from the physician who is now attending to him that his mind is wandering somewhat. I have sent someone to inquire from the Egyptian who was apparently acting as guide, for further particulars. But the interesting point, Mr. Hayes"—those strange eyes, now clearly luminous in the shadows of the room, were fixed upon him—"is this. He has several times mentioned your name."

"My name?"

"Yes. I rather gather that he knows you."

"Shall I see him?"

"I should be grateful if you would. He presents all the appearance of being *in extremis*."

"I take it very few Americans ever penetrate here?"

"Very few."

"It isn't Stefanson?" Hayes suggested, a sudden note of anxiety in his voice.

Mohammed Ahmes Bey gravely shook his head.

"I am acquainted with Mr. Stefanson," he replied, "and the sick traveler bears no resemblance to him. In fact, Mr. Hayes, you need be in no anxiety respecting the other members of your party. Accept my assurance that they are safe and well cared for. If you will excuse me I will send someone to lead the way."

Mohammed Ahmes Bey withdrew, and Lincoln Hayes stood, hands in pockets, peering out of the window.

His position with regard to Hatasu had been made perfectly clear. The way it involved was a hard way indeed; the price of her love was a price few men would consent to pay. But now that he had known her kisses, could still feel her soft arms clinging about him, he knew that there was no price too high.

A momentary hope, that it would be Hatasu who would come to guide him to the sick traveler, died as quickly as it had been born. He must face the fact, the desolating fact, that he had not one chance in a thousand of ever seeing Hatasu again, unless he said the words which would cut him off from the world of men for at least a year, perhaps in a sense forever. It would mean that for the whole of his life he must be prepared to carry out the wishes of the master of the strangest community, and the oldest, in the history of mankind.

He tried to wrench his mind clear of those sweet longings only obtainable by dint of a struggle which might prove too great even for his own inflexible purpose.

The American traveler. . . . He tried to concentrate upon the mystery of a sick man's presence in that spot. And, doing so, suddenly he remembered that unexplained episode of their first night in the desert—the disturbance by a human footstep of the silence of the mountainside; his climb with Hassan ès-Sugra to the crest—the sight of the distant light. . . .

This must be the man whose camp Hassan secretly had visited later the same night, and the tall Egyptian whom he had seen through his glasses in the distance, carrying the head of the litter, must be Abdûl Baruch, the Cairo dragoman.

So he reasoned, for he thought it improbable that two parties should have decided at the same time to pursue a route so strange and profitless, unless, of course, the dragoman had lost the way and the original objective of the expedition had been the Oasis of Sîwa. Yes, that was possible. . . .

A monk (whose head, however, was not shaven but who wore the rough woollen garments of the Order) entered, bowed and smiled.

"Lead on," said Lincoln Hayes. "I am ready."

The man was obviously not an Egyptian—indeed, as Hayes saw after a momentary scrutiny, was not an Oriental at all.

"I have outlived my vow of silence, Mr. Hayes," he said, speaking English with a faint accent, "so I may have the pleasure of conversing with you."

Lincoln Hayes started. It was the first time he had heard one of these strange men speak.

"Thank you," he said, "I am glad."

"I am by profession a physician, and the condition of the patient, whose name I do not know at present, quite frankly surprises me. But he has several times pronounced your name. Will you please follow?"

THEY went along the wide corridor which Lincoln Hayes so well remembered, which, indeed, he could never forget. At the end they turned left and descended a long flight of steps. Here they turned right and entered a similar corridor which, he roughly estimated, ran immediately under that above. It was empty from end to end, but at a door corresponding to that of his own apartment on the floor above, the monk who was a physician paused, opened the door, and beckoned to Hayes to enter.

He found himself in a room almost identical with that which he had left. It was empty, but the physician beckoned to him to follow into the sleeping-room. He did so, walking very quietly.

On the bed, a blanket drawn over him, lay a thin, pale man, whose features it was difficult to discern owing to the deep shadow in the room. But at the moment that Lincoln Hayes entered:

"Mr. Hayes, sir," came a faint voice, "this has been a bad break for me. But I must say, I have the most wonderful luck. I start to die in the middle of the desert, and I'm right outside a first-class hotel. . . . Sir, I'm real glad to see you."

The traveler was Mr. Mick.

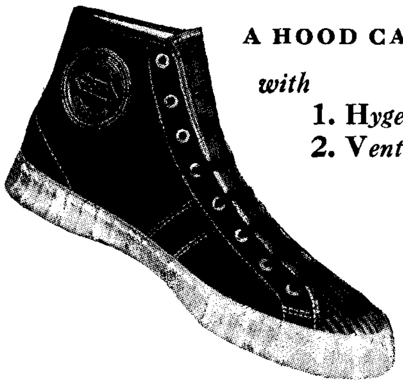
(To be continued next week)

Your Boy takes 22,000* steps a day IN HIS CANVAS SHOES

*By actual pedometer test.

DON'T PUT HIM IN CANVAS SHOES OF QUESTIONABLE VALUE... MAKE SURE OF QUALITY AS WELL AS PRICE

In buying canvas shoes, price is important, of course. But what you get for the price is more important. Cut-price sneakers are usually of questionable value. But notice the features you get in the Hood Canvas Shoe *even at low prices!*

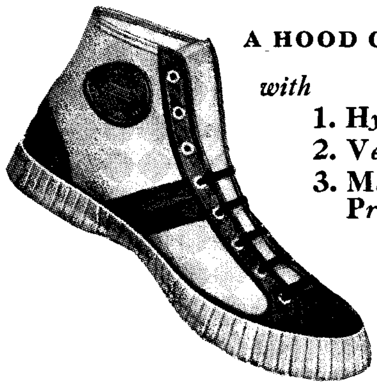


A HOOD CANVAS SHOE

with

1. Hygeen Insole
2. Ventilated Uppers

79¢

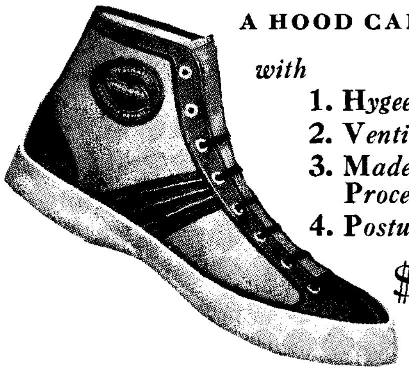


A HOOD CANVAS SHOE

with

1. Hygeen Insole
2. Ventilated Uppers
3. Made by Xtrulock Process

98¢



A HOOD CANVAS SHOE

with

1. Hygeen Insole
2. Ventilated Uppers
3. Made by Xtrulock Process
4. Posture Foundation

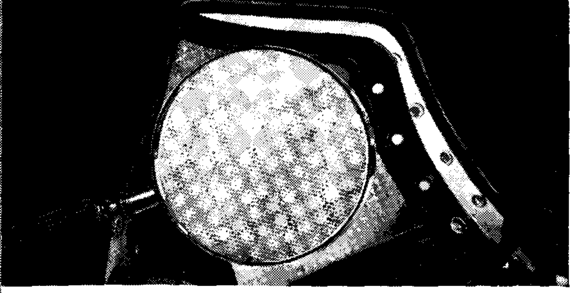
$1.49

1. GREEN HYGEEN INSOLE

prevents excessive perspiration odor and unpleasant "sneaker" smell.

2. VENTILATED UPPERS

Patent No. 1949159



permit fresh air to reach the feet—keep them cool and dry.

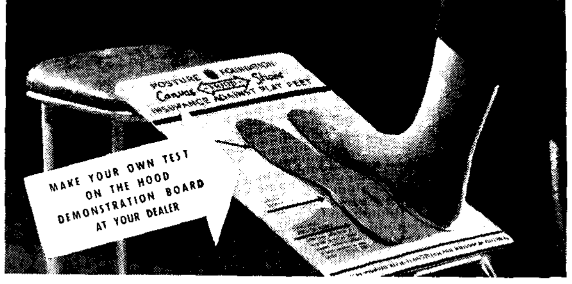
3. PATENTED XTRULOCK PROCESS

Patent No. 1658565

No seams to chafe feet or wear out stockings—no stitches to break.

4. POSTURE FOUNDATION

Pat. No. 1938127

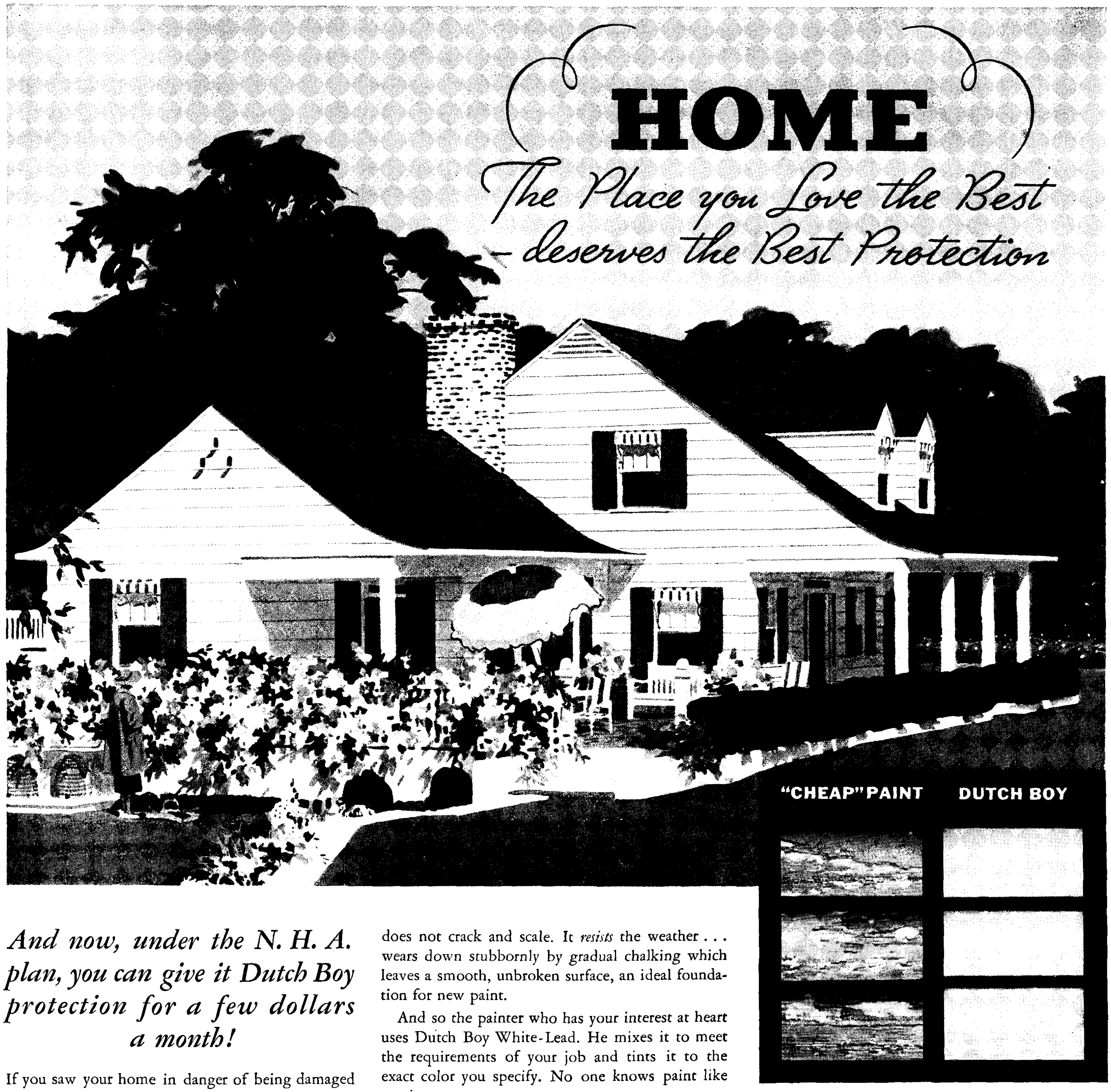

POSTURE FOUNDATION CANVAS SHOE INSURANCE AGAINST FLAT FEET
MAKE YOUR OWN TEST ON THE HOOD DEMONSTRATION BOARD AT YOUR DEALER

provides insurance against flat feet and gives added foot support.

HOOD

FULL VALUE DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY, INC., WATERTOWN, MASS.



After 1½ Years

Cost $110. Now the paint must be burned and scraped off at $60 more. Total, $170, or $113 per year. And on top of all that there's another extra to pay for, the additional cost of a new priming coat.

After 4 Years

Exposed, like the "cheap" paint job, to severe northern New York winters. Cost $120, or $30 per year to date, and still less as time goes on. No new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.

And now, under the N. H. A. plan, you can give it Dutch Boy protection for a few dollars a month!

If you saw your home in danger of being damaged you'd rush to protect it, of course. But do you, yourself, *invite* damage...unwittingly? Invite it by choosing "cheap" paint? Not realizing how soon "cheap" paint will fail?

Look at the left-hand photo, an actual section from a house whose owner just a short time ago thought he was saving money.

See how the "cheap" paint has gone to pieces... cracked and scaled . . . after a few months. Now it must be burned and scraped off. And that calls for an extra coat in repainting. That's why you find "cheap" paint so costly.

Dutch Boy, on the other hand, does not crack and scale. It *resists* the weather . . . wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface, an ideal foundation for new paint.

And so the painter who has your interest at heart uses Dutch Boy White-Lead. He mixes it to meet the requirements of your job and tints it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

Paint Now . . . Use the N. H. A.

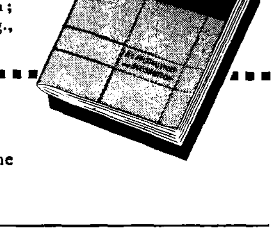
Under the National Housing Act, you can paint without ready cash. The monthly payments are surprisingly small. But whether you use the Government plan or not, send for our free booklet which tells how to modernize with paint and what to look for when buying a paint job. Included are clear and explicit directions for arranging a painting loan. Send the coupon for *The House We Live In,* today. Address Department 159, in care of the nearest branch listed at right.

DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

Good Paint's Other Name

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 West Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 4th Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Department 159
Address: (*See list of branches*)

Please send me your free booklet "The House We Live In."

*Name*______________________________

*Address*____________________________

The Champ's Place

Continued from page 16

chairs were so heavy they couldn't be moved, let alone used for hurling purposes. Dempsey not only looks after the moral atmosphere of his establishment but he keeps an eagle eye on the food. He takes visitors out to see the kitchen.

"See," he says, pointing to the steaming pots and running his hands tenderly through the shelled peas. "Everything fresh. Nothing left over from the day before. Look here in the ice box. Everything fresh. Just came in this morning. I examine everything in the place before we open up for the day. I don't want anybody sore."

"And you can go down to the packing house and pick your own meats—know what's good and what's bad?"

"Yes, sir," says Dempsey earnestly. "Why, we've always been in this business, my family."

"The butcher business?"

"The restaurant business," says Dempsey. "My grandfather ran a tavern in Virginia. We had a little eating place in Colorado ourselves. It wasn't much of a place but we had it. And I've had a hotel in Los Angeles for years. . . . The Barbara." This is very bewildering to the old-timers who knew John L. Sullivan. He wasn't like Tom Sharkey and he wasn't like Jack Dempsey. He didn't know a can of corn from a leg of lamb but he always had people in his restaurant.

Defenseless

The trouble was that he never wanted to let anybody buy anything. If anybody should happen to break through and put a little money in the till, John L. would be around later in the evening to gather in the day's receipts. When he got them, he headed for Koster and Bial's Music Hall, with half the town behind him. He gave away fortunes in his lifetime and died a poor man.

On his world tour with Muldoon, he got off the train at Chicago and saw a man he recognized on the station platform.

"You see that fellow over there," he said to Muldoon. "He owes me money."

"Why don't you go over and get it?" asked Muldoon.

John L. went over and started talking to the man while Muldoon watched them. After a minute, Muldoon could see the man taking a letter out of his pocket and showing it to John L.

"Ugh-uh," said Muldoon to himself, knowing the worst.

John L. came over to speak to him.

"I suppose you got the money," said Muldoon sourly.

"Billy," said John L., "this is one of the most pitiful cases I have ever heard tell of and I will be obliged to you if you will let me have two hundred dollars. The poor fellow's wife is gettin' an operation in the marnin'."

The nearest approach to Dempsey in the restaurant business was Jim Corbett. He was in it for years and attended to business. His place had a good reputation and he was personally on the spot protecting his investment. As a matter of fact, none of the fighters ever had their own restaurants; they were backed by syndicates, just as Dempsey is now backed. They sometimes were paid merely to show their faces around the saloon and had no stake in the venture beyond their weekly salary. Bob Fitzimmons was used as a freak rather than a business partner. A saloon in Jersey City had a sign in the window: *Come in and shake hands with Bob Fitzimmons, world's champion.* He stood up against the bar and allowed the populace to gaze upon his curious features.

The wine business is picking up at Dempsey's.

"About fifty-fifty now, liquor and food, and the wine business is growing all the time," says Dempsey. "We never have any trouble in the place. If some of them get a little tight, they may come up and want me to tell them about the long count in Chicago but mostly they want a menu autographed or something like that. It's all right; I like it. That's what I'm here for. We don't get the bums. Beer, fifteen cents; that keeps out the truck drivers."

Jim Corbett did the same thing in his day. Beer, ten cents; whisky, fifteen. There was almost a riot and he lost some popularity he never recovered. John L. came into the Corbett restaurant one night and bellowed: "Where's the bum who runs this joint?" He was tight and at the very best he had no use for Corbett, who had taken away his crown in New Orleans. Jim came out from a back room and said to John L.: "We're always glad to have gentlemen here but when they turn out not to be gentlemen, we have to ask them to leave." The friends with Sullivan got him away before the place was turned into a second battle of Antietam.

The ventures weren't always successful, and one of the most amazing failures was that of Terry McGovern and Sam L. Harris, the present theatrical manager. It looked to be a perfect set-up, but the populace stayed away in such numbers that McGovern got weary of standing before the bar and seeing only one face in the mirror—his own—and closed the flop up. Kid McCoy was generally regarded as a tough egg and one of the cruelest fighters that ever climbed in the ring, but he had great success as a restaurateur. Since he would as soon knock your eye out as look at you, he was not bothered by the gay college boys who used to turn Jack's into a slaughterhouse on a football Saturday night.

Jack Sharkey has a tavern in Boston which is more along the line of the old drink stations and it is likely that there will be other popular sporting figures back in the business if it threatens to be popular, but the new ones will perhaps be nearer the model of the Dempsey venture than the old rowdy joints. The ancient gentlemen who hang around Madison Square Garden across the street are not pleased by the new trend.

"You mean Jack's little tea shoppe over there!" they demand. "You should have seen John L. when he had the place with Eddie Gorman, who played ball with John McGraw on the old Baltimore Orioles. That was a place for you."

Unanswerable

That was the business which John L. surrendered after an economic argument which has defied refutation to the present day. He got sore at Gorman and said he was through.

"But you can't quit, John," said Mr. Gorman. "You owe me $1,800."

"That's just the point," said John L. "I got to quit. I can't afford to owe you any more."

But Dempsey is not worried about the past or the future.

"I'm right here; I'm staying here," he says. "I like the business and I got a lot of my own money in it. This is the way I'm keeping my family."

You see him there, immaculate in his evening clothes, when you go out and rescue your coat and hat from the same hat-check girl who dazzled you when you came in. Up front, dressed in the costume of a faithful servitor before the portals of a colonial mansion, stands a colored doorman. Outside, there is another ornately attired doorman.

This is generally the last straw with the ancient gentlemen who knew the original Peter Jackson and were present in Richburg, Mississippi, on the day when Jake Kilrain fought 75 rounds with John L. Sullivan.

"I suppose you have to get a letter from your pastor or something to get in," they say caustically. "The only thing you had to do down at Tom Sharkey's was push them swinging doors and go right in. You might come out on the back of your neck later on, but nobody ever stopped you for a reservation when you were going in. Pretty soon you'll have to get an appointment to buy a stein of beer."

The Cloakroom Crew

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

The Doorman

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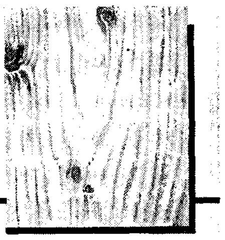

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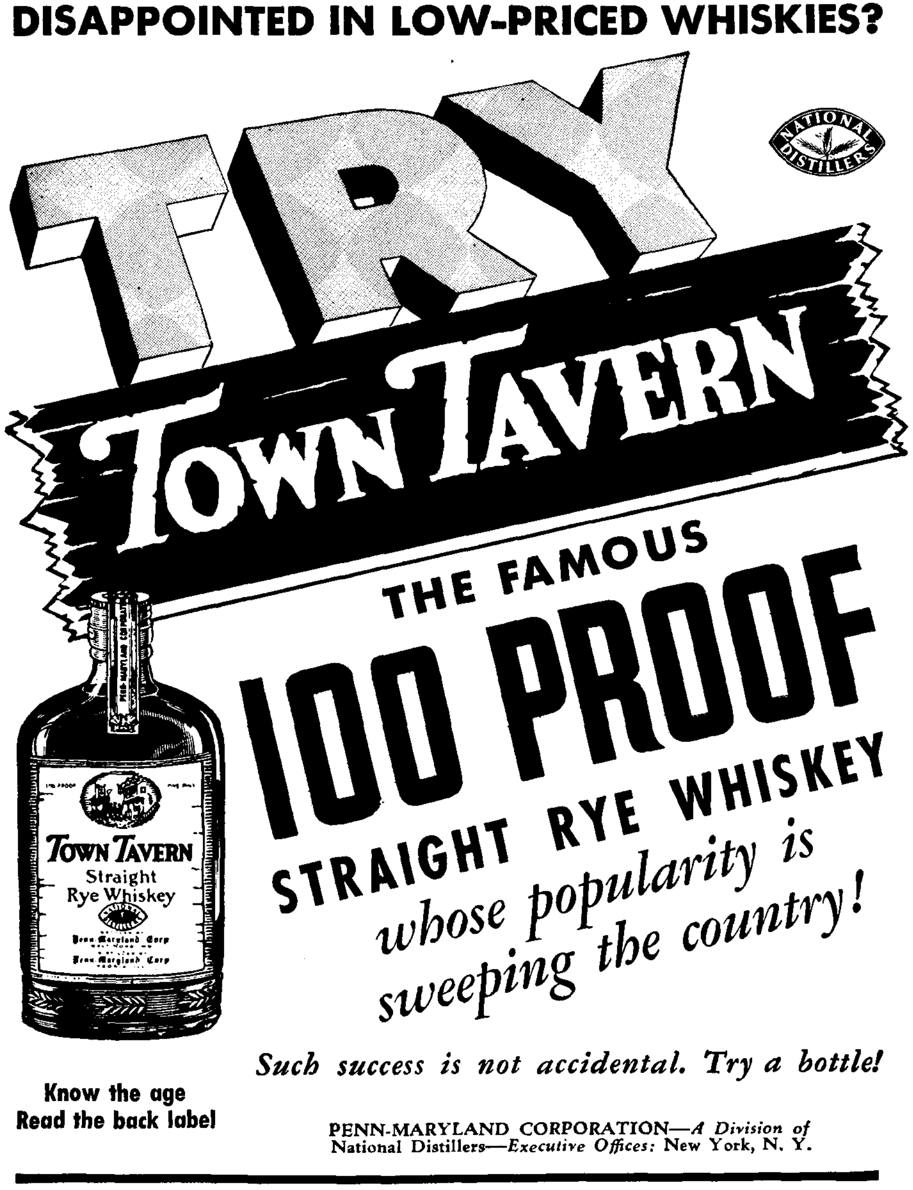
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The New America

Continued from page 8

embodying his peculiar brand of impatient suggestion. Will Rogers, after his contribution to the World Court defeat, was comparatively in the background. I remember him years ago, chewing gum, playing his lasso and delivering wisecracks on the London music-hall stage. Slowly but steadily he had roped and chewed his way to become the supreme exponent of what we call the dry negative humor of the American intelligence.

Laughter Without Light

The first of his contributions to the national thought that I encountered on my arrival was concerned with the world problem of money. Money, he said, "has them all buffaloed." Three things the boys could never figure out—women, horse-racing and money. That was all the oracle had to say in the matter. The dry, humorous type of American intelligence guffaws sagely and leaves it at that. And yet something has to be done about money. Presumably by somebody else—who will be wisecracked and chewed at, whatever he attempts.

I listened in to Father Coughlin at the first opportunity and heard him, with a very carefully sustained Irish accent and manifest reverence for his own persuasions, unfold a vague, pretentious demand for a new Declaration of Independence, the liberation of the country from "the Baruchs" and "the Morgans," and the "foreign influences," whom, it seems, he holds responsible for the present discomforts of America. Incitement to hostile action against the rich, mingled with demands that the people control their own money. Week by week Father Coughlin is disseminating the idea that economic confusion and want are the deliberate work of bankers and foreign influences, to tens of millions of eager but ill-informed hearers; his xenophobic suggestions might be very easily tuned to the discomfort of the Jews, but his concrete proposals are of the flimsiest. The empty poverty of his method, considered in relation to his undeniably immense popularity, was a disconcerting symptom to a visitor who still hoped to find in America a practical and moral constructive lead for the rest of the world.

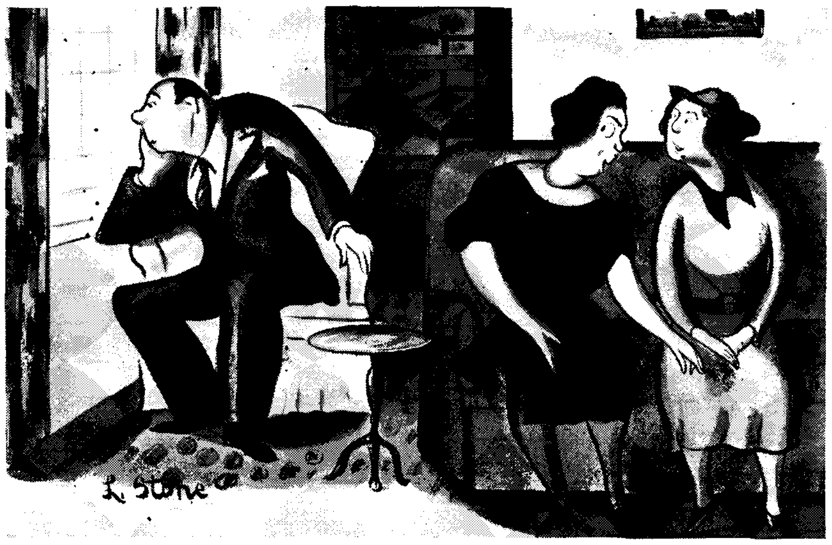
I visited Huey Long in the Senate office building and had an interesting talk. He is much more definite in his proposals than the radio priest, but, if anything, cruder. He proposes to tax or confiscate away all the large fortunes and distribute the proceeds. Americans respond to this idea by the millions, just as they respond to the delightful proposal of Doctor Townsend that everybody over sixty should be restrained from labor, given two hundred dollars a month, to be raised by a general tax on transactions, and be obliged on oath, under penalties, to spend it all within thirty days.

Senator Long had recently taken advantage of the polemics of General Johnson to broadcast his conception through the states, and the reception has been favorable enough to make many people who hitherto dismissed him as an adventurer and mountebank take him seriously as a possible presidential candidate. I found his rooms in a state of excited activity; groups of political workers and visitors in the anteroom and in the passage outside; five or six typists clattering busily in the middle apartment, which was ankle-deep in envelopes and paper, and the new great man himself busily gesticulating to two grave business men about some matter of baseball organization, in his sanctum.

Nothing could have been in greater contrast to the Elysian calm in which I later encountered Senator Borah. Long's genial manner of greeting, his method of expressing himself—he shifts from chair to chair and likes the "close up"—reminded me of the British Winston Churchill. He is like a Winston Churchill who has never been at Harrow. He abounds in promises and is capable, I suspect, of the same political versatility.

Long Lad from Louisiana

I am less impressed by his proposals and his recitals of the good things he has done for Louisiana—he gave me his book about himself and his early deeds—than by the fact that he is personally very attractive, with the knack of being interesting, very energetic and, for a prominent political figure, extremely young. It is becoming usual to say of him that he will "go far," and, just in the early forties, he has a reasonable expectation of years ahead to do it in. He has impressed those who know him intimately by a sudden leap from—how shall I put it?—frequently lively alcoholic animation to an absolute temperance. His knowledge is limited, his mental movements swift and undisciplined, his ideas and outlook on the world that of a rather backward Southern Baptist, but, on the whole, I



"He's quiet these days, but he talked *me* into marrying him"

LAURENCE STONE

have to admit that I agree that for some time he is likely to remain an important voice in the current readjustment of America.

Some people imagine a kind of parallelism between Long and Hitler, but I found little in common between them except a certain mental crudity. Hitler talks crude Germanism, which embodies all that is wrong in the popular history and political thought of Germany; and Long talks crude, Southern poor-white Americanism, which embodies all that is wrong in the education of a Southern American Baptist. But the German brand of popular poison is profoundly different from the American. There is no Brown House, no senile President, and no powerful dispossessed military class in the American picture. Long can excite and gather a crowd, but he cannot organize it into any imitation of the Brown Shirts. Every demagogue is the creature of his crowd and the American crowd is quite unlike any crowd in Europe.

Just exactly what weight all these raucous voices in the American spectacle carry is very difficult to determine. They are ignorantly anti-cosmopolitan, they are economically distributionist, and they have that debtor mentality which drives towards hasty unplanned monetary inflation. But it may be a mistake to add the millions who follow Long to the millions who follow Coughlin and the millions who follow Doctor Townsend and the millions who respond to the Utopianism of Mr. Upton Sinclair. These may be extensively overlapping crowds and, when it comes to an electoral test, it may be found that they are less numerically important than their present extreme audibility suggests. Yet I do not think it possible to minimize the significance of their voices as an intimation of a widespread discontent and discomfort, and of an impatient preparedness for sweeping changes in the great masses of the American population. These masses were ready and eager for a New Deal; the actual New Deal has not gone far enough and fast enough for them, and that is what the shouting is about. They want to know why, and so far it is none but the raucous voices that have undertaken to tell them. In a little while they may be demanding not a New Deal, but a new sort of game.

Silence is No Answer

The more ominous thing in the contemporary American situation is not what these raucous voices say, but much more what is said against them and still more what is *not* said by way of a reply. I am not so much impressed by what Senator Long or Father Coughlin asserts and suggests as by the unsubstantial weakness of those who would oppose and discredit them. If the inferior voices, so to speak, are raucous and vague, the superior voices seem to me to be thin and even less explicit than the crowd shouters, and, moreover, contradictory to an extreme degree.

Now, when I visited Washington a year ago (April, 1934) there seemed to me to be the clear promise of an unprecedented creative effort in American affairs. I was enormously impressed by the personality and fine mental quality of the President, and by the implication conveyed by such a phrase as the Brain Trust. The available intelligence of America I assumed was to be drawn together into a synthesis of understanding. That was seeing things hopefully, but I do not think it was a vision of impossible things. I did think that America was about to be made over, with its eyes open, into a more rational social order; the New Deal was to be a deliberately replanned America, and the convergence of minds about the White House was to produce a clarified American Idea, a guiding quintessence of strong, clear thought which could be imparted by press and radio to a ready, sympathetic, intelligent and willing people. The President, with that peculiar effect of observant detachment of his, was nothing of a dictator, but instead a responsible and synthesizing intelligence, a guide, the elected decision-maker whose decisions would become more and more purposive and consistent and more and more readily translated by Senate and House into act and reality, as this essential American mentality grew clear.

After which it was a considerable anticlimax to come across a particularly windy Atlantic from war-stirred Europe and hear America thinking aloud in the person of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin.

The Busted Brain

Nobody now, I found, has anything very much to say about the Brain Trust. That was last year's fashion and old clothes. The crystal had not crystallized. That constellation had dispersed. Some of its former stars had risen and some declined. Some who had been most ready to tell me all about it a year before had vanished. The New Deal—the National Industrial Recovery Act, that is to say—and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration had been working for a year, and any number of people were prepared to tell me how well it had worked in detail, and how badly it had worked in detail. And if I had even attempted to read and digest the reports and the masses of figures that were put before me with an unrestrained generosity, I should have changed into a helplessly distended bluebook and become silent forever. But that axis of strong, clear thought which I had hoped to find, that lucid, guiding outline of the relations of America to its future and the world, I found hadn't appeared—not even in the White House.

The United States as a community, as a mind, has no more idea how it stands to world politics, how it stands to economic development in general and what it means to do about money and finance, than it did in 1934. On the whole, the American mind is less disposed to come down to elements now than it was then. That seems to me to be the loss of a very crucial piece of time.

I had a quite extraordinary conversation with a group of government administrators who had agreed to answer questions and tell me things round a lunch table. I assumed they constituted a team, working toward a common end, and as I had no idea of what that common end was currently supposed to be, my questions were of the most elementary kind. I asked what sort of new America they supposed they were bringing into being. Was it a "small man" democracy? Did they figure its future as President Roosevelt had figured it—as a wide land of small independent homesteads, farms and business, protected forever from fusion and large collective operations by anti-trust laws? Or did they see it as a great and highly organized and mechanized economic system in which the individual would be like a cog on a wheel meshing at last with all the world? Or did they see their work as essentially salvage and restoration? Were they trying to put America back to the confidence and vigor of eight or ten years ago, with, perhaps, a few new checks on human weakness in the way of world banking and bankruptcy laws and a certain mitigation of labor conditions—and then begin again on the old competitive profit-seeking lines? Here were three widely diver-

(*Continued on page 62*)

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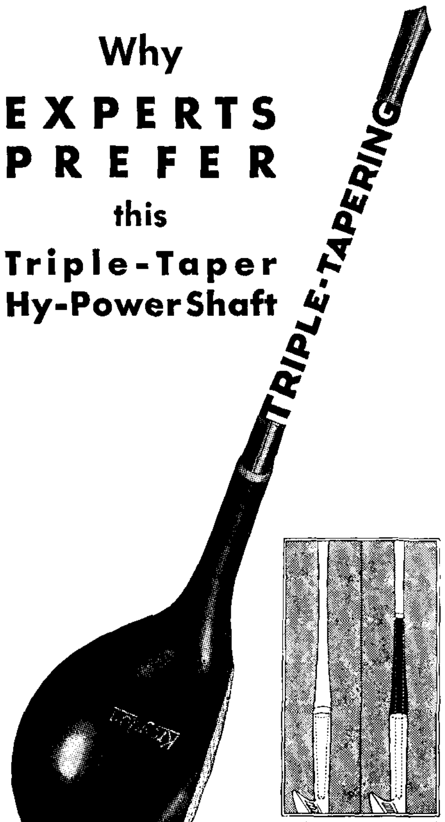

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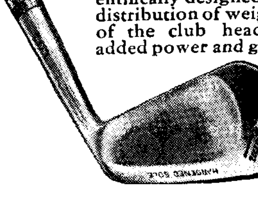

Kroydon
CLUBS
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(*Continued from page* 61)

gent and mutually incomparable lines of advance. Upon which were they advancing?

It was astonishing to realize that even this primary decision has not yet been made. These three main objectives were *all* in evidence and in addition there were, so to speak, intercalary activities mystically going two ways, east and west, at once. I doubt if these busy, responsible men were in the habit of discussing the general scheme, the strategic conception, of the New Deal together. They may have been in the earlier stages of the New Deal, but I suppose they had all said what they had to say to one another in the way of fundamental views long ago. They had done little in the way of assimilation. They had grown accustomed to the inconsistencies that my questions revived. It was an unusual occasion.

Cure and Kill

From this gathering and from a number of individual conversations I had in administrative bureaus, I gathered that at the present time the United States government is engaged in a great work of reinstatement, assisting the mortgagors of homes and farms back to solvency and independence. It is simultaneously imposing codes to sustain prices and wages that put the small business men and producers at a seeming disadvantage in face of big organizations. It is putting the little man on his feet from one bureau and shooting him down from another. It is also inaugurating immense schemes, such as that in the Tennessee Valley, for a social reconstruction upon paternalist lines. The problem of unemployment is being met in part by setting multitudes of people to work in disused factories and fields, to produce goods not for sale but for use. They are to consume their own products, but not sell them. A world of barter is to be created side by side with the world of trade. This Work Relief is not to be profitable nor to interfere with profits. The most unprofitable thing in the world is a battleship, and so it is quite logical that the funds for work relief should drift toward the dockyards. This produces no jealousy between profit-sharing traders and the public spender. On the contrary. Over all the economic discussion of the situation hovers the desire to "raise prices." One business man discussing that with me said: "It is your Maynard Keynes who put that over on us." The thing seems to be that producers will only work happily with prices "high," and in order that prices should be kept high, an extensive destruction of products at the source goes on. It is a little puzzling. One simple-minded cotton grower who took pride in his crop was so puzzled at having to plow in three acres again that he refused to do it and, when he saw it being done for him, shot himself.

I shall discuss the material problems of the American situation in a later paper; I cite these aspects of the New Deal in action here simply to point the remark that there is as yet no clear idea of what America is up to, and that the real reason why there is no reply to the crudities of the raucous voices is because in fact there is nothing—or to put it perhaps more exactly, nothing has been extracted from the confused and undigested matter available—to be told. Over against the raucous voices are the inconsistent, inexplicit men.

Putting it in the most general terms, what has happened to America is what has happened to the rest of the world. The American mind has not kept its vision of the world and its thought about social structure up to date. While France goes on with late eighteenth century political and business ideas, while Germany flounders in the tawdry militarist nationalism of the middle nineteenth century, Russia clings to revolutionary patterns sixty years out of date. America, like Britain, has been caught short of any vital social and economic philosophy at all. And maybe because of deep-lying British affinities —particularly the lazy disposition to under-exert and trust to "muddling through," America even now is failing to display any real vigor of intellectual synthesis. Until she does so, this sort of discursive experimenting now in progress—lucky here, perhaps, and unlucky there—on the way to the general human catastrophe is about all that she is likely to do for herself and mankind.

In 1934 I visited the President, and I did so again on this occasion. I lunched with him at his desk in his office, and he talked with the curiously detached freedom which is part of his distinctive charm for me. He looked well and energetic—better, I thought, than he had looked a year before.

The job of being President of the United States is one of the most difficult, the most nearly impossible, ever devised by the ingenuity of man. A politician is elected and he is expected to become a divinity. Past Presidents of the United States belong to two classes: those who attempted to rise to the occasion, and those, the majority, who did nothing of the sort, and from the outset remained, like Harding, apologetic good fellows, or like Hoover, just paralyzed figureheads overcome by their own prominence. Wilson was the great tragedy in the former class. In some respects I imagine Franklin Roosevelt has got nearer to the effect of a divinity floating in a cloud a little off the earth than any one of his predecessors. He is a politician, they say, although how it could be possible to become President of the United States and not be a politician no one has ever explained to me; but at any rate he is an exceptionally subtle and exalted politician. And I fancied that, if anything, that quality of exaltation was more evident this time than on my previous visit.

Made the People Think

I have already expressed an opinion that the role of the American President is neither to be the father and teacher of a subservient people, nor to embody any personally accepted dogma. The role of President in a real free-thinking democracy is to sublimate, clarify and express the advancing thought of the community. And the President this time seemed to me to be *listening* and talking interestedly rather than decisively, of what he was hearing. "If the New Deal," he said, "has done nothing else, it has made the people of America think." Unaccustomed as they are to public thinking upon anything but personal and party issues, it is not surprising—and clearly the President does not find it surprising or disconcerting—that their first responses are confused and raw. But I think he would be glad if something more definite and constructive began to come in from other quarters. He has rather an air of waiting for that.

In this paper I will not dwell upon the particular things that were said in our rambling and discursive conversation. It was not an "interview" for publication. What I am concerned with here is just that want of any strong elementary contribution to the American problem or the world problem from the side of the "superior" voices. Among the educated, directive, important and expert people I have met, I have heard endless destructive criticism; the ways in which they disapprove of the President are endless; I have heard endless fragmentary suggestions but I do not find anything growing together out of these criticisms. I do not find anything from the side of experience and understanding that can be set out against the projects, accusations and drive of the raucous voices. The American people is thinking—yes; but it is doing very little of that thinking in its higher strata.

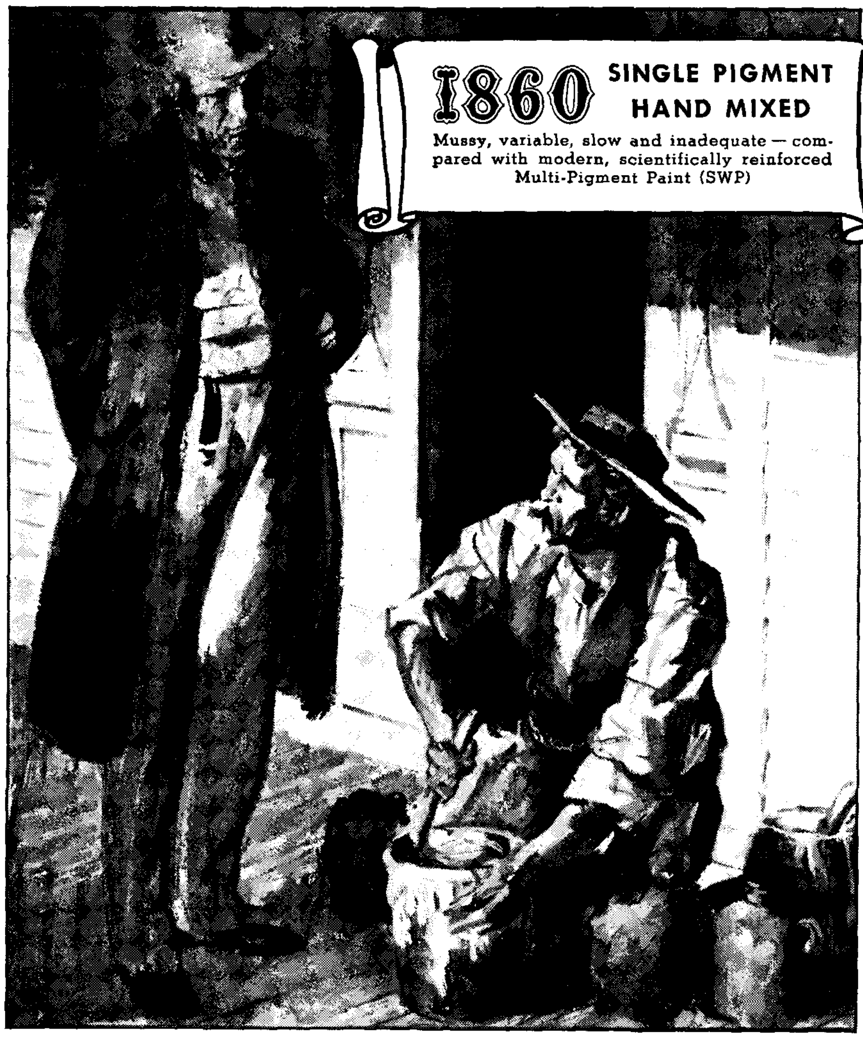
If the role of a democratic President is to be a sort of sounding-board by means of which general directive ideas can be got over from the people who know and think hard, to the mass of the people and to legislative and administrative realization, then I can quite understand why it is that at present he finds very little to add to the great utterance of a year ago.

Too Much Poker

I suppose it is one of the necessary qualities of the types of men produced by competitive individualism that they acquire the habit of keeping their own counsel. They do not like to go along explaining what they are doing. And the national game of poker may have helped train and develop this inexplicitness. But in the face of the new needs that have arisen, this inexplicitness of the directors and leaders of American economic life becomes a weakness and a danger. A multitude of people, from Professor Soddy, the Nobel Prize man, to Father Coughlin, for instance, declare that the general process of private banking is unfair and dishonest and socially destructive. The banker replies that this indictment comes from sheer ignorance. He does not proffer improved methods. He does not explain, though it is he who ought to know, if anyone does, why money and credit do play queer tricks with economic life, and what ought to be done about it.

Quite equally is any plain telling of objectives and relationships contrary to the former practices of the big business organizers. They, like the bankers, are critical of the prominent part played by "inexperienced professors" and "theorists" in the attempted reconstruction of America, but they are either unwilling or unable to make their own experience available for a collective effort. That is why the President went to the professors. I find in this curious present inexpressiveness of those who were dominating the American system in its days of hope and glory six years ago, in this inadaptability of the former leading men to the demand of the new situation for open and explicit popular leadership, one of the most ominous signs of the times. If they will not get together and think so that they can direct the thinking of the country, if they will not come out of their secretive individualism to explicitness and take their proper share in the reconstruction of American life upon broad and more generous lines; if they will not bring themselves openly into the collectivity while there is still time for them to do so, then it is from the level of Huey Long, who thinks audibly and loudly, even if he thinks wrong, that the reconstruction must proceed.

It is not communism that threatens America, or any fascism of a European type. These things come in because of the moral and intellectual bankruptcy of the classes and types in charge of affairs in Russia, Germany and Italy, and their characters were determined by local conditions. It seems more probable that an intellectually cruder and more instinctive sort of revolutionism is likely to appear in America, if this confused inexplicitness, this failure to state and direct in a way understandable by the popular mind, on the part of those who should lead in reconstruction, continues.



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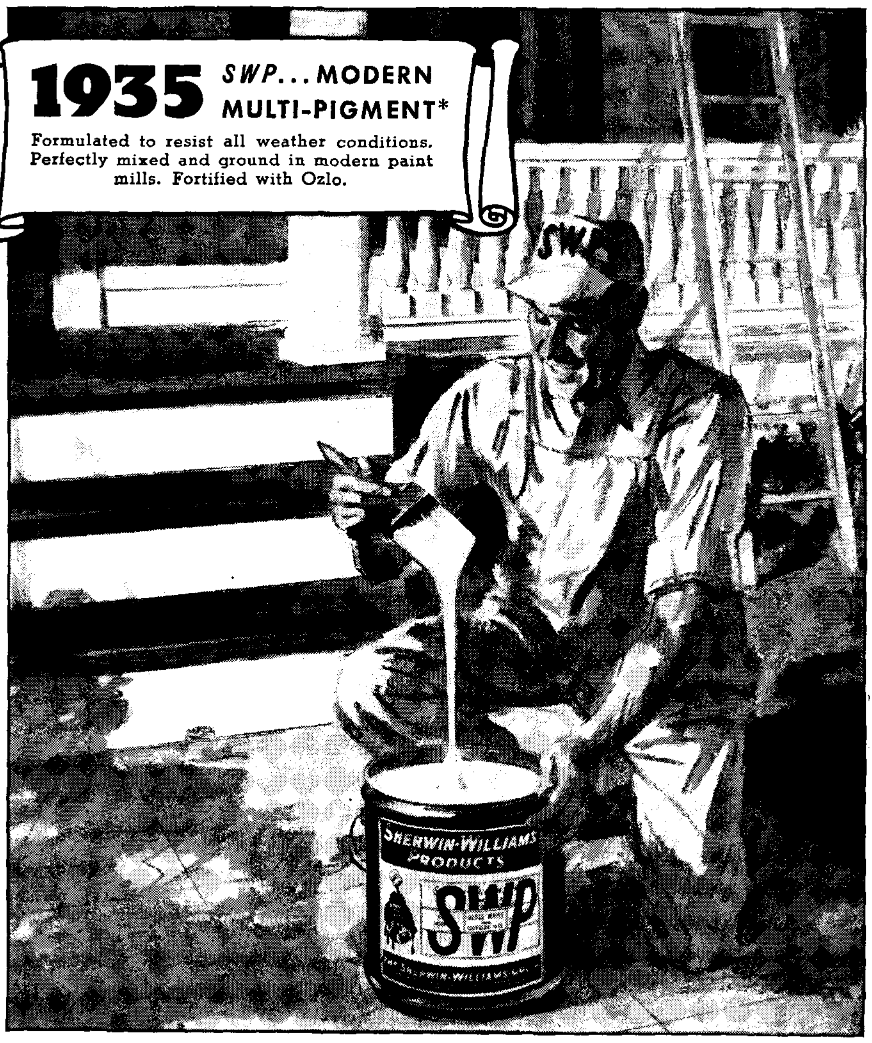

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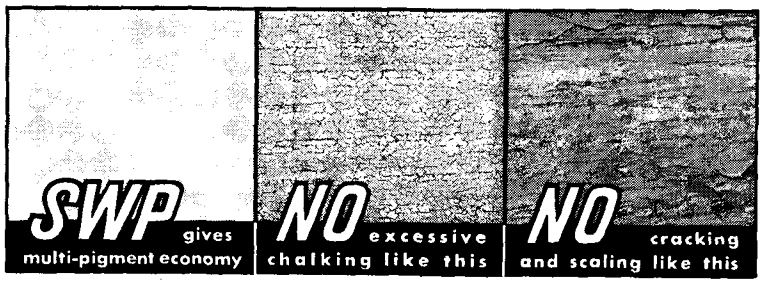

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And after seventy years we pause again to honor those who fell on those fields... those who since have fallen.

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Strew flowers, too, where the scant and faltering ranks of the old men pass. Old hands can grasp a sabre-hilt no more... time has slowed the tireless beat of battle-trained feet.

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The Brass Gong Tree

Continued from page 28

service adjutants, physically, have a habit of getting muddy and rather high. They run around so much. Miss Cass is a very exquisite woman even if she did fly to Australia. I hope you follow me."

Vonny stood up and bowed to Major Nugent.

"Are you still angry at me—or are we on speaking terms?"

Sturg looked at her. "I never know," he said. "There is always a vague thought in my mind that I should either sock you or kiss you. I never know which." He rapped on the table with his knuckles and the barman poked his head out of his cubby.

"Crackers—cheese—potato chips."

THERE was a radio news bulletin posted on the board beside the bar cubby door. Sturg reached up for it and thumbed the translated excerpts.

Rengo, via the government station in Nagasaki; translation courtesy Dairen Maru's Sparks:

"If Soviet continuing air activity policy namely cross border of Manchukuo, second: attached Sungari and Amur rivers steamers by airplane, three: sabotage North Manchuria Railway sixteen trains wreck, ninety-one bandit raidings, arrested one hundred sixteen employers, damages of nine bridges proven, forty-six murderers of agents, twenty-two arsons, twenty-one locomotives damage, total three hundred thousand rubles (gold) Japan will suspense every negotiating at once with Soviet Union and check all provocative movings at once."

Vonny said, "What does it mean?"

The barman came with limp celery, left over from the pathetic morning deck service, and a few disappointed tea crackers. He put up the table rim for them and came back with some very fair Gruyère and a can of Japanese tinned tuna.

The sounds of the storm came in upon them suddenly with a new intensity.

Vonny spread tuna fish on crackers. Sturg thumbed the other news sheets.

Nichi Nichi: "All offers for satisfactory terminating of negotiation for purchase of North Manchuria Railway between Manchukuo and Soviet Union have at present fail latest report. Prince Iturbi Tokugawa onrut Harbin reopen again the same."

Asahi: "Mosco isvestia charge Japan press propaganda anti Soviet campaign crudely to force Soviet sell Chinese Eastern Railway (North Manchuria Ry) all harshly deny."

And a final flash: "Thirty Russians arrested Harbin charge assassinate Japanese officials. Dastard business. All anti-Manchukuoan nationals warn. Very serious."

He hung up the bulletin. The same old bunk in season again—war before August, war before the leaves fall, war before Christmas. One excuse or another—the fifty-year campaign against Manchuria, long preliminary to the whole trans-Baikal snatch that has been rehearsed these sixteen years since the Armistice. And everybody sitting by watching the burglary and being perfectly content as long as the game is played to the formal rules of international thieving etiquette.

"Good Lord!" Sturg looked startled. "I believe I'm homesick, Vonny Cass!" He put his elbows on the table, his chin in his hands and stared at her.

There was something in his voice that was like a call—a loneliness that was vitally necessary for her to answer. And because she felt the necessity, there was a joy in her—the joy of expectancy perhaps. And she knew desperately that she was a fool.

"I suppose people can stay out here so long that they never get homesick again—that they lose all their values?"

He nodded.

Her eyes were looking at the things that were deep in his, hoping that the things in hers were not too evident.

"Are you staying too long?" She spread cheese on a cracker and handed it to him.

"If I am, I don't think it matters. It's what I was intended for, I expect."

"But it matters if you lose your sense of values—the values you were born to live by."

"No," he shook his head, "after you have been out here a few years, nothing matters except the illusion of Japan. Nothing hurts you—unless you break the spell of all this nonsense out here in the East—the moon over Fuji—the smell of rice paddies after the spring rains—little, ratty boats plowing up the Yellow Sea—beautiful women who are so beautiful that they cannot possibly exist." He threw his head back and laughed.

"And have you broken the illusion?"

There was no hurt in her eyes for him—but a wisdom rather that mocked him.

"There is something about you, Vonny Cass, that makes me feel like a little boy at times—an ungracious little boy. I think that's why I kissed you yesterday at Mullanphy's—because you made me feel like a little boy and I wanted you to know I was grown up. It bucked my ego."

"And did that break your illusion?"

He looked startled.

"Vonny," he said, "there is an element of reason in you that quite stops my clock. I don't believe in you at all. I can't. Nice American girls who speak plainly and look honest ceased to exist for me several years ago."

HER eyes were on his, but there was no steadiness in her. Carefully she drew in her breath.

"So you prefer the illusion?" she said. "It may be that you are right, Sturgis. I talked with her yesterday—and this morning again. She is quite an interesting person."

"Go on, please—"

"Why do you want me to?"

"I can't tell you, but I do."

"I can tell *you*," Vonny said, "because you want the stamp of approval put on her by one of your own kind. Well, I can't do that for you—and I wouldn't if I could. It wouldn't be good for you."

He smiled. "Delightful soul, Vonny Cass." He put the pad of his index finger to his lips and touched it gently to the back of her hand as it lay on the table. She wanted to pull away from the contact, for loathing was on her like a dampened skirt and she needed white anger to wipe her mind clean. But she didn't move the hand. She said:

"Thank you." And she said, "Is it my imagination or are we running out of this muck?" She got up and crossed to the port windows and stood there, her hands sunk in her jacket pockets, looking out. The Dairen still rolled heavily, but there was no threat to her movement now. After a moment, Vonny took the door ring in both hands and tugged it open. "The wind's down to about force four," she called. And she stepped out on deck. Sturg followed her out and they stood at the rail for a few moments, their elbows on it. There

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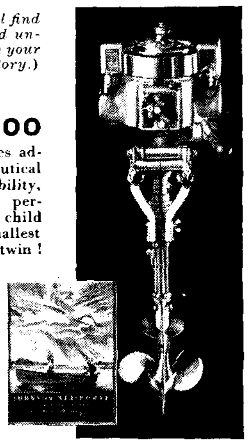

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was no thrust to the Dairen now—no heavy shouldering against the sea.

Behind them, Pat Nugent was coming up the smoke-room companion.

"I have," he said, "become exceedingly tired of the barman. I have rung for him six times but the barman, my friends, is a doctor of philosophy—a graduate of the Imperial University—and he thinks of other things."

"I thought," Sturgis said, "that it had been arranged for you to commit suttee, Patrick."

The major threw his head back and bellowed.

"*Boy san!*" And the major said, "Miss Cass, they are serving soup and scrambled egg powder in the saloon. The Englishwoman thinks it is an outrage but then the Englishwoman lives in South Kensington when she is home, so what does it matter what she thinks out here?"

The barman's head was out of his cubby.

"A large whisky and a small tansan."

Vonny said, "Soup," and Sturgis watched her cross the smoke-room and go down the companion. It was almost nine by the bulkhead clock.

The barman was standing over Major Nugent, his pencil poised over the unsigned chit, looked up at him.

"There was something about old Togo that was rather wistful, Boy san. That is, *I* always felt that way," he said. "It always seemed a shame, for his sake, to mention the fact that when he blew the Russian fleet out of the Sea of Japan in 1904, the Russian fleet had foul bottoms from its long run around Africa, that its bunkers were down to the last shovelful of coal for the same reason—that the crews had not had shore leave since the fleet left the Baltic and that the larders were reduced to green bread and salt horse—whereas Togo's Fleet was about five hours out of Shimonoseki, fresh for sea in every detail.

"In fact, it seems almost caddish to mention it even now. Perhaps that was what made Togo wistful—someone did mention it once or twice. As a matter of plain fact and on the side of good breeding, that's the only real service the Battle of Jutland did us. It gave naval officers a new topic of conversation when they were drinking, and it relegated Admiral Togo to a temporarily forgotten immortality. A wistful little old man with a pailful of medals." Pat signed and drained his glass. "I thank you," he said. "A large whisky and a very small tansan."

Sturgis went down the companion into the creaking silence of the port passage.

ANTON KRUPP was coming up the passage in the arms of Li. Li held one of Krupp's cigarettes with its pinched cardboard mouthpiece between his long amber fingers. It was lighted and Krupp was expelling smoke in two blue, forced-draft streamers from his nostrils. Li could hold him apparently in the crook of his powerful right arm while he freed his left to put the cigarette between Krupp's lips.

Krupp said, "Mr. Hammond, you will excuse my abruptness, but I believe my wife to be in love with you. This is annoying to me because you are a newspaperman and hence an unknown quantity." His voice was a monotone with no expression other than its metallic sharpness. His eyes were focussed on Sturg's wishbone.

The picture was utterly ridiculous. Sturg said, "What shall we do about it, Herr Krupp; have a good cry?"

Krupp said, "The horns of cuckoldom sit me lightly. It is the integrity of my personal affairs that concerns me. Do you follow me?"

"I'm afraid not—what affairs are you referring to?"

"There is no need to refer to them specifically. The point is that because of her emotional exhilaration over you, I have reason to believe that Madame Krupp may become indiscreet—that she may confide in you certain particulars which heretofore have been, shall we say—sacred?—to her and to me?"

"No," Sturg said, "let's not say sacred."

"As you will—but whatever we say—let us be brief and to the point, Mr. Hammond. It may be that certain information will fall into your hands. You may be tempted to use it for business or for personal reasons. If you use it at all, there will be a dramatic consequence, Mr. Hammond. Follow me. Madame Krupp will become immediately inaccessible to you, by virtue of the fact that she will be delivered over to the Japanese military authorities and undoubtedly shot. Madame Krupp's flesh is fair—she will not be enticing with eight blue holes through her breast, Mr. Hammond—with mud in her hair and dark blood upon her lips."

"The picture is convincing."

"Thank you, Mr. Hammond—I have tried to make it so."

Sturg said, "I suppose I ought to say something—but I can't think of anything. You've covered the ground quite thoroughly."

"Thank you," Krupp said. "Good night, Mr. Hammond."

IT WAS still something of a trick to walk in the Dairen's passages without lurching and bumping but it was no trick to Li. He went up the passage with an exquisite rhythm, the blue smoke of Krupp's cigarette swirling over his left shoulder in a torn ribbon. Vonny was not in the small dining saloon.

The soup was thick and it reeked of potatoes, but it was hot. De Jong was sipping a cup, standing by the buffet.

"Bit of a blow," he said. Sturg nodded.

"Be glad to get off this boat."

"Yes," Sturg said.

"Live in Harbin," de Jong said. "Craziest place under heaven but I like it. Good soup."

Sturg said, "Yes."

He went up to the deck above and stood in the entryway with a strange unrest upon him that was almost impatience. The outside doors were closed and the two de luxe cabins—Krupp's and the Prince Tokugawa's, were also closed. The glass doors to the tiny lounge forward were open but the lounge behind them was in darkness. There was no sound of anyone moving and no sight of anyone in the two passages that led aft. The ship reeked of emptiness and there was the dead stuffiness of stale air in his nostrils.

He opened the port door. A breath crackled in the sheets on the bulletin, whipping them out from the board, tearing the top one loose. It gutted an ash tray and scattered butts across the floor.

Outside there was utter darkness with movement in it, the surge of the sea beyond the Dairen's rail—the dying howl of the wind as the storm passed away over the waters.

For a long time he stood there staring out into it. Somewhere aboard was a small pile of things that belonged to whoever had gone over in that sea that flooded the after well deck. A straw suitcase perhaps, with nickeled tin catches.

And somewhere far back in the Dairen's wake, face downward in the water with hair fanned out and floating like the pistils of a rank marine growth—

(*Continued on page* 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

the man who had owned them—whose bare feet and hand had clutched upward toward Sturgis as the water carried him over in its gray belly.

There was a step on the deck and Vonny came into the fan of light from the door Sturg had opened.

"I have done a very stupid thing," she said. She took hold of the rod at the side of the open door and stood there, her hand holding the rod so tightly that her fingers went blue white against the brass of it. One foot was on the deck outside, the other she lifted to the brass-bound water stop of the doorway. A breath of air was in her scarf and in a wisp of her hair. Her foot on the brass lip of the water stop was slender in its fine gun-metal shoe as it rested gently there with the light working on its square-cut buckle. She nodded toward it and smiled. He saw a faint line of pain threaded through her smile, so he stepped toward her.

"What sort of a thing?"

"A twist sort of a thing," she said. "I made the mistake of thinking that I could walk on deck in high heels without holding onto the rail and I have very nearly twisted that leg off."

THIS time when he followed her nod, he saw that the thin spike of her slipper heel was torn off.

"That's it," she said. "The boat leaped away from me and I cracked my heel off following it, and between the two of them down I went."

"Let me have your hand."

"No need," she shook her head. "I only spoke about it because you happened to be here." And she stepped into the entryway.

"You're hurt," he told her, "you're limping."

"Did you ever try to walk with a heel off? It's very like having an aileron flutter." She turned into her passage and started aft.

"Listen," he said. "What do I do?"

Most of the lights went off in the entryway behind him as he followed her into the passage.

She said, "One of the minor points is that the shoes are eighteen-dollar shoes and I couldn't find the heel. You can lend me a flashlight if you've got one."

"I haven't got one."

"I suppose if I let it go until morning, it'll be flushed off when they sluice down the decks, if it didn't flick overside when I fell."

She opened her cabin door, snapped on the light and went in.

He said: "Let's get after the knee first. I never liked Spartans. I like people who scream and yell when they're hurt. I always scream and yell. It makes better copy. I've got iodine, but that's all I've got. It'll do for a scrape but if you've twisted it, you better get hot towels on it."

She said, "All right—get the iodine. There's something wrong with it, all right," and she held the damaged leg out in front of her, her skirt taut, looking at it.

"That's better," he smiled and he closed her door and went forward two doors to his own cabin. He rummaged down in the sides of his kit bag and felt along for the oiled silk tobacco pouch in which he kept his nail scissors, adhesive tape, finger bandage, iodine and a disinfectant for washing out Manchukuoan bathtubs. The cabin smelt like the inside of a derby hat. He opened the port and snapped on the fan to clear it.

There was a knock on his door. He opened it and faced Pat Nugent. Pat had a bottle of scotch by the neck, a siphon of soda by the spout and a tall glass in each pocket of his flannel dressing gown. He bowed to the hips.

"Whisky," he said, "is the spirit of Bushido to those who will receive it. Did I hear you say nuts, Sturgis? Hold out your hand." He put one of the glasses into it and thrust the bottle at Sturgis—and the siphon. "Pour, my friend." He took the other glass from his pocket and held it out.

"How brilliantly the death flower blossoms!"

"You are drunk," Sturg told him.

The major nodded.

"Let me recommend the state. It engenders a profound regard for the sanctity of ceremony, Sturgis—I give you swift passage for the soul of the Prince Iturbi Tokugawa. He is no longer with us—and I dare say there will be hell to pay about it when the news reaches his ancestors at Nikko via Rengo and the lad on the white horse."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Not five minutes ago—not three minutes ago," Pat said, "the ship's surgeon, two Buddhist priests in full robes from second class, and the captain himself—all in the Prince's cabin. You can smell the death incense in the passages now." He stood in the open doorway for a moment, glass in hand, narrow, smoothly groomed head thrown back—sniffing gently. "It's pleasant stuff in itself but it reminds me of the funeral pyres in Jehol. Have you ever smelled burning human flesh? It comes down on the wind with the incense, like a damp cloud of sticky bugs. It isn't the smell so much—it's the fact that it seems to soil your skin. You can't wash it off for days afterward." He closed the door and stood sipping his whisky.

"He was shot." Sturgis made a statement of it, for there was no question in his mind.

"Yes, Scribe, I think perhaps he was. There was a basin with pinkish water in it and reddish towels. The ship's surgeon stood in Tokugawa's doorway in his shirt sleeves and put something into the basin. I think it was a haemostat. I say haemostat because haemostat and scalpel are the only two surgical instruments I know by name—and anybody can say scalpel, so I say haemostat. Then I came over here, my friend, to give you the details. Jolly, what?"

Sturg had the iodine bottle in his hand and a roll of bandage. He said, "I must have just missed it myself—I just came in from the entryway. Sit down. I'll be back." He stepped toward the door again but a sharp knocking in the passage stopped him—the quick crack of knuckles on thin wooden panels.

"Listen!" The major raised a hand.

IN THE passage, muffled slightly by a few feet of distance and the closed door, was the snarl and snap of Japanese, questioning with unquestioned authority. And somewhat less distinctly, an answer in submissive Japanese. Again the sharp knock and again the quick question—this time in English.

"You have been asleep, Mr. Rainey, please? How long, please? You retired at what hour? Mrs. Rainey was with you then?" Apparently the door of Rainey's cabin closed, for the voice was muffled off.

Nugent said:

"Where have *we* been, Sturgis, old boy? I mean to say it begins to look as if it was going to be vitally important for all of us to know little details of that kind. This is not going to be a pleasant evening."

Apparently Rainey's cabin door was opened and closed again, from the sound. And the questioner passed Sturg's cabin and rapped on another door farther aft.

"Yes, Miss Cass, please to excuse this. You have been on deck? You have just come in from the deck—"

"I say—*do* you mind?" That was

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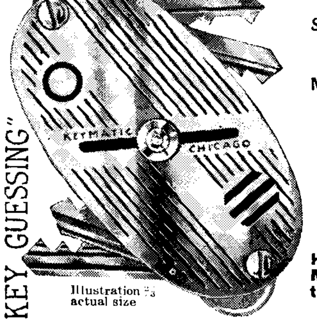

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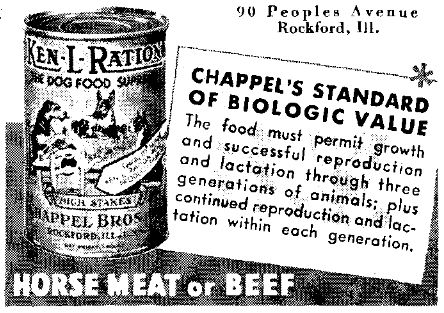

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Vonny's voice, raised slightly. Not in pain, but in surprise.

Sturg said: "You figure out where you've been, Major. I know where I've been," and he opened his door and stepped into the passage.

Lieutenant Colonel Watanabe was standing on the threshold of Vonny's cabin. His tunic was short and his shoulder straps were like red and gold chips upon his shoulders. They stuck out. He had the Order of the Golden Kite, fourth class. He wore a sword. He said:

"Miss Cass—this is a much more serious matter than the marconigram, you understand?"

"No," she said, "I don't understand."

"What is more serious?" Sturg stepped up beside him. The colonel looked at him blandly and turned a shoulder toward him. He was not interested in Sturgis beyond the formalities of military investigation. Colonel Watanabe was a regular. "Mr. Hammond," he said sideways, "if I need you in any way, I shall call upon you. Will you hold yourself in readiness, please?"

Sturg said, "Miss Cass hurt herself a few minutes ago—" he held out the iodine bottle and the bandage with an idiotic gesture—and stopped them halfway out. Colonel Watanabe had the slender heel of a woman's slipper between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand and Vonny held the slipper from which it came in her hand. That apparently was what she had spoken sharply about. Watanabe had made a snatch for it to match the heel, but Vonny had beaten him to it.

Then suddenly the drama of it overcame Watanabe. After all, his present detail was on the fringes of the Intelligence Service and here before him the stage was set with himself in the lead and a marvelous piece of detective routine to vamp through.

"Miss Cass," he said, "a very serious incident has occurred. A European woman is involved, you understand—"

"What he means, Vonny—is that the Prince Tokugawa has been killed or seriously wounded—" Sturg slipped the iodine bottle and the bandage into his jacket pocket and rubbed his hands together.

"I shall require you to please keep out of this at once, Mr. Hammond."

"I'm simplifying the whole thing for you—Miss Cass was with me, Colonel."

"WHEN was Miss Cass with you?"

"For the past fifteen minutes."

"In what parts of this ship?"

"I met her in the entryway when she came in from the deck—after she had fallen—and I brought her down here to her cabin."

"In what entryway?"

"The 'A' Deck entryway. The deck above this. The port door."

"And you fell outside that door, Miss Cass?"

"No," she said, "farther down the deck—about twenty-five feet."

"*Down* the deck?"

"Aft on the deck."

"Near the door that leads into the after passageway where the smoke-room is?"

"Nearer that than the entryway door."

"Why didn't you go in that door?"

"Because it had been closed when I passed it. There was no light on that side of the deck when I fell, except the light that fanned out on deck from the open door of the entryway forward. Naturally, I went toward that light."

"And where you fell, Miss Cass—that is where you lost this heel to your slipper, please?"

"That's what made me fall, breaking it off my slipper."

"That's not where it was found. It was found not eight feet from the doorway in which you encountered Mr. Hammond."

"Probably that's why I couldn't find it when I felt around while I was still sitting on the deck."

Colonel Watanabe shrugged.

"There are several possibilities, Miss Cass. It will be necessary to discuss them all quite carefully. I shall have to do that in camera, if you don't mind. Mr. Hammond, if I want to know anything further, I shall call upon you."

"No," Sturg shook his head. "You'll have to include me in anything that includes Miss Cass. You know who I am out here—and you know that my job depends on my conduct, and on the authorities. You have already directed suspicion against Miss Cass—because of a wire sent her by an agent of my Bureau. Enough suspicion anyway to get an intelligence report on her to the effect that she worked at Floyd Bennett Field once for Hobey Jones. Well—all right—but she's still my secretary—so go on from there."

WATANABE said: "Mr. Hammond, there is no need in arousing the whole ship. Please to keep your voice down. Murder has been committed on the Dairen Maru. Furthermore, this heel," he held it up, "is found near the scene. Obviously it is from Miss Cass' shoe. And Miss Cass admits to being near the scene."

"So was I near the scene. I was right outside the Prince Tokugawa's cabin door—" Sturg said.

"There were a thousand people within calling distance of the Count Ito the other night in Tokyo Station and yet no shot was heard, no smoke was seen, no hand was found with a revolver." Watanabe bowed.

"Has any been found here with a revolver?"

"We shall see," Watanabe said. "A revolver was found, at least. A revolver with a silencer, please. Almost where the heel of Miss Cass' slipper was found. It can be determined, perhaps, whose hand held that revolver last."

A strand of Vonny's hair was blowing across her cheek in the slight breath from the open porthole and for a moment the serenity in her eyes was a lie someone had told Sturgis about, for all he could see there was a rather decent soul, slightly puzzled.

"Until it is," Watanabe bowed, "please to remain in your cabin with the door open, Miss Cass."

There was a step up the empty passage and Major Oku came down toward them. Watanabe spoke to him in Japanese.

"Mr. Hammond," Watanabe said, "you will not communicate further with Miss Cass. You will go to your cabin, please. Major Oku will remain here outside Miss Cass' door."

"I suppose," Sturg said, "that if I give her the iodine now you'll expect her to drink it."

Vonny laughed.

"Seriously, Colonel," Sturg asked him, "are you holding Miss Cass on suspicion of murder?"

"It may be stated that way, if you care to."

"And in the meantime, what happens to the murderer?"

Watanabe passed him and went forward.

"I'll be all right, Sturgis," Vonny said.

"If you're not—call. My door will be open, too."

"Go to cabin, please you," Oku told him.

Sturg went. Three steps. Nugent was just inside his open door. He lowered his glass and looked at Sturgis.

"Man," he said, "bites dog."

(To be continued next week)

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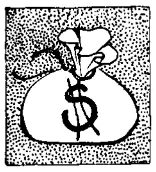


A Ray of Light

Continued from page 21

He's a flashy ne'er-do-well. He never did a day's work in his life unless you call polo work. He's notoriously a heavy gambler and notoriously a loser. He has no income. He's always broke. He's been in trouble over his bank account a hundred times. He's marrying Louise Harwood for her money."

"Her mother's money," Meade Capron interposed.

"Her mother's money," Joseph Temple admitted. "And now, needing cash, he virtually steals a diamond from the girl he's engaged to marry!"

JAMES LEE'S eyes narrowed. "That's a fairly strong statement."

"I admit it. It can't be strong enough to—"

"You've left out the important fact," Meade Capron interposed. "Tell Mr. Lee about Warren Bayne's bank account."

Joseph Temple nodded violently. "The bank account! That's the whole story!" he exploded. "I was leading up to it. Listen to this! The day after Warren Bayne got back from the Hollywood orgy and got sobered up he deposited six thousand dollars in the West National. Was it a check? It was not! Was it a draft to his order? It was not! The money was in cash!" In his rage Joseph Temple glared at James Lee. "Cash that he got from some pawnbroker, some fence in payment for my diamond!"

"How did you learn about the six thousand?"

"Confidential information from the cashier of the West National. He's a friend of mine."

James Lee waited for a moment and then: "I'd say your next move is to swear out a warrant for the young man. What do you want me to do?—unofficially. The Department of Justice isn't interested in such things."

"Swear out a warrant!" Joseph Temple scowled in helpless rage. "Do you know what that means? We don't swear out warrants for the damned polo set. It would cost me fifty important customers the day the news was published."

"I still fail to see where I draw any cards in this game." Lee frowned at Joseph Temple. "What do you want me to do?"

"The case is clear enough against young Bayne. As long as you're professionally associated with crime and criminals you can settle this affair without any publicity. Get hold of Bayne and tell him for me that if he pays over the six thousand dollars that he has in the West National I will let the balance ride for a while. You can suggest that if he does not turn the six thousand over to us we will sock him with a warrant."

After a moment, "It's thin material to high-jack a man with," Lee suggested. "What else have you got on young Bayne? We need something more definite than your suspicions."

With rising temper, "He's a rotter!" Mr. Temple exploded. "Notorious for his drunken parties. You can scare him with that mess he got into at Braga's gambling joint after the Stanford game. Louise Harwood and a dozen of her friends were in the party. If Braga's bartender had died it would have been manslaughter."

Lee shook his head. "That's a little bit vague. Everybody gets into messes after football games. Help yourself to the sherry and cool off."

Under the soothing influence of his third glass of sherry, "You'd better come home to dinner with me," Mr. Temple said. "We can talk this out."

"Thank you, not this evening. I'll stay here and do a little quiet thinking."

Mr. Temple brightened. "You mean you'll work on this diamond job?"

James Lee nodded. "Yes," he said. "Please don't do anything . . . violent until you hear from me."

WHEN his visitors had left, James Lee walked to the kitchen of his apartment. Facing his Chinese cook, "Do you know the servants in Mrs. Rockwell Harwood's house?" he asked.

"Missy Harwood cook long time my friend. He my cousin."

"Mrs. Harwood's daughter has a big diamond ring. She is to marry young Mr. Warren Bayne. He gave her the ring."

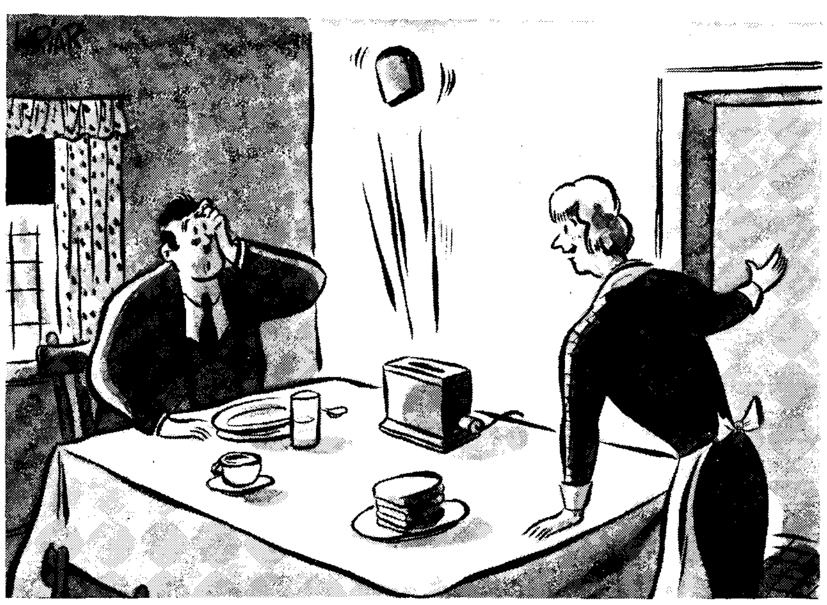
"I know him. Very wild boy, fight likee soldier."

James Lee nodded in full agreement with his cook's opinion of Warren Bayne. "I want to see Miss Harwood's diamond. Ask your cousin to get hold of the ring. Tell him to bring it down here tonight."

"Mebbe no can do."

"Maybe can do. Try it."

"If can do he ketchum.". . .



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After he had enjoyed his dinner James Lee smoked a cigarette leisurely in the quiet of his library. When the cigarette was finished he put a call through the Chinatown Exchange, cackling a demand in Cantonese for a number that did not answer until central had rung three times.

To the reluctant "Hola" of a thin voice that answered him, "Put Chin Yut on the line," James Lee demanded.

"Chin Yut long time go way."

"This is James Lee speaking. Put Chin Yut on the line."

"Chin Yut is speaking."

"Come to my house at once."

"I come now." A click ended the evidence of Chin Yut's bending will.

Facing Chin Yut without further preliminary than a nod of greeting, "You are acquainted with the gambling house run by Braga Covilla?" James Lee asked.

For an instant a grimace of amusement distorted Chin Yut's cadaverous countenance. "Who is not?"

"He is still a customer of yours?"

When Chin Yut hesitated with his reply, "I have the records on Braga's purchases, complete," James Lee added.

A mask of rage replaced the smile on Chin Yut's face. "I must kill a man or two in my employ," he said.

"You have some good men in your employ. Answer me! Braga still buys opium from you?"

Chin Yut nodded his head. "You know that he does," he said sullenly.

"How many smoking-rooms has he in his gambling house?"

"He has three rooms."

"For white men?"

"For white men and white women," Chin Yut answered. "He serves no others."

"That's all," James Lee said. "Chin Yut, your feet are on the pathway to hell."

"That is evidently a secret known to the world. Good luck, long life."

"Sons to mourn at your grave," James Lee said, following the Ritual of Right Conduct. "Good night."

When Chin Yut had left his apartment, James Lee summoned his house boy. "Mrs. Harwood's cook will probably come to see me tonight. Admit him instantly. I am going to sleep now. You stay awake."

THE genius of the kitchen in the Harwood home rang the bell of James Lee's apartment two hours after midnight.

The house boy ushered him into the library of the apartment. "My master will welcome you in one moment," he said.

When he had greeted his visitor, "The daughter of your house is—careless with her treasures?" James Lee asked.

In answer the Harwood cook hauled a knotted silk handkerchief out of the depths of an inner pocket of his coat. "This is the ring," he said.

When he had removed the silk covering from the ring James Lee observed the stone for a moment, flooding it with the strong greenish light of one of the reading lamps in the library. He turned to his house boy. "Serve our guest with whatever refreshments he may desire," he ordered, and then to the Harwood cook, "If you will excuse me I will return in a few moments."

In a long inside room of his apartment which had been fitted up as a laboratory James Lee devoted ten minutes to an accurately checked measurement of the refractive index of the stone in Louise Harwood's ring. Presently, averaging the six readings that he had made, confirming old Meade Capron's opinion of the stone, "Strass," he decided. "One, point nine seven five."

For a moment following his measurement of the refractive index of the false gem he considered making a test for its specific gravity. Then, "Difficult—and nothing much to be gained by it," he decided. "We win or lose on one, point nine seven five."

He returned to his library, where his guest awaited him. He handed the ring to Mrs. Harwood's cook. "You have served me well. Let me know when I may express my gratitude more effectively," he said. "A cup of wine? . . . Plenteous years."

Choking slightly over the bourbon which he had selected in preference to the sherry on the library table, "Seven sons at thy grave," the cook complimented.

"And silence."

The cook bowed to James Lee. "A wise man understands a nod."

When his visitor had gone James Lee went to bed without delay. "I shall want nothing more tonight," he said to his house boy who stood waiting in his master's bedroom. "Breakfast at seven. I have a busy day planned for tomorrow. Call me at six-thirty."

OF THE six facet-cutting machines in San Francisco two belonged to private owners and four to lapidaries who did commercial work. It was two o'clock in the afternoon before James Lee finished his interview with the man who operated the fourth of these commercial machines.

Returning to his apartment he telephoned a brief message to Louise Harwood. "I should like to have you call at my apartment," he said. "This is James Lee, Department of Justice, speaking."

After a moment, "I will come," the girl faltered.

"At four o'clock?"

"At four o'clock."

When he had given Louise Harwood his address James Lee hung up the telephone.

To his house boy a moment later, "A lady will call here to see me at four o'clock," he said. "I will receive her in the library. In the meantime go down to the Twin Pigeon Jewelry Store—present my compliments to Moy Sam and tell him that I have need of his services this afternoon. Ask him to be here at four o'clock. Entertain him in your room until I summon him."

Promptly at four o'clock, impelled by a growing fear of the threat that she had read into James Lee's invitation, Louise Harwood rang the bell of Lee's apartment.

Greeting Louise Harwood, "First of all, let me assure you that you will not regret this visit," James Lee said to the frightened girl. "You are unhappy now. On my word of honor you will leave here presently with your heart lightened of its burden—and with your Braga problem solved. The opium—"

"I did not smoke any opium—"

James Lee lifted his hand. "I know that," he said. "I also know the names of your three companions who did—three young ladies. They were prompted by the mystery and the novelty of the thing, no doubt—but one of them is by way of becoming an addict now."

The look of surprise on Louise Harwood's face gave way to horror. "Do you mean that she—"

Interrupting the girl, "She has will enough to save herself."

After a moment of silence, "I should like to have you come into my laboratory for a little while."

From an open box that sat on a table against the west wall of his laboratory James Lee lifted out a handful of glittering crystals. "Here is a beautiful piece of amethyst," he said, holding a purple crystal to the light. "And some rose quartz. . . . These are emer-

(Continued on page 70)

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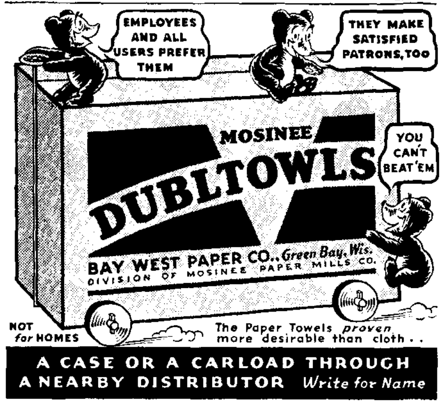

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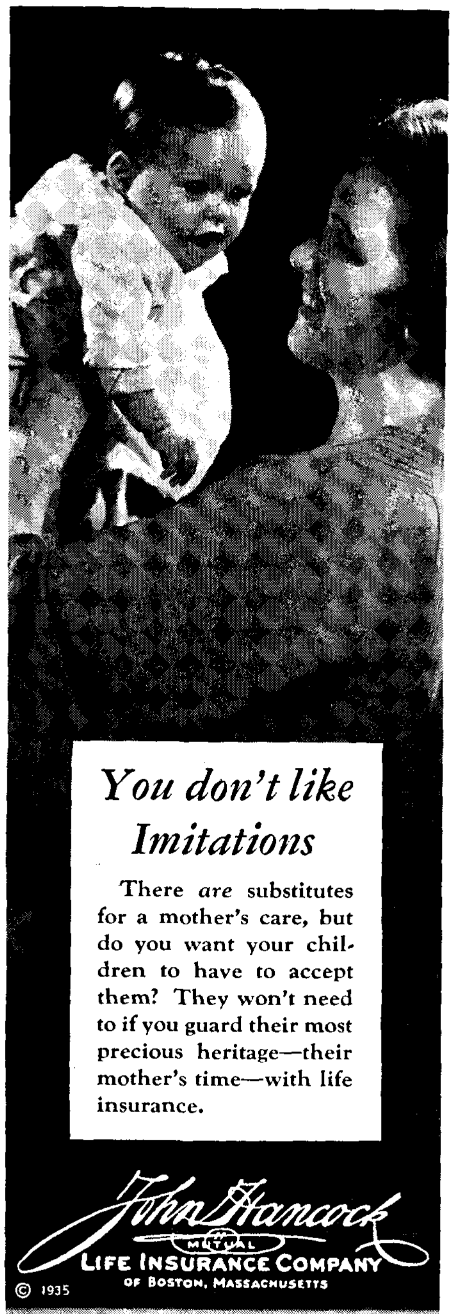

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(*Continued from page 69*)

alds. Beautiful enough but of no value. . . . This is a piece of glass. Do you remember from your school days how these things are identified—their relative hardness, their specific gravity, their varying abilities to bend a ray of light? This beautiful substance is glass—do you see how its prisms break up the light into the spectrum colors? What a pure blue! . . . Have you ever seen a ray of sunlight after it has been passed through a prism?"

"We had a lot of those things in school," Louise Harwood said. "I didn't pay much attention to them."

James Lee smiled. "A ray of sunlight is not very interesting when one is—in school." He turned the prismatic piece of glass in his hand until one of its facets glowed with a brilliant orange light. "This is a very beautiful gem," he said. "Worth a dollar of any debased currency. I will show you how we determine its refractive index. . . . See, I fix it in this machine and now through this prismatic section of the stone I direct . . . this pencil of light. . . . This is a beautiful machine. Reading direct . . . and we read on the scale one, point nine seven five. That is the refractive index of this glass. It is, by the way, the heaviest flint glass that I have ever seen. Here is a crystal of quartz. It is much harder than glass but its refractive index is considerably less than the glass we have just tested. . . . Do you find that this pastime bores you?"

THE girl smiled a thin smile. "It is all very interesting," she said languidly.

"It will become more interesting perhaps," James Lee suggested. From a closed drawer to his right he removed another complex, glittering crystal. "This is another substance—pure carbon. The glass was principally silica and potash and lead. The refractive index of this carbon crystal is much higher than the glass. You see it reads around two, point four two—a little less perhaps. This stone is called a diamond. The origin of the word is lost in antiquity. The Arabs and the Greeks and Romans had it 'adamas'—unconquerable. This is a very beautiful stone, by the way. Strangely enough it seems to be a replica of the stone you are wearing. May I see your ring a moment?"

Louise Harwood held her hand out toward James Lee. "I can't get it off my finger. The ring is too small."

"Perhaps if we moistened your finger with a drop of glycerine. . . . There. Now it comes off. Now let us fix it in this machine and. . . . That's surprising, isn't it? The glass in your ring has the same refractive index as the lead glass we examined a few moments ago. What a coincidence. One, point nine seven five. It is really a first-rate imitation of a diamond. I suppose you leave your real jewels in the safe-deposit vaults?"

"It's the safest way," the girl faltered inanely.

"Quite." James Lee nodded in quick agreement to this and then, "Isn't it strange that the difference in value between this diamond here in front of you and that piece of glass in your ring should be fifteen or twenty thousand dollars? Certainly the price of a diamond is no index of its beauty. . . . But wouldn't you rather have this real diamond than that piece of glass? It's a marvelous gem."

Without waiting for the girl to reply James Lee called abruptly to his house boy: "Please tell Moy Sam to come in here a moment."

When the Chinese jeweler stood before him, James Lee handed him Louise Harwood's ring. "Take that piece of glass out of the ring," he directed. "Substitute this diamond in place of it. You will find that the setting fits the diamond."

Lee turned to the girl quickly and held out an open cigarette case. "Have a cigarette," he said. "Enjoy the rich blessing of tobacco while Moy Sam does his work. He is very skillful. . . . See there, how perfectly the diamond fits your ring?"

Three minutes later when Louise Harwood had returned the ring to her finger and when they were again alone, "You may cry now for sixty seconds," James Lee suggested.

Presently, after the girl had devoted something more than sixty seconds to her tears, James Lee picked up the glass crystal that Moy Sam had taken from the ring. "Strangely enough," he said, "Braga Covilla gave the order for the manufacture of that imitation of your diamond. I found the man who cut this piece of glass—and he named his customer. I pried the story and the diamond out of Braga on the strength of what I know about his opium business. Let me wrap that glass gem up for you. Take it with you for good luck."

James Lee reached for a blue slip of paper that lay in the drawer of his work table. He held the slip of paper toward Louise Harwood. "You have seen this before? It is the check that you gave to Braga the afternoon you entertained so lavishly—and lost so heavily at roulette. Here, I will wrap your glass gem in it—and that makes your souvenir of this visit to my house complete."

Now for twice sixty seconds the girl's voice came through incoherent sobs. When she was quieter, "I did not know—the penalty—for forgery—until Braga spoke of the penitentiary. He threatened me. I gave him the diamond. Overdrafts were nothing. I always got money from Mother. I'd lost a lot of money at roulette and I was full of cocktails."

"Not a very good defense when a blackmailer is after you," James Lee interrupted. "May I offer you a glass of sherry? . . . Let us sink this whole affair out of memory. Braga will keep his mouth shut. I forget easily and completely." To his conscience, "Once more I have compounded a felony!"

James Lee lifted his glass of wine toward Louise Harwood. "I wish you a happy wedding and a happy honeymoon with Mr. Warren Bayne."

Through her quiet tears, "You have made it possible for life to be happy for me," the girl whispered. "I cannot express my gratitude, Mr. Lee—and oh, I'll never forget how darned wonderful you've been."

AFTER Louise Harwood had left his apartment, James Lee rang through on the telephone for Joseph Temple. "I've made a little progress," he reported when Mr. Temple answered.

"I knew you would! Is that rascal going to turn over the six thousand dollars to us?"

"I'd go easy on the 'that rascal' as you call him. The six thousand is his commission on the sale of a Monterey ranch that he induced one of his big-shot movie friends to buy. He's going to spend it all on his honeymoon trip. You'd better lay off the six thousand."

"But what about the diamond?"

"Miss Harwood is wearing the diamond," James Lee announced. "If I were you I'd advise old Meade Capron to have his eyes examined."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure. The lights in the Harwood house may have deceived Mr. Capron. You never can tell what a ray of light will do. Maybe any engagement ring looks phony to a man as old as Meade Capron."

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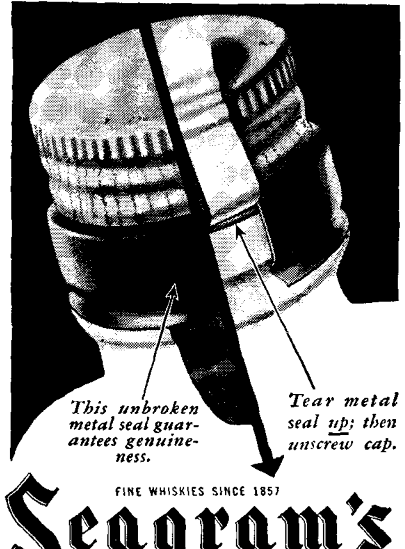

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Trust Company Child

Continued from page 17

the people in those best clubs bought a lot of life insurance."

Jim had bought two fifty-thousand-dollar policies. But Gerry had been doing him a favor by selling insurance to him. Buying it young saved you a lot.

Mrs. Maurice came across the lawn and the hostile glance she gave Connie instantly restored Jim's tension. Well, he couldn't say, "We're just chatting—what should I be doing when my fiancée is amusing herself elsewhere?" She said, "Where is Julia?" Jim nodded vaguely toward the woods and Mrs. Maurice said, "With Gerry? It's getting on toward dinner—I should think you'd all be swimming."

Gerry and Julia came up the drive at that moment. Mrs. Maurice wouldn't be fond of their desolate air—Julia's pale, strained face, Gerry's expression of handsome desperation. Well, understanding Mrs. Maurice wasn't difficult—the leading, the infinitely important problem was Julia. And he wished he knew what else, besides Julia, Gerry had on his mind. . . . They sat on the lawn and made an effort to be nonchalant and light-minded.

Gerry grinned at Connie. "You've got a gold-plated garage man working on that roadster—he must be the best-heeled mechanic in America. Come on, rich man, if the car's busted, why not just buy her a new one?"

Jim closed the hood. "No need to," he said cheerfully. "It's fixed."

CONNIE was gazing speculatively at Gerry. "I'll bet the garage business would hum if you started in to learn the trade."

"Sure," Gerry said.

Suddenly Julia sat up with a little scream. She looked shocked and even paler. "Where's my ring?" she cried.

"That star sapphire?" Connie asked.

"James' ring?" Mrs. Maurice's voice was very stern.

Julia was frantically patting herself all over.

"Must have left it in your room," Gerry said soothingly.

She said, "No, I had it," and distress streaked her lovely face. Jim wondered if, after all these years, he was going to see her cry. Mrs. Maurice said, "You've been unforgivably careless."

Jim loathed all scenes and this particular one was intolerable. He felt all thumbs and he was certainly blushing. He touched Julia's arm—which was resistant but trembling. "It doesn't matter," he said.

"But it does—"

A hard jeer in Gerry's voice. "Sure, Croesus will buy you another one."

Jim stepped back, sweating awkwardness.

"If I lost it in swimming!"

Gerry took her hand, "I'll comb the tennis court with you."

"Hadn't you better help them, James?" Mrs. Maurice inquired.

Connie smoothly intervened. "He promised to take me to town for a moment. We'll search when we get back. But I'm sure Julia will find she put it somewhere safe."

THAT was Western tact again—getting him out of a scene she knew he hated. Connie drove swiftly and easily, humming a little, her lips pleasantly curved. Very pleasantly. The slim forearms were another item, and the eyes—"Gerry gets about," she said irrelevantly. "I was at Newport last month. He was seen a lot with Jumbo Marvin."

"Sure. Gerry knows everybody."

"Everybody who counts, I'll bet. Would the Banking Commission like gambling?"

Jim laughed. "He may know Jumbo but he can't afford to play with him."

She dismissed Gerry and began to chat about Julia. Suddenly she took a deep breath. "I'm a crude thing, Jim. I can't have much blue blood, all this highly correct air of paying no attention to what's going on—it makes me furious. I want to know what happens if your best friend makes a play for your best girl."

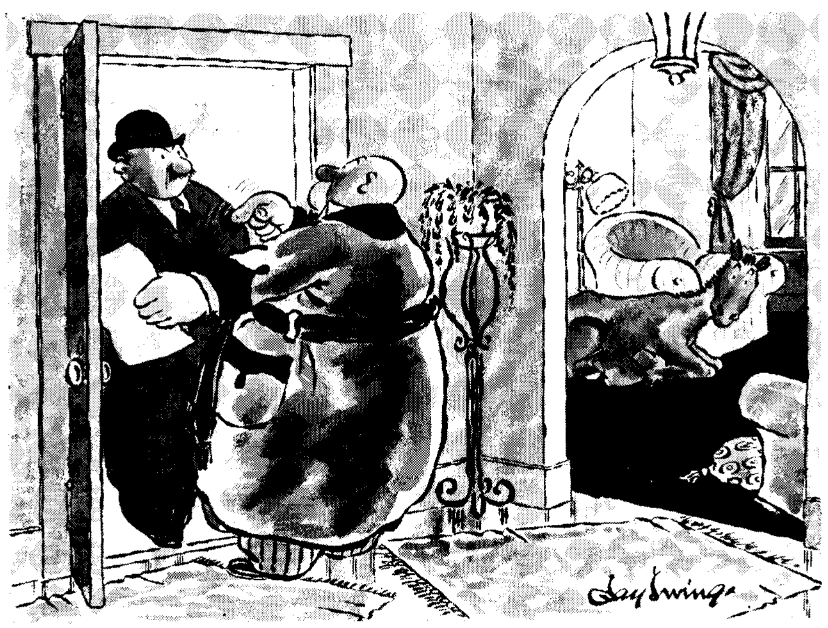
Jim stiffened. "Don't be idiotic."

She slapped the wheel angrily. "Well, don't you be New England granite with me! Oh, I know, you and Julia have had one of these swift Boston love affairs, with your blood seething at thirty-one degrees Fahrenheit for years. Ever since you were babies the Back Bay traditions have destined you to a fearfully correct marriage. Well, what happens to destiny if one of you finds out there are sudden and unsettling emotions?"

Sudden and unsettling! "You talk like a heart-balm column in a tabloid."

"It can happen without advance no-

(Continued on page 72)



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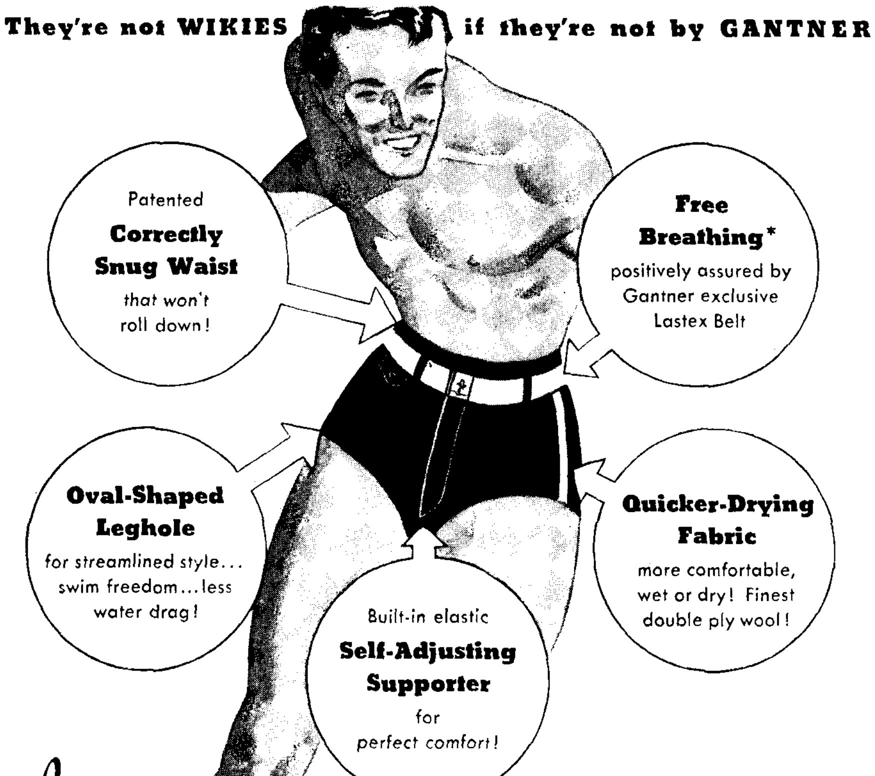

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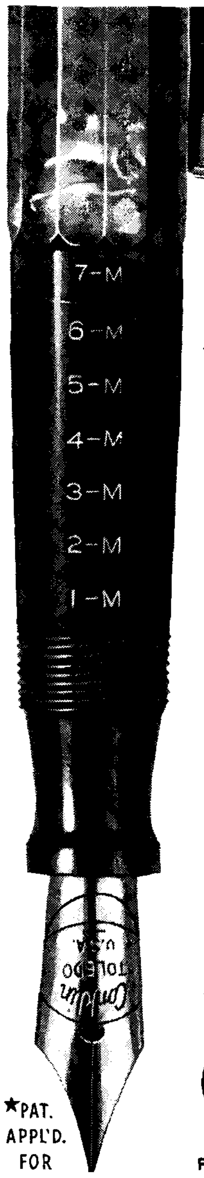

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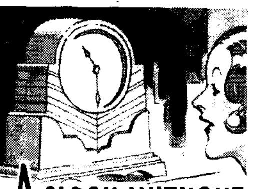

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(Continued from page 71)

tice—it can come like an earthquake." Connie sniffed.

She lapsed into meditation. At the village she went into the inn, leaving Jim in the car. She was gone about fifteen minutes and looked thoughtful when she got back.

"I tried to phone an uncle of mine on Long Island. He wasn't there. I left word to have him wire me. Well, they've found the ring by now—let's go *home and be well-bred.*"

Speed brought a charming pink to her cheeks and fluttered the skirt at her knees. She asked, "How much would that sapphire be worth to anyone?"

"Quite a bit. Maybe two thousand."

Connie mused. Then, "Why is it heroic to work your way through Harvard selling life insurance to good friends? *Not a life of bitter hardship, I'd think.* And those witty wisecracks about Croesus—oh, Jim, if you tell me to shut up, I'll try to."

AT THAT moment, with terrible suddenness, a small boy ran out of the bushes into their path. Connie wrenched the car round him. It struck a soft shoulder on the edge of the road, skidded, swayed in a squeal of brakes, righted itself, regained the road, stopped. Connie was deadly white. She gasped. She said, "Jim!" She crumpled over the wheel.

Frantically, Jim lifted her out and laid her on the ground, his heart pounding. Her eyes were closed. Was she breathing? What did one do? His hands shook, unfastening her dress.

Connie opened her eyes. "No corset," she said feebly.

Jim stood up and turned away in an agony of embarrassment.

"Why, Jim dear!" Her voice was still shaky but surprised and very gentle. "Come here and let me lean on you."

He sat down by her and she swayed against his shoulder. "You know me well enough to try first aid when I faint," she said. "You aren't very sure of yourself, are you? Or very deft with girls."

"Deft? I'm a clubfooted, stuttering dimwit with ten thumbs."

"A couple of sisters would have robbed you of reverence," Connie mused. "A trust company was your sisters. And Julia never felt any obligation to treat you for it. How many years of being reverent toward an iceberg?"

The sharp anxiety of that skid over, it was unimaginably pleasant to sit thus with an arm round Connie's waist, with Connie's golden head on his shoulder. She was lovely and friendly and kind. She wasn't someone you had to live up to.

"Iceberg or glacier," Connie said thoughtfully. "Cold and serene and beautiful and high above the vulgar. She makes me feel as if my nose constantly needed powdering. I've liked her ever since Miss Kitt's—and I've never thought she was quite human. I've wondered if she could be human—if anything could happen to melt that ice."

She patted his hand, then firmly closed her own on it. "The melting point probably isn't comfortable for the ice, Jim—Julia's had a painful week. Shall we speak out loud and clear? What do you think? Is it the melting point or isn't it?"

Another gaping pit to walk warily around. "It's been a pretty dull party."

"All right." Connie slowly nodded her head. "The trust company taught you correct behavior—no matter what you think, you'll keep it locked in your granite breast. Well, if a trust company child can't investigate crises, I can. I'm going to find out."

She moved away. Just far enough so that he saw her face—grave and intent and a little troubled. With absolutely no intention of doing so, he kissed her. An odd smile came to her face. "Yes," she said quietly, "I'm certainly going to find out."

"Wait a minute!" he surprisingly said. This time there was nothing involuntary about kissing her. But it was a staggering event, unheralded as—as an earthquake.

She chatted idly in the car going home, but Jim, imagining fastidious disapproval in Julia's face and austere sternness in Mrs. Maurice's, was chilled. Hell!—tell them that people get wrought up after a close shave, tell them that no one could be penitent about kissing Connie.

At the house she said, "If I appall you *from now on, it's just too bad.*"

The frenzied search had not located the ring. Julia was distracted. As they started upstairs to put on swimming suits, Jim drew her aside.

She said hysterically, "I wouldn't have had this happen for anything."

Feeling a pressing need to experiment, he put an arm around her. She was strained and unyielding. Continuing the experiment, he kissed her. "I'll phone for another one."

Julia broke away. "Don't be so magnanimous!" She fled upstairs.

In all the years he had known her, this was the first violence she had ever shown.

At the dock, Connie said, "We don't leave the betrothed alone enough, Gerry," and forthrightly gathered him into her capable hands. Julia dispiritedly swam into the dock. She began to look for the ring in cracks and under cushions. Then she came and sat down by Jim, clasping her arms round her knees, looking at the activity of the other two with marked distaste.

"It's been a rotten party," she said. "Nobody's had a good time, especially Gerry. He's been desperate. He got into trouble and he can't see his way out."

"Nice to have a sympathetic person at hand," Jim said. Julia nodded unheedingly. He went on. "He'll extricate himself. Nothing will ever keep Gerry down for very long."

"He's sure to be something pretty big," Julia said under immense strain. "But it's going to take so long! Years and years! It isn't fair!"

THE last three words were a wail but not a revelation. He had known all that before. The fundamental question remained unanswered, and stare at her as hard as he might, he could see no decision in her face. . . . When they got back to the house, Mrs. Maurice, looking ominous, drew Julia aside and Jim went on up to dress for dinner. He ended by sitting at the window and moodily smoking several cigarettes. He couldn't move a millimeter, and no one else showed signs of moving at all.

Gerry came wandering in, beautiful in dinner clothes but harassed and ill at ease. Jim's muscles tightened. It was coming now! Gerry had nerved *himself to a manly revelation.*

The renowned Lane geniality lit up. "Put on your tin hat, Jim, and come clanging to the rescue. I thought I could work it without calling on you, but I can't. Lord, I hope you aren't fed up with succoring the weak."

Revelation postponed! "What now?" Jim asked.

"Wasting my substance." Gerry grinned disarmingly—oh, a winning person, a charm that would go far. "I horsed round too much with Jumbo Marvin at Newport. The little ball that spins. I could let it run but I'm starting this Banking Commission job. Those babies are hard-boiled Puritans, Jim—

they simply reek suspicion. They'd fire me like a shot!"

They certainly would. "How much?"

Gerry shrugged with humorous dismay. "Could you lend me two thousand?"

Add that to various loans over four years at Harvard—oh, hell, don't be a tightwad! Jim sat down to write a check. Great relief showed in Gerry's face. Had the ass thought he'd refuse? Gerry's smile widened to a high tide of affability. "How it must feel to emit checks for two grand! You'll never know how the other half lives."

Jim recalled Connie on the subject of wisecracks about Croesus. But he mustn't embarrass Gerry. "Share-the-wealth movement." He grinned wryly.

Gerry blew on the check and his face changed. He walked about uneasily. "You're a good guy, Jim. Listen, I don't—" He grew more embarrassed. "I mean there isn't—" His jaw tightened. "Don't get worried." He fairly ran out of the room.

This hadn't been easy on the nerves and it only added to the confusion. Or —oh, good Lord!—was Gerry now shut off, handcuffed and estopped? Jim blinked in bewilderment.

"Never give a rich man a break!"

HE SWUNG round. It was Connie's voice, but she couldn't be in the room. It came again, apparently from the fireplace, and it was saturated with scorn and anger. "My fireplace seems to be on your chimney. I've known all summer his platform was Soak the Rich. I didn't know how you love it. I thought you were just behaving like the best clubs—I never guessed you liked being a doormat."

She came in, dressed in breath-taking blue pajamas, her hair only partly done, her cheeks carmine, her eyes fairly electric. "My wire from Uncle Everett came while we were swimming. I forgot to mention that he's on the Banking Commission. Here!"

He didn't need to read it but he did.

"JOB FIRST OFFERED TO JAMES BLANDING STOP HE REFUSED IT STOP WILL YOU TAKE COCKTAIL SHAKER OR CUSTOMARY INDIVIDUAL SALTS"

Another agony of embarrassment—but with anger mixed in. "Is it your business? Sure, I did. I don't need a job—Gerry does. I don't have to go high and far and fast—he does. It was a big chance for Gerry. I counted on his making the most of it."

"What gives you this passion for being trodden on? Do you just sit back and take it with a well-bred smile, no matter what?"

"Can I help it if my ancestors made money?" he shouted.

"You certainly do your best to make amends for them. Handsomely helped out by practically everybody. Can't any kind of insult prompt you to assert yourself?"

She was powerfully working on him. "Can I crack a whip over Julia? Can I go out and raise hell with a man who has owed me money for years and has just called on me to get him out of a jam?"

She surprisingly giggled. "If you can't crack a whip, the proud beauty's mother can." At once she was scornful again. "Well, if you like to be walked on, you like to be walked on. But I don't have to love your taste."

"Everybody else is cuckoo," he groaned. "This house has been the fifth act of a tragedy for a week. Now you get temperamental."

"No," she said hotly, "not temperamental—just furious at you."

Angry blue eyes taking a deeper color from blue pajamas, tumbled gold hair, flaming cheeks, exquisitely slender body—she was gorgeous! Jim said unsteadily, "If you don't want to be kissed, you shouldn't wear such distracting clothes."

To the conflicting emotions in her face there was now added indignation. "Who said I didn't want to be kissed?" She walked into his arms and, while his head whirled, she was kissed, very soundly. At once she broke away and was shaken and distressed, color draining from her cheeks. "That wasn't intended. Forget it." The blue trousers swirled and Connie went hastily away.

Now they were all in that fifth act state! Jim dizzily sat down and groped for a cigarette. So all this took was management, huh?

"It isn't so complex as we've been making out." Connie's voice, by way of the fireplace, was cool and untroubled. "It just comes down to this: what is the melting point of ice? I'd never experiment with granite, but do you mind if I try with ice?"

"I never tell a woman what to do."

"I've noticed. If you picked your woman, though, you might be surprised."

Thereafter the fireplace was silent. Jim smoked several cigarettes in a profound gloom, then wandered downstairs. Cocktail glasses were set out but no one was around. He strolled outside, still meditating the manifold upsets of this week. Down by the dock, with no solution showing, then back over the lawn. He came round some shrubbery and to the list of his awkward roles was now added that of Peeping Tom. For at the door of a summerhouse, outlined against the evening sky, there was a romantic tableau—Julia in Gerry's arms, her face turned up to his.

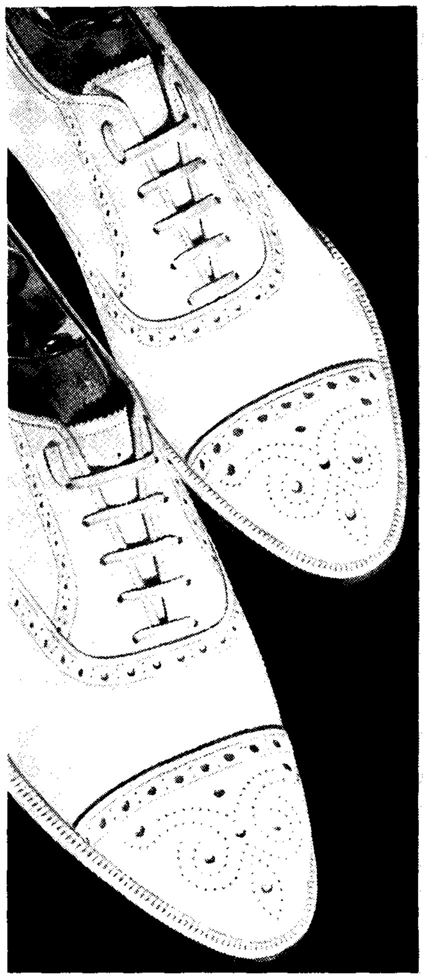
Jim stepped back into the shrubbery and moved rapidly toward the house. It had been a tableau not so much of romantic fulfillment as of romantic despair. No movie audience could have misinterpreted the bleak resignation in their faces. It was heavily underscored when they came in for cocktails. Julia was pale ice, Gerry's handsome face was lined and hopeless. So now the thing was for everyone to be carefree and gay! Fortunately Connie, in a pulse-arresting frock of lettuce green, at once took up the campaign she had begun at swimming. Pointedly expressing herself about the atmosphere of the tomb, she undertook the subjection of Gerry. She swarmed round him, she flaunted herself at him, she draped herself from him, till the lines left his face and his eyes re-awoke. . . . Jim noted the first approval of her that had ever shown in Mrs. Maurice's face.

JULIA, beside Jim, leaned close and whispered: "I saw you—on the lawn. It wasn't what you think. I'll tell you about it later." Her fingers played with his sleeve but she sighed heavily. Mrs. Maurice, seeing the interchange, smiled benignly.

Through dinner and afterward the shameless behavior of Constance Rand went on. Gerry looked revivified—as who wouldn't?—and his eyes answered the provocation in hers and he sank visibly into helplessness. Connie fluttered and clung, Connie was shy and tempting and impressed, Connie was—revolting. So presently a restored Gerry was holding a trivial silk jacket for her and they were going motoring under the stars. She had mentioned the stars. And the flowing road and the evening wind and the silence of the woods.

Nothing in all this was designed to restore Julia. Her fine, patrician face remained pale; there were shadows under her eyes and a tremor in her fingers. Jim was alert. At any moment they might be facing the question on which everything hung.

(*Continued on page 74*)



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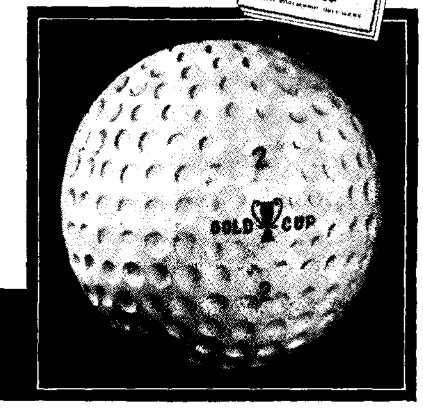

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BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP!

(Continued from page 73)

She caught his gaze. "Oh!" she said, "let's take a walk."

Or: let's keep busy, let's get out of the light. Nor could he walk fast enough for her. She plunged down the dark road swiftly, nervously, tirelessly. Connie had wanted to know whether she was human, had inquired about the melting point of ice. Whatever the answer was, it was going to be made clear any minute now.

"Did you ever see anything so shameless?" Julia exploded after a long silence. "Simply hanging herself from him—oh, disgusting! Was anyone ever so vulgar?"

Quick now, coöperate with Connie, face and force the issue. Jim's muscles began quivering. "Gerry's a free agent, isn't he?" he asked. "That's what you were going to tell me, isn't it? Or is he? Haven't you tragically renounced each other?"

"WHAT do you mean?" She had some tremulous hope of avoiding the issue.

He pressed it home. "I mean—well, losing the ring, wasn't that painfully symbolic? Didn't a vacant ring finger signify your wistful hope?"

He was at once breathless. Everything stood still and hung. His pulses pounded and the world spun. Julia was even more disturbed. She stopped short in the road. She desperately swept the hair back from her forehead. She was trying to—to dodge and deny and repress an earthquake.

"I've been an awful fool," she said forlornly. "I know you know that. Well, Jim, it's not in me to be a fool for very long. No, that's settled. It was settled long before it started. You needn't be scared. It's settled, I tell you."

"What's settled?"

"Everything!" That cry ought to have contained a lifetime's expectation of happiness. It was just a groan.

She grew less hysterical and more bitter. "I wasn't built for adventurous and sudden things. Neither were you. We're both shot full of common sense and sanity. We'll have the sanest marriage you ever heard about." Her voice rose. "Don't touch me—yet."

Answer in full: there was no melting point.

His pulse slackened and started to beat a funeral march. Wasn't common sense wonderful? Two ecstatic lovers, simply smothering in bliss. They went on walking. Chains on his hands and feet and a gag in his mouth. Common sense, ice and genteel behavior—wonderful, all of them.

Nothing further from the overjoyed fiancée. But a mile farther on, she gasped, said something indistinct, and turned around. Going home, she walked even faster, at an even greater pressure. Once she said, "Oh, hurry!" in a half-strangled tone. She galloped up the steps, swept down the veranda, hurried through all the downstairs rooms. Dismay was stamped on her face. "They aren't back yet!" she said. She looked and sounded—well, stricken.

Very carefully, he said, "An automobile and Connie make a nice blend."

As who should know better? . . . Was he supposed not to notice how she kept looking at the windows and intently listening? Her toe tapped the floor, she picked up magazines and flung them away, she scowled anxiously. Abruptly, she crushed out another half-smoked cigarette and stood up. "I'm going to bed. I'm sorry, Jim. I feel lousy. Who wouldn't?"

The word "lousy" on Julia's lips was revolution in itself. Deciding that bed was at least preferable to insanity, he soon went upstairs. He couldn't kid himself with the idea of sleep. He watched cigarette tips glow in the dark and wondered whether he or Julia was experiencing the happier repose. It must have been two hours later, a long two hours, when a car drove up, Connie's "Good night!" rang clear in the silence, and her heels clattered on the stairs. Julia, wrapped in a fiancée's glow of happiness, would hear that too. Oh, a houseful of happiness! Lots of bliss and the most ecstatic memories and expectations. But no sleep.

He sat up. There was a rustle in the hall, strained whispers, argument. A smothered protest. Silence. The stairs creaked. They creaked again. A downstairs door thudded softly. Jim dashed to his window. He could see the shapes of parked cars but nobody was crossing to them. No, not that, not yet. But, thank God, the crisis was on again.

A moment later he heard movement in Connie's room. Now if Mrs. Maurice would develop insomnia! Connie's door opened. Mules shuffled in the hall. They stopped shuffling. He couldn't hear anything. He dressed rapidly in the dark. He opened his door and went out.

She had been swallowed in absolute silence. He felt his way downstairs, maneuvered cautiously, and sank into a chair to wait. Somewhere in the dark outside, Gerry and Julia. Somewhere in the dark, upstairs or down, Connie on a mysterious errand. And in this agonized darkness, Jim Blanding figuring fast and going crazy even faster.

Time stretched out. He longed for a cigarette, a drink, a dash of two of veronal. Then a stair creaked and there were sounds of soft soles coming down. Jim moved quickly to the light switch. There was a faint perfume and the room seemed suddenly delightful and he persuaded himself that he could hear her breathe. He snapped the switch.

This time it was a brilliant crimson robe. The mules were absurd fragilities of fur and crimson silk. Connie gasped when the light went on but she was under pressure of an excitement too strong to be halted.

"Can't you sleep, Croesus?" she asked offensively. "I can't either. So I'm getting out. It's two fifteen. At two twenty-seven I'll be on my way to Mount Desert. I've made my point. She's human. Ice has a melting point. That being clear at last—so long."

"Up to bedtime there was no thaw. Oh, she'd had her moment of weak sympathy for a poor but brilliant guy who is certain to get ahead—"

"And how!—"

"—but common sense won out. It's true she had been a little foolish and weak, but that was over—even a comet would need years and years to get anywhere. What made you think that Back Bay sanity could be upset? You didn't allow for common sense—"

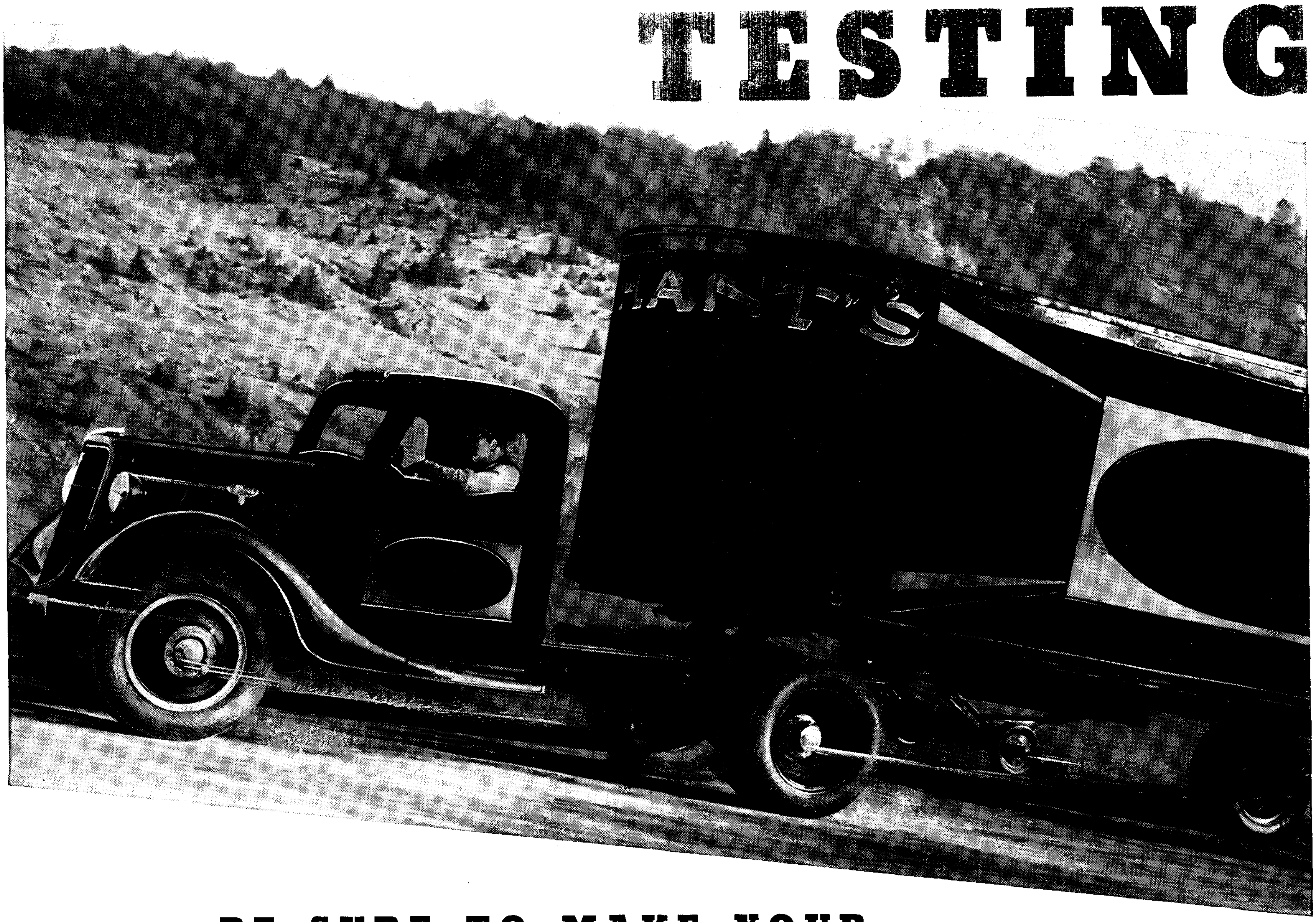
A CRIMSON shoulder shrugged toward the outdoors. Acute dislike of Jim showed in her face. "That may have been the plot up to bedtime. But when the Back Bay sanity flees into the darkness at two A. M., and probably in its pajamas, too, I've made my point. That's a love scene out there, you big, dumb ox!" Rage grew on her. "I thought I was going to be ashamed of this and loathe myself. I'm not. I've done her a service. She's human and I like her. I like her a lot. It takes her a long time, but in the end she acts. I'm glad to find out that one Bostonian knows how to."

At forced draft, half-choked, he said, "Do you expect me to—"

"No!" Struggle showed in her voice, as if inconceivably she had to deal with tears. "I don't expect you to do anything except be dignified and correct. So I've found out about lots and lots of things. I'm moving on. My bags are packed. Breakfast at Mount Desert.

(Continued on page 76)

The proof of the PULLING is in the TESTING



BE SURE TO MAKE YOUR OWN "ON-THE-JOB" TEST—FIRST

You have seen Ford V-8 Trucks hauling heavy loads. You have heard delivery truck owners tell how V-8's enable them to cover longer routes or save time on the same routes. And perhaps you have asked yourself "Will they do the same for ME?"

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With your own loads, over your own routes, you can discover how V-8 Performance saves time, how V-8 Economy saves money. You can test the new quick-stopping brakes and the easy pedal pressure of the new-type clutch.

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FAMOUS DANCERS

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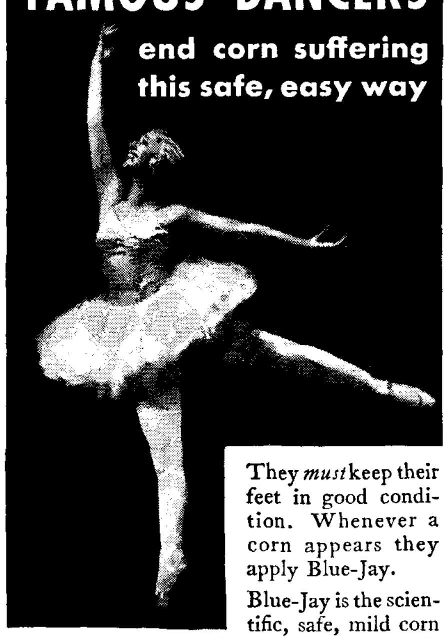

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Trust Company Child

Continued from page 74

Breakfast, and oh, such merry thoughts!"

"Connie," he said desperately, "Connie, you imbecile, you can't do that! You can't leave now—"

"Can't I?" She was almost hysterical. "Isn't it dignified to leave at such an hour? Will I be breaking some by-law of correct behavior? I've had all the by-laws I can stand." She gasped. "Get out of my way!"

He held her back. With gasping breath and a vast lack of dignity she struggled to break loose.

"I'm sorry," a cold voice said, "but just what is this?" Wrapped in a black negligée, austere and accusatory, Mrs. Maurice came into the room and ended the struggle.

CONNIE was disheveled and panting, but the appearance of the common enemy calmed her at once. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Maurice," she said. "I didn't mean to wake you. This is pretty boisterous, isn't it? Well, be reassured—I'm getting out of here."

"I shall certainly require you to as soon as you've had breakfast." Distaste that was all the more venomous for being cold was in Mrs. Maurice's voice. "I have ignored your vulgarity, Constance. I have felt that the utmost forbearance should be given a guest. I have taken no notice of the immodesty of your actions—"

"Oh," Connie said, violence renewed in her eyes. "Oh! *Oh!*"

"You have flaunted yourself at James all week. You have done your best to capture or compromise him. Now I find you at three in the morning, in his arms, in the most intimate apparel, practically in your underwear—"

"I could resent that," Connie said frivolously. Then, clearly and coldly, "Especially from a woman who has been protecting an investment so energetically." She stopped short and listened. Then, as Julia and Gerry came in, she sat on the arm of a chair, leaned back, crossed her knees, set one leg swinging, and said negligently, "As for intimate apparel . . ."

Julia's negligée was green and the pajamas it veiled were sheer, lacy and brazen. She had relinquished Gerry's arm at their entrance but she remained flushed and triumphant. Apprehension, even fright, showed in her face at sight of her mother but it did not deter her. She crossed straight to Jim. "Jim," she said hurriedly, "I'm sorry, I want to explain—"

"WHAT Julia wants to explain," Mrs. Maurice said glacially, "is that she has been very thoughtless and indiscreet, but that she realizes how mistaken she was. She asks you to remember that girls sometimes do giddy and imprudent things but she hopes you will understand. She asks you to ignore an impulsive excitement that temporarily carried her away—"

"I do no such thing!" Julia cried.

"Good girl!" Connie came away from her chair. Composed and deadly, she faced Mrs. Maurice. "You're right—I'm vulgar. But you're forcing me to be. I wasn't going to play my ace, but if that's your line, I've got to. While Julia was coming to her senses outside, I put on a little search of my own. The star sapphire is in the top drawer of Gerry's bureau. It certainly couldn't be there except by an impulsive girl's design." Connie walked out of the room.

"Jim," Julia said feverishly, "we came in to give it back to you. She's right. I gave it to him. We found it on the tennis court—and I thought that was all I'd ever be able to do for him. That was when we'd decided we couldn't ever—nothing could ever—oh, Jim—" she was squeezing his arm, patting his shoulder, comforting him, beseeching him. "Jim, I'm fond of you but I'm crazy about Gerry. You're awfully nice, but you aren't exciting. You'd be so logical for me and he's uncertain and he gets into scrapes and there's no sense in it but—oh, gosh, Jim, I've been half crazy. And all of a sudden. You don't understand—how could you? Nothing like that could ever happen to you. It happens fast, like—like—"

"Like an earthquake," Jim said.

That silver music that was making the air glorious was the clank of handcuffs and leg-irons falling away. He seized Julia in his arms and kissed her wildly. "You're marvelous, Julia. I'm crushed, I'm heartbroken, I never felt so swell in my life." He wrung Gerry's hand. "You get into the most inconceivable scrapes and you always win. You always will. You're a great man, you're youth victorious, you're the hope of the future."

He dashed out of the room. How the fragments of this scene were going to be reassembled into something decent, orderly and well-bred he didn't know. He didn't give a damn.

She had changed to a tweed suit and was putting on her shoes. She turned her back to him and, at the mirror, put on a hat. She put it on badly, inexpertly slanted to one side. Why—once more he was suddenly and desperately awkward—why, the mirror showed tears!

"Connie," he said. "Connie—why, Connie!" And wasn't that a deft speech? Wasn't that the dependable Jim Blanding stumbling loose in one more china shop?

"Sure, I'm bawling." She swung away from the mirror. "I can't help it. I thought I was so crafty and guileful and managing! That poor child! The moment I found out I was right about that ring, I knew I was a vulgar little fool. Not half as nice or courageous a fool as Julia. That scene downstairs! I ought to laugh my head off at all the women in the house being dramatic in their intimate apparel. I'm not laughing. I'm howling."

He wasn't howling. The realization had grown overwhelming: the irons were gone, there was no more china to be smashed. He could put an end forever to awkwardness and inexpertness. "Connie," he said firmly, "my best judgment is that you haven't ever had any really pressing interest in the melting point of ice."

Connie dabbed at her eyes with a minute handkerchief. She sobbed once. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and set her hat right. She became indignant. "Well, why should I? I'm not in the cold storage business."

"You're pretty crafty, all right, you do a nice management job, but you can't coöperate. No, always on your own—no team play. And it makes you act like a giddy and impulsive girl. You don't think things out, you don't master your situation. For instance—did you ever sit down and wonder just why I turned down Uncle Everett's commission?"

CONNIE looked appalled, then humiliated, then suddenly hopeful. "Jim, I wouldn't want to do you an injustice. No fair-minded girl would. About how long could you have been working on that line?"

"It's just eight weeks," he said, "since the California earthquake reached these parts."

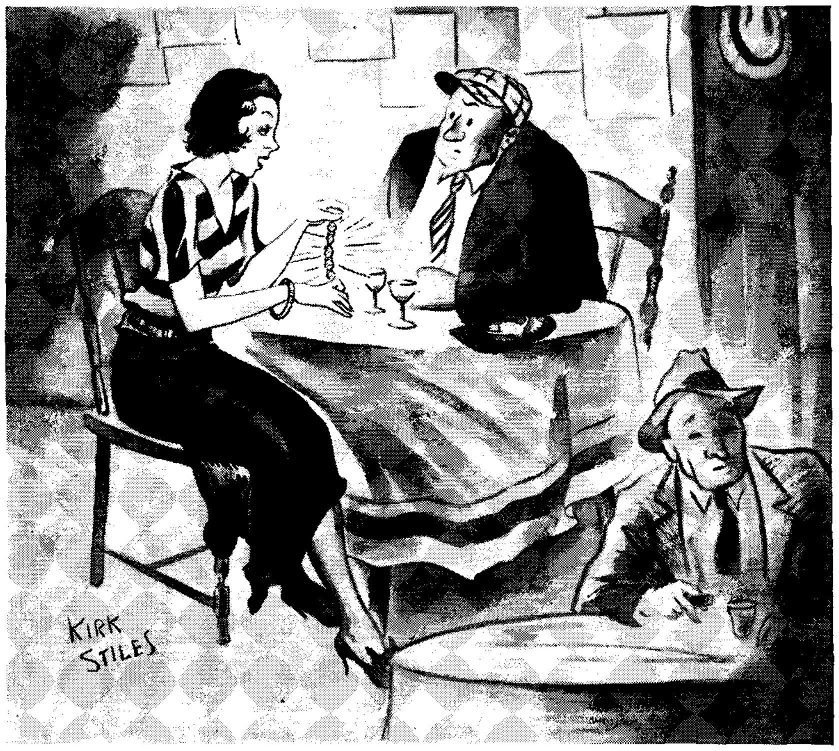
"Still—how was I to tell the doormat from the man?"

He patiently explained, "A job with a brilliant future ought to do miracles for both of them. That was the idea. It was working, too—"

"Oh, working fast! Like the whizzing of a glacier. I just couldn't wait."

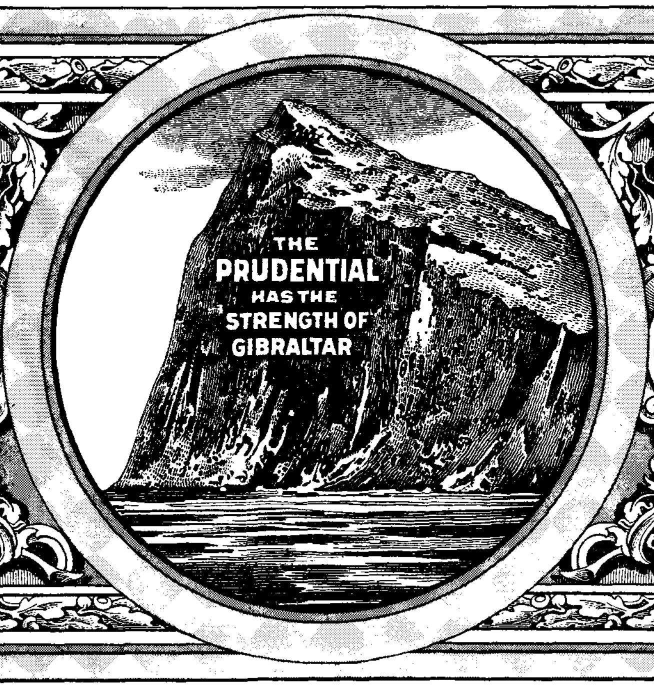
"No, like an automobile accident, like the loss of an engagement ring." He picked up her bags. "Come on. I'm driving you to Mount Desert for breakfast."

"Jim Blanding," she said fiercely, "put those bags down. . . . Darling, anyway for a minute."



"Gee, thanks, Butch. But why can't I wear it around town here?"

KIRK STILES



These figures have not changed

$124,521,321 $124,990,618 $122,489,598 $124,497,791

These are our death claim figures for the last four calendar years—almost identical while other statistics were varying so widely.

Though the total mortality has remained uniform, there is nothing so uncertain as the length of an *individual* life.

Among the claims we paid last year were 16,278 on policies less than a year in force. Many a beneficiary has said, "We never dreamed the time would arrive so soon."

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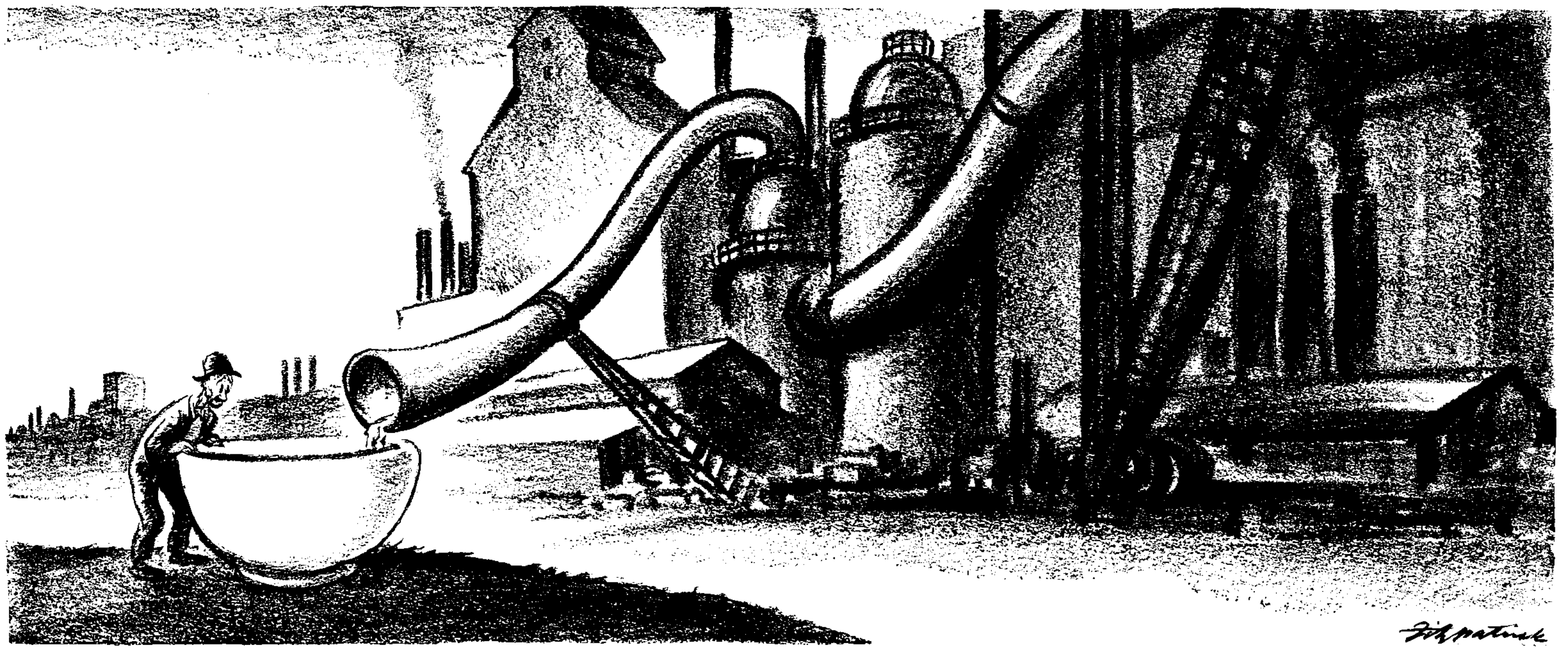


Produce the Wealth

IMPRACTICABLE and foolish as are Dr. Townsend's Two Hundred Dollars a Month Old-Age Pension plan and Huey Long's "Share the Wealth" oratory, it is still possible by intelligent national effort to achieve an even greater degree of prosperity within a measurable future.

Those deluded by Dr. Townsend and Huey Long think we could increase incomes merely by a more even distribution of what we produce. The facts do not support these hopes. We have never produced as much as $200 a month for every man, not to mention woman. Even if we were to divide equally all we now produce no one would be very well off.

Our national production in 1934 was only enough to give each worker, employed or unemployed, $85 a month. At the record peak of production in 1929 all we produced would have provided each worker only $136 a month.

In 1929 our total national income was 80 billion dollars. Our total population was 123 million people. Only 49 million people were gainfully employed. That same year 6 million old people were without gainful occupation. If workers and old people had shared equally in all we produced, our peak 1929 production would have provided only $121 a month for each.

The only way that each of us can have more is to produce more. We must produce more goods, more services, more housing, more transportation before we can expect to live better. Trying to give everyone the same pay would not increase production. Equal pay for unequal work would make men careless and lower output. We need the incentive of reward to encourage men to accept responsibility.

As a matter of fact, the topmost incomes represent only a small part of our national income. If we were to have taken away all the incomes above one million dollars per family and have distributed them among workers even in the flush year of 1929, each worker's monthly wage would have been raised by only $5. But even if it is profitless to level down all large incomes, we can level up small incomes. A desirable minimum for a modest standard of living may be estimated at $200 a month. To bring all workers up to $200 a month as a minimum is a difficult but not impossible program.

In 1929, 7 million workers made over $200 a month; 42 million made less, only $95 a month on the average. In 1929 to provide a $200-a-month minimum our national income would have had to be 124 billion dollars instead of the 80 billion dollars actually earned. Thus, even in our best year, we would have needed 55 per cent more than we actually produced to have reached the $200 level. Last year we would have had to produce 88 per cent more. These are the facts and facts are not subject to argument. We have never produced enough to make possible a $200-a-month standard of living.

We have the man power and the industrial technique to double production. Last year our actual production was a third less than the output reached in 1929 but this was due to the fewer hours worked. Actually for each man-hour worked we had one-third more production last year than in 1929. So far as our factories are concerned we have the equipment to make a great forward step. Effective use of our present labor and resources would create enough manufactured products to justify a $200-a-month minimum to every factory worker without reducing the higher incomes.

In housing and construction even greater gains are possible. The productivity of labor in the housing industry might be tripled by the adoption of mass factory methods.

We have the transportation capacity for vastly greater production. With more powerful engines, longer trains and higher speeds each railway worker in 1934 handled 10 per cent more traffic than in 1929. With this greater efficiency, existing railroads are capable of handling 85 per cent more traffic than they did last year.

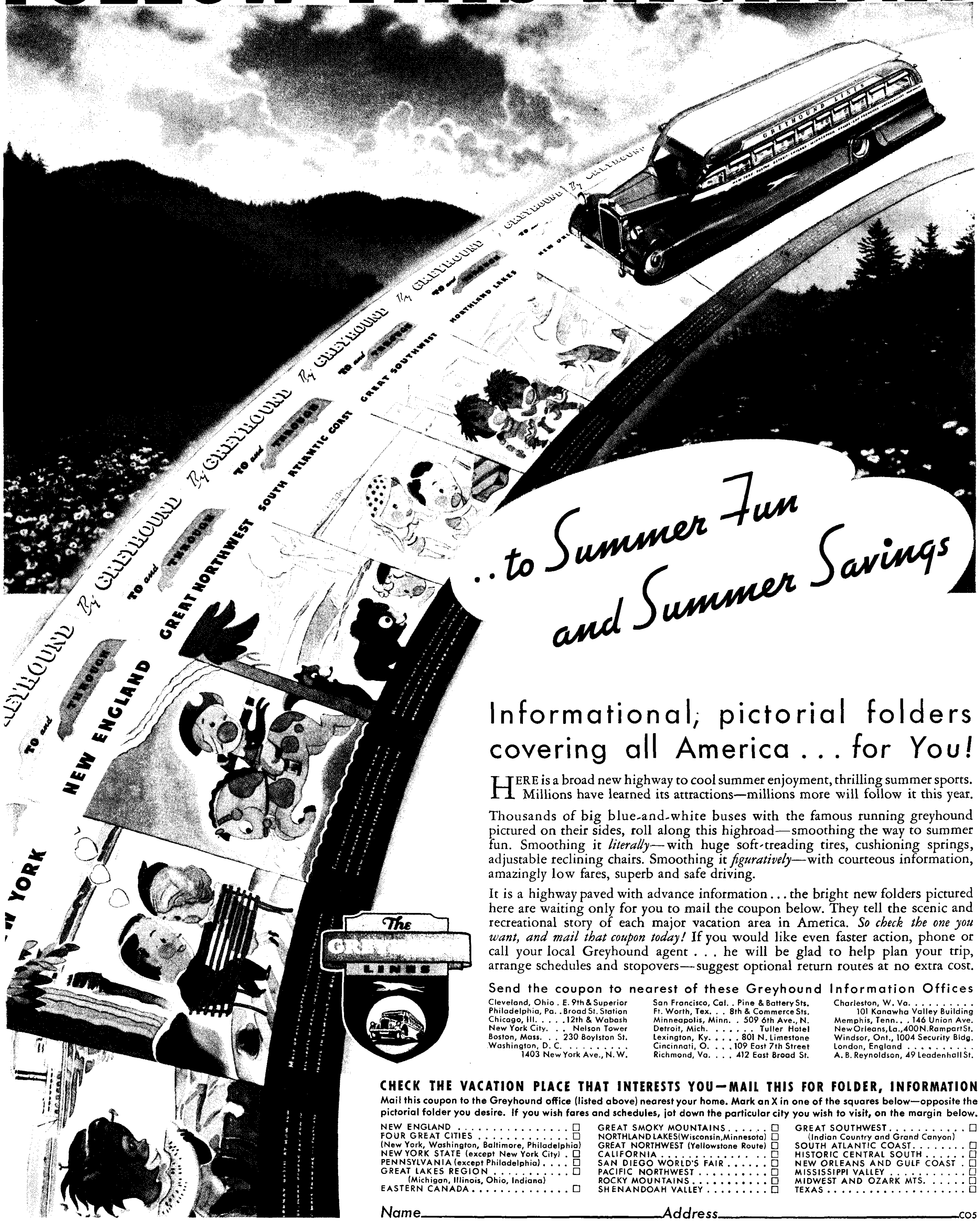
The possibilities of greater production in trade and in agriculture are enormous. In 1929 half of our farmers produced nine-tenths of our total commercial output. These farmers operated the larger farms and made more use of improved methods. American farmers could doubtless soon increase their output per worker by as much as 50 per cent, and even more.

Improved technique and increased production per worker would inevitably greatly expand the output of some industries and equally inevitably would displace workers from other industries. Jobs would have to be found for the displaced workers as well as for the present unemployed, but rising wages multiply consumers' buying power and sharply increase demands for many products. With more income, workers would greatly expand their expenditures for recreation and amusements as well as for the necessities. Human desire has no limit.

The engineering problems of increased production are essentially simple, but to double our production and to raise all the lowest wages would unquestionably involve a fundamental readjustment of industries and occupations. Many reasonable people believe that such a fundamental reorganization could only be brought about if our industries would coördinate through central plans. Such plans would expand production through gradual changes to keep production and consumption balanced.

It is possible that our new national agencies, the AAA, the NRA and the other planning boards, may prove competent to put into operation plans for expanded output and higher wages. If these agencies prove inadequate others may be and can be created. It is impossible to think that we will not use the engineering, agricultural and technical skill and knowledge we now possess to produce a better way of life than we, or any other people, have ever enjoyed.

FOLLOW THIS HIGHWAY



Informational, pictorial folders covering all America . . . for You!

HERE is a broad new highway to cool summer enjoyment, thrilling summer sports. Millions have learned its attractions—millions more will follow it this year.

Thousands of big blue-and-white buses with the famous running greyhound pictured on their sides, roll along this highroad—smoothing the way to summer fun. Smoothing it *literally*—with huge soft-treading tires, cushioning springs, adjustable reclining chairs. Smoothing it *figuratively*—with courteous information, amazingly low fares, superb and safe driving.

It is a highway paved with advance information . . . the bright new folders pictured here are waiting only for you to mail the coupon below. They tell the scenic and recreational story of each major vacation area in America. *So check the one you want, and mail that coupon today!* If you would like even faster action, phone or call your local Greyhound agent . . . he will be glad to help plan your trip, arrange schedules and stopovers—suggest optional return routes at no extra cost.

Send the coupon to nearest of these Greyhound Information Offices

Cleveland, Ohio . E. 9th & Superior
Philadelphia, Pa. . Broad St. Station
Chicago, Ill. . . . . 12th & Wabash
New York City. . . Nelson Tower
Boston, Mass. . . 230 Boylston St.
Washington, D. C. . . . . 1403 New York Ave., N. W.
San Francisco, Cal. . Pine & Battery Sts.
Ft. Worth, Tex. . . 8th & Commerce Sts.
Minneapolis, Minn. . 509 6th Ave., N.
Detroit, Mich. . . . . . . Tuller Hotel
Lexington, Ky. . . . . 801 N. Limestone
Cincinnati, O. . . . 109 East 7th Street
Richmond, Va. . . . 412 East Broad St.
Charleston, W. Va. . . . . 101 Kanawha Valley Building
Memphis, Tenn. . . 146 Union Ave.
New Orleans, La., 400 N. Rampart St.
Windsor, Ont., 1004 Security Bldg.
London, England . . . . A. B. Reynoldson, 49 Leadenhall St.

CHECK THE VACATION PLACE THAT INTERESTS YOU—MAIL THIS FOR FOLDER, INFORMATION

Mail this coupon to the Greyhound office (listed above) nearest your home. Mark an X in one of the squares below—opposite the pictorial folder you desire. If you wish fares and schedules, jot down the particular city you wish to visit, on the margin below.

NEW ENGLAND . . . . ☐
FOUR GREAT CITIES . . . . ☐
(New York, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia)
NEW YORK STATE (except New York City) . ☐
PENNSYLVANIA (except Philadelphia) . . . . ☐
GREAT LAKES REGION . . . . ☐
(Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana)
EASTERN CANADA . . . . ☐
GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS . . . . . . ☐
NORTHLAND LAKES (Wisconsin, Minnesota) ☐
GREAT NORTHWEST (Yellowstone Route) ☐
CALIFORNIA . . . . ☐
SAN DIEGO WORLD'S FAIR . . . . . . ☐
PACIFIC NORTHWEST . . . . ☐
ROCKY MOUNTAINS . . . . ☐
SHENANDOAH VALLEY . . . . ☐
GREAT SOUTHWEST . . . . ☐
(Indian Country and Grand Canyon)
SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST . . . . ☐
HISTORIC CENTRAL SOUTH . . . . . . ☐
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*Name*____________________*Address*____________________CO5

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